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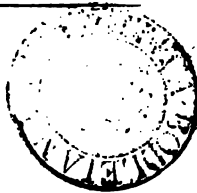


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INDEX TO VOL. LV.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

- A Plea for Voluntary Education. By J. E. R., 213.
A Study from Nature. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, 253.
Clarendon, a Novel. By William Dodsworth, Esq., 1, 326, 431.
Coal-pits and Collieries. By the Editor, 299.
Edith Brookley. By C. A. M. W., 399.
Italy and her Prospects, 170.
Juvenile Depravity. By the Editor, 446.
Macaulay, the Historian. By V. V., 113.
Modern French Novelists—George Sand, 223.
Perils, Pastimes, and Pleasures of an Emigrant. By J. E. R., 96.
Rambles. By Walter R. Castelli, 103, 207.
Swissiana, 1, 127, 276.
The Storm and the Conflict. A Tale of the First Rebellion. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley, 17, 143, 235, 373.
The Pearl. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, 59.
The Gold-Seekers of the Sacramento. Reminiscences of a Journey in California, in 1848. Abridged from the French of Paul Duplessis by Hannah Clay, 341.
The Secretary. A Novel. By the author of "The Rock," etc., 182, 309, 408.
The Comedy of Devotion. A Historical Remembrance. From the French of Louis Lurine, 193.
Walpole, Sir Robert : his Life and Administration. By the Editor, 35.

POETRY.

- Bide I not true? By C. A. M. W., 80.
Contrasts, 221.
Heart Sickness. By C. A. M. W., 252.

- Irish Ballad—Lucy Gray. By Mrs. Crawford, 454.
 Love. By W. H., 452.
 Longing. From the German by Schiller. By the author of "Swissiana," 234.
 Marrying in May. By Mrs. Abdy, 95.
 Memory's Music. By C. A. M. W., 220.
 Moonlight Vows. By Mrs. Abdy, 125.
 My Father's Picture. By C. A. M. W., 308.
 Song—The Highland Heather Bells. By Mrs. Crawford, 336.
 Song of Summer. By Mrs. Abdy, 372.
 Song—The Murmuring Sea. By Mrs. Crawford, 445.
 The Heart and the Flower. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley, 32.
 The Mother's Answer. By C. A. M. W., 101.
 To ***, 112.
 The Hemlock Tree. Translation. By H. W. Longfellow, 126.
 The Retrospect. By Mrs. Charles Tinsley, 139.
 To my Nephew. By J. Ewing Ritchie, 205.
 The Way-side Clematis. By Mrs. Abdy, 274.
 The Orphan. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, 294.
 The Young Preceptress. By Mrs. Edward Thomas, 324.
 The Hyacinth Crown. By C. A. M. W., 398.
 The Voyage of Life. By Robert M. Hovenden, Esq., 407.

LITERATURE.

- The Philosophy of Religion. By J. D. Morell, A.M., 111.
 Travels of H. R. H. Prince Adalbert of Prussia in the South of Europe, and in Brazil, with a Voyage up the Amazon and Xingù. Translated by Robert Schomburgk and John Edward Taylor, 337.

THE
METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

SWISSIANA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DUTCHMAN'S STORY.

It may not have struck you, gentlemen, that the umbrella, apart from its avowed use, is one of the most convenient articles of dress. For my part, I always carry one about with me, whether I am in the rain, in the brewery, going to a ball, or even to a wedding; and this, not because I shall require it to unfold its wings, to protect me under their shade from the elements—but more as a tried friend and old companion. It has been said that every work in nature speaks to man as a friend, if he will but give ear; and that when he is persecuted or forsaken by his fellows, he may retire to the solitude of her works, and there find sympathy and love in the dumb objects around him. Instances of this are not wanting, though from the character of society in these days, they are fewer than formerly. We all know how Timon, disgusted with the ingratitude of those whom he had deemed his friends, and on whom he had showered favours till he had beggared himself, went

“ ——— to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.”

And how the hermits of old fled society, to shut themselves up in some cave in the desert, where they might be out of the

seducing influence of the world. Regarding thus every dumb creature or object as his friend, man can never be at a loss for company; and since there are degrees in his affections, it is natural that he should esteem some things higher than others. The heart warms at old faces, and custom breeds habit; and as I make my umbrella my constant companion, I have grown to regard it as a dear, trusty friend, and its absence as one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall me in this nether world. It has, too, done me signal service on more than one occasion, by which it merits the attention I have bestowed upon it.

In all cases, I prefer the umbrella to the stick. Its very form has an air of homeliness and respectability which the naked aspect of the stick wants. The latter may do well at a pinch, and for those eager spirits who despise alike wet and snow; but I am a peaceful man, and as I take care never to give offence, I do not often receive it.

The uses of the umbrella are so many, that it is almost superfluous to point them out, were it not to contradict the heresy of some, who pretend that it is one of those bug-bears to society which modern ingenuity has taken pleasure in discovering. That the umbrella is no modern invention seems sufficiently clear to all true classic antiquarians, and if the scoffers would take the pains to inquire a little, before they hazard their opinions, it might benefit their small stock of learning, and not mislead others as ignorant as themselves. There is every reason to believe that the umbrella was in use in the time of the Medes and Persians; but even setting this aside as questionable, there can be no doubt of its having given name to the Icarian sea. Here, its discovery arose, as most things do, from necessity; but it was for a purpose quite foreign to its present use. Dedalus and his son Icarus, being enclosed in a labyrinth by Minos, king of Crete, and seeing no prospect of deliverance, the former, who was a most ingenious man, constructed a machine which should carry them into the air, and out of their present confinement. His invention succeeded to a certain point; it carried Icarus out of the labyrinth, but got disarranged on high, and fell with its burden into the sea. Dedalus was more fortunate; the one he used acted so perfectly, as to sail him gently through the air, and land him at Cumæ, in Italy. Now, here is the point of my argument: was this instrument an umbrella, or was it a pair of wings? The discussions among the learned societies of Europe as to this, have been many and continual, and will probably endure for ages to come. But there is lately published a work, by a great German scholar, who has devoted several years to its resolution, that in my opinion throws more light on the sub-

ject than has hitherto been done. He blends the two opinions, and remarks, that while the invention of Dedalus partook of the nature of wings, it was no less in the form of an umbrella. And his reason for this is, that Dedalus, when he shows his son how to use it, strictly enjoins him not to fly too low, else the moisture of the sea do injure it, but rather to fly high, *for its wings will shade him from the sun*. We all know that the sun melted the wax, which joined the parts; but this does not detract in the least from the force of his argument; umbrellas were then only in their infancy.

This will show you that the umbrella is not an invention of to-day, and that it should share the reverence which antiquity commands. Its application to many wishes in present life is no less remarkable; but as they form a class so numerous as would tire you to hear, I shall merely mention that the umbrella often saves the debtor from an unpleasant creditor, and any one from meeting a person whose society he is wishful to avoid, which may be easily accomplished, by lowering the side, and hiding your features behind it, when the individual passes.

My family is of the little town of Brök, near Saardam. It is quite a fancy spot, and is so celebrated throughout Holland, that travellers never fail making it one of their chief resorts. The streets in the most of our towns—Amsterdam, and the Hague, for instance—have a canal running through them, which gives them a picturesque appearance, and is apt to remind one of Venice, were it not for their cleanness. But my little town, instead of canals, has clear little rivulets dancing through its streets, which not only enliven the place, but contribute to the health of its inhabitants. The pavement consists of pebbles, blue bricks, and shells, kept in exquisite order, and highly polished; and the houses are of all shapes and sizes. They are painted in all the colours of the rainbow, green being the prevailing one; and as for variety, they offer specimens of every sort, from a Chinese pagoda to a Swiss cottage. A garden generally surrounds them, and hides their interior from public gaze; it is beautifully laid out in walks, plots, and banks, each of which is fringed with shining pebbles, glazed shells, and coloured glass, selected with the greatest taste. So clean is everything kept in this village, that an animal of any sort is seldom to be seen, and carriages are not allowed in the streets, for fear of disarranging the pebbled pavement, or scratching its glittering surface; and in my grandfather's early days there existed a law, which required every one to walk bare-footed, carrying his shoes in his hand, which he was at liberty to resume when he reached the fields. Though we do not go so far as our ancestors in this respect,

our little town is guarded from the unclean, and as jealously as ever.

I was left an orphan at an early age, when I was placed under the care of a maiden aunt, a sister of my mother, who lived with my grandfather. Our circle, you will understand then, was a very small one, but not so small as to prevent a great deal of fun and good humour, and on winter evenings, we used to have plenty of neighbours glad to drop in to taste a cup of our Java coffee, which my aunt was celebrated for. We used to get it from an uncle, a brother of my father, who having gone out to our islands several times, in the quality of skipper, at last fell in love with a beautiful half-caste, married her, settled there, and soon became the happy father of an annual income of bronzed imps. I say, that we had several friends glad enough to drop in to taste a cup of our Java coffee, or hear my grandfather tell one of his stories about sea-robbers or pirates, or relate an episode of Aloa's iron rule, or an exploit in the lives of Admirals Van Tromp and Ruyter. Ah! well do I remember the cluster round the blazing hearth; I, seated on a little stool at my grandfather's knees, looking up into his face as he told his stories, or else gazing on the ruddy logs, and in their consuming features, picture to myself flaming castles, defended by fiery dragons, and attacked by some red-cross knight—

“ ——— Pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloody fielde;”—

as your gentle Edmund hath it. And if it was a ghost story—though that was only when my grandfather was absent, and Fluweelen Van Loon took his place—my grandfather never allowed ghost stories, he said they were sinful and mischievous, and he was right—if it was a ghost story, we would all crouch round to the fire, as if warmth dispels ghosts, or elbow closer to one another. Then the pauses, how awful did they seem, when Van Loon stopped to blow his nose; he had generally a cold from bathing in a sluice all the year round,—how solemn did they appear! how it echoed through the house, and what a start the clock over the chimney-piece gave us, when with a whirr, first—all black forest clocks do this, and it was one, an old one now, though it was quite new when my grandfather picked it up at the source of the Danube—it struck the hour, and the cowed monk on the grey mule came out with jerks, anything but ambling, at one side, passed in front, and into the other side—I say, what a terror it put us in! none of us dared look up—dared draw a breath—move a muscle; but held our-

selves as stiff as caterpillars. Long and late did I sit up on those nights, my crib looked so forlorn away in the far off corner, and I am mistaken if any of the other listeners slept either. This was always some consolation.

One day when the leaves were falling, I was taken by my grandfather to Saardam. My aunt bade me adieu with tears, and I loved her so, that I wept also—though at the moment, I could not understand why, for I was going to school to become a scholar like Grotius, and a great man like Van Campen, as my grandfather expressed it. To school then, I went, and hailed with delight my dear little town of Brök, after an absence of several months.

But all was changed! when I made the remark, my aunt said, it was I who had changed; but she was wrong, I was the same, I had the same veneration and delight for old objects, whether they were,—

“Auld nic-nackets;
Rusty airm caps, or jinglin’ jackets;”

and I experienced the same sorrow at the change that had come over them, as I used to do when any of them were displaced in earlier days. There was the old arm-chair, wherein my grandfather used to dispense his advice and gossip, there it stood the same in the right hand corner as before; but it was no longer the same old veteran; it had received repairs, the mouldy, dotted corners had been patched with new wood, the rubbed and soiled elbows had been stuffed anew with some distasteful colour, and there had been a large addition, a new limb, I may say, added to the whole—namely, a stretcher which fitted beneath the cushion, and was pulled out to make a sofa for my grandfather to lie on. And he, too, was changed—the dear old man. It was the same blightsome, open, kind countenance, age could not alter that expression, for it was the mirror of his soul, all calm, pure, unruffled, and immortal; but the cheek had sunk, the lips were tacked in, and the eye leaked unheeded tears, the tears of decay, which ran down, and found a channel in his furrowed cheeks. The dear, old man! and was this no change? And my aunt looked altered; she had taken to spectacles, and most of the faces that looked in now were new to me; the old ones had dropped off in different ways, and as I learnt their history, I found that they too had changed. Even the old, black forest clock had shared the general appearance, the monk and his mule were no longer certain in their movements—age had rusted their limbs, sometimes they merely peeped out, sometimes, on the rainy days especially, they made no sign of existence, sometimes they would give a jerk or two,

as if to make their old tour in earnest, but would halt in the middle, and crave the assistance of some sympathetic hand to ensconce them in their old nook again. Yes, all was changed—it was not I who had changed it first—I should have remained the same, had the old furniture to which I was so much attached done so too; but I followed it in all its movements, and by sympathy with each portion, became at last changed myself.

I returned to Saardam. When I had been there some years, I was sent to the university at Leyden. I was then a bashful, fair-haired youth, in that awkward age which precedes manhood.

As I was intended for commerce, I did not apply myself to all the branches of study that are usual in this great college, but confined myself chiefly to mathematics and chemistry. I made fair progress in both, and I looked forward to the annual examinations, which were then close at hand, with a good deal of pleasure and confidence. If I distinguished myself, I was to quit college, and depart at once for the Hague, where I was to be initiated into all the mysteries of the vat and sacchometer. As I was anxious to shake hands with independence, I determined not to let the opportunity slip.

At length the wished-for day arrived. It was winter, and a cold east wind cut through the streets, agitating the surface of the canals, and shivering the chimney-pots. A drizzling rain, too, fell the whole morning; so, when I left my lodgings, I enveloped myself in a large Spanish cloak, and took care to have my umbrella with me. I issued forth, all trembling, into the street, and had proceeded a considerable distance,—in fact the old stone walls of the college were in sight,—when I perceived a young lady battling against the wind and rain without any protection. Her figure was of surpassing elegance; she was rather short than tall, which I deem a great beauty in women; and had a sweet countenance, full of thought and good humour. I was struck dumb; I could scarcely breathe; I was desperately in love. Here is romance, thinks I to myself, loving at sight! We had not even exchanged glances; she had not observed me; it was only I who loved: till, on turning an angle of the street, a gust of wind came that forced her to look round. Our eyes met. I hesitated not a moment, but rushed towards her. When close beside her, however, I grew embarrassed, and knew that my feelings had conquered my better judgment. I gave a supplicating look in her face for relief; she blushed, and grew confused, and I, losing all command of myself, thrust out my umbrella to protect her.

“Sir—what do you?”

“I—the rain is so great, madam.”

“And you expose yourself to it.”

"Ah! and you suffer?"

"But a stranger, an entire stranger—really this is very kind. I will accept the umbrella. To whom and where shall I return it?"

I could scarcely speak, I was so choked with confusion. At last I gasped forth my address. She thanked me again in words, and, what was far more eloquent, with a glance of her black eyes, and departed. I pursued my road to the college; passed with credit; found my umbrella waiting me at my lodgings; and the next day clasped the hand of my grandfather, in the little town of Brök.

My grandfather had now grown so infirm with age that he was no longer able to leave his bed, and my aunt was fully engaged in watching beside him; I was therefore left alone nearly the whole day, and had a little apartment upstairs apportioned as my study. But study was out of the question. I could not do it. Ever the adventure at Leyden with the fair one and the umbrella haunted me. I had the latter constantly at my side; I used to open it and to shut it times without number, and to kiss the handle which her tapered fingers must have clasped.

You must know that nearly every town in Holland has reflectors to the houses. These are a species of looking-glass which fasten to the windows, and enable the person inside to enjoy a range of the whole street. They are chiefly constructed to amuse the ladies, but yet the men do not disdain to satisfy their curiosity by a peep through them at times. There was one of these reflectors attached to the window of my study, and, as the thoughts of the fair girl of Leyden drove me from my book, I used to sit before it, and gaze upon its surface with a vacant eye. I seldom gave any attention to what it mirrored forth, except on one occasion, when a lady's dress and figure, exactly like those which haunted me night and day, shone on the reflector. I started up, opened my door, took several stairs at a time, and in a moment was in the street. I glanced up and down; no lady was to be seen. The glass could not have deceived me; she must have turned the angle of the street, so I followed swiftly in that direction. Without hat, and more like a madman than one who had passed with credit at the Leyden University, I flew up the street, and, glancing round the corner, I saw the dress and figure sailing away. I gave immediate chase, but, as I neared them, my speed slackened a little, and a few thoughts straggled back into my brain. Yet I could not be mistaken. It was the identical dress—nay, even to the shawl. There was the beautiful waist, the delicate ankle, the swan-like neck: the whole carriage was the same. No hesitation now—I darted forward, caught hold of the lady's arm, and

. . . judge of my mortification, gentlemen, when, instead of the lovely features of the Leyden girl, I beheld the wrinkled, painted, and sallow ones of a woman of forty ! But I will pass over this melancholy accident ; it is too shocking to dwell on. I was ill of a fever for the next six weeks.

When nearly convalescent, they permitted me to leave my room ; and I had descended to the parlour for the first time since my attack, when an old lady, who had come to drink tea with my aunt, complimented me, in the course of conversation, on my gallantry at Leyden. I stared with surprise, and asked an explanation.

"Were you not at the university during the last examinations ?"

I answered affirmatively.

"And did you not pay great attention to a young lady, a strange—"

I interrupted hastily, and cried out, "The umbrella !"

"Yes, yes,—I see you recollect. Well, this young lady is at present in Brök."

"In Brök ? in this very town ? Are you sure of it ? There is a horrid female going about, dressed like her ; but as different—" said I, with a sigh.

"I am sure of it, for I met her last night at supper, when she told me, as a friend of both families, the affair of the umbrella."

"Now, heaven be praised ! Aunt," added I, "I am better now ; I am quite well, now, and I shall be able to go out, to-morrow."

I did go out, "to-morrow," and the kind, gossiping *frau* introduced me to the fair girl of Leyden. That fair girl, gentlemen, is now my wife—my Gretchen !

Tell me, have I not cause to regret the loss of my umbrella ?

CHAPTER X.

Source of the Arveiron.

" Silent and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know ;
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,
Is the course of its waves, as in music they flow."

L. E. L.

THE history of Chamounix is that of Mont Blanc ; and unless it be the scenes of science and adventure which have from time to time taken place on the latter, neither can be said to possess the materials for any. Before our enterprising countrymen, Pocock and Wyndham, explored its beauties, and gave their description to the world, the valley of Chamounix was comparatively unknown, at least to the man of science, or pleasure ; a few monks, and a hardy race of chamois hunters, forming its sole inhabitants. This appears strange to us who visit it now ; especially so, when we glance at the immense objects that surround the valley, serving, one might suppose, as marks or beacons to proclaim its existence and situation to the traveller. The curious at Geneva, on inquiring what were those mountains, whose snow-capped pinnacles he saw towering in the distance, received as answer, that they were unexplored by civilization, inhabited only by a race of wild men, and that they were the cursed mountains (*Montagnes Maudites*). In my account of the *Glacier des Bossons*, I gave the origin of this name, when I related the popular tradition respecting the fairies and the shepherds ; and supposing that the neighbouring region was subject to the same spirits, which is quite natural, since its aspect is the same, we may understand how the valley of Chamounix remained for such a length of time divided from the rest of the world. That the stranger has been beneficial to its prosperity, there cannot be a doubt ; that the morals of its inhabitants have benefitted by the change, is another question. However, the valley of Chamounix is far purer than spots of parallel attraction in Switzerland, which may be accounted for by the rigour of its winter, lasting for eight months of the year with such intensity as to expel all travellers, and prevent the hunters themselves from pursuing their game. When a tourist complains of the exorbitance of the charges, both for entertainment and guides, prevailing at Chamounix, he should remember that the harvest is but of short duration.

The eccentric division of time, one third of the year being continual labour, and the remainder complete idleness, is a source of great evil. To the women, this is not so much so, for they have their domestic occupations as usual; but the men are "fish out of water," killing time by sleep and drunkenness. In this respect, intercourse with strangers has effected a beneficial change, by the introduction of books and education; and the intemperance of the chamois hunter is no longer so common as it used to be. I speak here, it must be remembered, of the hunters, not the guides; than which a more praiseworthy race does not exist. The hunter of the chamois, again, leads a singular life. He earns but a precarious subsistence after all his toil and danger, and it is a matter of surprise, how he prefers such an existence to the quiet, and comparatively certain one of husbandry. His family are on constant thorns for his safety. He undermines his constitution by over fatigue, and exposure to the elements. It is rare that a chamois hunter can be found past the meridian of life; if he has not shattered his health, he has his body down a precipice. The sole reason which can be assigned for the tenacity with which these fellows pursue their perilous profession, is, that it is one of excitement; of remuneration, it is not. Their trade, however, promises a speedy end, and if they will not relax in their attachment to it, its object will soon compel them. The chamois is fast disappearing, and ere the lapse of a century, its specimens will have to be sought in the museums and zoological collections.

Many stories are related of the jealousy which formerly existed between the Swiss and Savoyard hunters:—the following is one:—

"A hunter of the valley of Sixt fired at a chamois and wounded it mortally. Almost at the same moment, two hunters of the canton of the Vallais, discharged their guns, and succeeded in killing the animal outright. According to the laws of chase, the animal was the Savoyard's, who had shot it first, and who, as being the nearest, ran forward to carry it away. The Valaisans, who were posted on a height above him, and who could not approach the chamois direct, because of a precipice which intervened, shouted aloud that he should leave the chamois, accompanying at the same time, their commands with a bullet. The Savoyard persisted, however, till a second bullet whistled past his ear; when, perceiving that his life was in danger, for he could neither escape over the mountains with his heavy burden, nor communicate with his rivals, as all his powder was exhausted, he abandoned the chamois. With a heart full of rage, and thirsting for revenge, he concealed himself behind a rock, whence he could observe the enemy's movements. As the day

was far advanced, he knew that the twain would not return home, but that they would retire to some neighbouring chalet for the night. This they did: and noting well the spot, the hunter returned to his village, which was about six miles distant, procured a supply of powder, loaded his gun, and hastened back to the objects of his vengeance. Through the chinks of the planks he noticed that they had kindled a fire, before which a limb of the chamois was roasting. He passed his gun barrel through a hole in the wall, and was about to discharge its contents upon the two unsuspecting Swiss, when he recollected that they could not have confessed themselves since their act of robbery, that if he took their lives, they would die in their sin, and consequently be damned. This reflection struck him so forcibly, that he renounced his murderous design, strode rapidly into the chalet, informed his rivals of the danger they had escaped; which so pleased them, that they thanked him for his forbearance, acknowledged their fault, and divided the chamois.

Another occupation at Chamounix is the chase after the marmots, or mountain rats, chiefly confined to the gentler sex. These marmots are most extraordinary animals. They sleep during nine months of the year, without food or the slightest symptom of animation, and, during the remainder, scamper about the lower ridges of the Alps. They are not to be found in the regions of snow. It is during their somnolency that they are caught, when they may be borne away asleep, and have been known to continue dormant for days together, when in the hands of their captors. It has been ascertained whether their long abstinence from food creates debility in their frames: on awaking from a sleep of nine months, the marmot has been found to be as strong and plump as if it had merely been enjoying an after-dinner nap. It is a harmless and timid animal, and of little value. Its skin serves to make purses and the like; but, like the chamois, its numbers are annually decreasing.

The article for which Chamounix is most famed is honey, which here contains excellencies peculiar to itself. It matters not whence the bee comes, so that its dwelling be in Chamounix, and this virtue is so exclusive that the same hive transported into the adjoining valley produces quite an inferior honey. By some this is attributed to the leaves of the *mélese*, which discharge a sort of manna. Chamounix honey is celebrated all over Europe; no where more so than in England, where it is preferred to the fine heather combs of Scotland. It is perfectly white, and contains small grains, brilliant as chrystallized sugar. It exhales a perfume of flowers, and is recommended by the faculty in chest complaints. The bees require the

greatest attention ; even with this, numbers are destroyed by the cold.

It is difficult in this place to resist the temptation of giving an account of some of the ascents up Mont Blanc ; but I am reminded not to do so out of respect and consideration for the reader, who must be surfeited with such descriptions. Nor can I join in the praise commonly bestowed on those who attempt the journey. Their courage and enterprise are very questionable ; at any rate, they are ill employed. With such men as De Saussure and Dr. Barry, who make the ascent for scientific purposes, the motive is laudable and interesting ; but with the score who annually ascend Mont Blanc it is, in my opinion, nothing but fool-hardy curiosity. This is especially applicable to those English who make a boast of the adventure to every foreigner they meet, as one requiring a courage and agility only to be found with them ; and the foreigners, by their silent smile, certainly seem disposed to leave all the laurels of the field for us to reap. As an instance of the aspiration of the rising generation in this country, most of us will remember an account published a few years ago of an attempt of an Eton boy to gain the summit of Mont Blanc, in which he failed. What our fathers were content to gaze at from the shores of Lemman, we must view from the stone bridge at Sallenches ; while we are content to remain in the valley, our sons must needs ascend. In the same ratio, give the height to which the tenth generation will aspire. Here is a problem suited to the times. But it may be asked, to what end is all this courage applied ? Verily none. Every observation and phenomenon that can advance science has had ample attention at the hands of De Saussure and his companions. Guides must be had ; and here does a fool-hardy traveller, by the offer of gold, induce a poor man to quit his family, and to endanger that life which is life to them, all to gratify an idle whim. This is more than foolish ; it is sinful. Riches were bestowed upon the great for a proper distribution : not to tempt men to break those ties which are so dear to them, and holy in the sight of heaven. One has but to witness the dislike with which the guides undertake the journey. The wife and children hang about him, and endeavour to dissuade him from the enterprise ; he shows them the reward, and they are silent. This buying, as it were, of men is apt to snap asunder family ties and affection, and raise money above its due level in the social scale. Already this is a crying evil in the world.

It appears to me that the mania for ascending Mont Blanc springs from the same root as did the act of the general who burnt the temple of Ephesus. He found that his own merits

could not procure renown or distinction above the common herd, so he rendered himself famous, or rather infamous, by that deed. In the same manner some aspirant after notoriety undertakes the ascent of Mont Blanc. He has tried his hand at every thing, and has failed, at least in distinguishing himself. In despondency he casts his eye around him, and can see no scheme which may exalt him. Philanthropy, since Wilberforce, is used up,—besides, it is expensive and tedious. He has no means to stand for parliament; he cannot afford to bribe the electors, and, as for interest, he has none. Short routes to New Zealand and Chili are out of date, and, if successful, the honour of the plan is absorbed by a joint stock company and a set of directors. Aerial bridges and submarine tunnels require head and study; the former he believes he has, but for the latter he has neither the time nor inclination. Literary renown is a shadow, for it has always escaped his hands. He wrote a grand historical work, of immense importance to the world, and which should be in the library of every statesman, but no publisher would purchase it. With a haughty smile, he entrusted the manuscript to the printer, on his own account. He inquires of all his acquaintance what they think of that splendid new work, by an anonymous hand, a second Clarendon; but they confess that they have not even heard of it. He loses money by the adventure, grows wrath with the public, becomes satirical, and ends by dashing off a poem in eleven books, entitled, "*The Sea Gull, an Allegory*," which is so shamefully neglected as not to defray the stitching of the covers. He sees himself gently sliding into oblivion, when "*A Recent Ascent of Mont Blanc*" attracts his attention. At last he has hit it: now for glory, renown, immortality. He hies him away to Chamounix; hires his guides; is nearly pitched over a precipice; gets his legs frost-bitten, his eyes bloodshot, and his vision impaired; stands for a minute upon the summit of Mont Blanc, long enough to secure immortality; his chest heaves with—pride? no; with oppression of the rarified air. The view is destroyed by clouds; never mind. He is a second De Saussure. His name will be entered in the register; he descends rapidly; orders a warm bath, a medical man, and is seriously ill for a couple of weeks. When he recovers, he issues forth a new man, and immortal. This is an illustration.

With the exception of one of the Himalaya chain, Mont Blanc is the loftiest mountain in the world. Chimborazo, the chief save one of the Andes in South America, is more than 22,000 feet above the level of the sea, while Mont Blanc is 15,000; but it does not attain to so great a height above the valley, by nearly a thousand feet. The journey of Mont Blanc

occupies from three to four days, and the ascent alone is estimated at something more than seventeen leagues,—a walk, therefore, including the descent, of one hundred miles ! The usual route is over the Glacier des Bossons, which is traversed early in the morning, to the Grand Mulets, where the adventurers pass the first night. This is an excursion often made, and of no danger whatever, with proper guides : the view well repays the journey. The second day is one of toil and peril, said by those who have experienced it to exceed all idea, the morning being all ascent, until they reach the summit, and the afternoon all descent, to the resting-place they occupied the night before. The third day they return to Chamounix.

De Saussure says that he had long viewed this excursion with a longing eye, but was persuaded of its impracticability till he heard of the excursion of a friend with some guides, who had only failed to reach the summit through the unfavourable state of the weather. This decided him ; and, the following summer, he accomplished that celebrated ascent which has reflected so great credit on his fame as a man of science. He seemed to be quite unaware of the fact of Balmat's ascent, for he makes no mention of it in enumerating the several attempts prior to his own. Jacques Balmat, a guide, is entitled to the honour of having been the first to accomplish this point of emulation ; but he suffered severely from it. In gratitude for the attentions shown him during his illness by Dr. Paccard of Chamounix, he consented to accompany that gentleman on a similar expedition, which was accomplished almost at the expense of the *Æsculapius'* own sight. The most entertaining account of the ascent of Mont Blanc is from the facile pen of Alexandre Dumas ; but it is highly coloured, and owes much of its interest and beauty to the style and imagination of this clever feuilletonist. The most trustworthy and scientific is that of De Saussure : those of Dr. Barry and Mr. Auldjo are also good. Moon Talfourd's is descriptive and elegant, as far as it goes, for the learned Serjeant's aspirations exceeded his success.

When the Dutchman had ended his story, we offered him all the sympathy we could muster on the occasion, which, the object being considered, was not very abundant. We then left our coffee, and the whole party descended the stairs into the street, to lounge about, and inspect the village. The first thing that caught our attention was a sign-board, suspended over a stable on the opposite side of the street, on which some cunning painter had depicted a goat's head, having red eyes, and ears set in a timid, hare like fashion. A few words in good French written above the horns announced, that a live chamois was to be seen within. The two scientific gentlemen gave each other

a look, and with a smile of triumph involuntarily exclaimed, "Now!" and arm and arm they both lead the way into the stable. For half a franc we were admitted up a flight of steps, at the end of which a sharp turning on the right brought us in sight of a very lean, dirty, and altogether miserable looking animal of the goat kind, which the owner informed us was the chamois of the Alps. The smell and confined air of the stable in a few moments compelled me to retire, which I did in company with the Etonian. While the rest of our party remained above, we hied away to a curiosity shop, more attracted by the name of its owner, Balmat, than by the wares it exhibited. It was not that I expected to see the celebrated hero of Mont Blanc, for I had already heard the news of his death; but the *prestige* of the name awakened my curiosity to converse with one of the family, whom I doubted not the name of Balmat in this place must denote—nor was I mistaken; the man was a relative of Jacques, a cousin, if my memory hold good, who at our request, gave us some particulars of his kinsman's unfortunate end. It appeared, that Jacques was a botanist and treasure seeker; and that as he grew up in years, his belief and pursuit of the latter induced him to throw up his badge of guide, an employment which was tolerably lucrative to him, and which from his renown caused him to be the favourite, and to devote all his time and energies to excursions among the most appalling mountains and glaciers of the Alps, where he had an idea he should some day stumble on treasure beyond calculation. All his friends, and he had many, did their best to divert his thoughts from so childish and fruitless a bent, but in vain. The old man used to depart from his cottage, armed with his pike and wallet, and not return for several days at a time. He had been absent a week, when his relations grew uneasy; but their companions quieted them by an appeal to Balmat's known habits and eccentricity of character. Another week elapsed, and yet he appeared not. All Chamounix was now astir, and had proof been desired of the estimation in which Balmat was held by his fellow villagers, it would have amply satisfied at that time. There was no jealousy among the guides, no secret rejoicing that the favourite who had so often been preferred, was now missing; on the contrary, the whole company of guides expressed alarm and sorrow, and to a man departed in search of him. But no Balmat could they find. They explored every possible alp and glacier; they ascended heights which none but Balmat used to ascend—they frequented his favourite haunts, all in vain. To this day, the hero of Mont Blanc, the veteran guide, has not been heard of, nor the slightest trace of him been discovered. The general belief is, that he must

have fallen over a precipice, or been carried away by an avalanche.

We thanked his namesake for these particulars, and moreover rewarded his trouble by the purchase of a few curiosities. I chose a black walking stick, surmounted with a chamois horn which unscrewed, and might be applied as a handle in two different forms.

When our friends rejoined us, we held a conclave of opinion before the hotel door; the conclusion of which was, that the Dutchman and Caspar should remain at home while we, that is to say, the two scientific gentlemen, the Indian and I proceeded to visit the source of the Arveiron and part of the Mer de Glace. The evening was already advanced when we reached our destination; but there was plenty of light, and the moon shone high above with no niggard influence on our enjoyment. Before our eyes, was the Merde Glace, stretching far and wide between two alps in its immensity of fifteen miles, though the dusk of evening rendered the view more circumscribed than we could have wished. It may be asked, why we did not content ourselves with one glacier for a day, and choose day-light for the inspection of the larger one of Bois; the answer, however, is short and decisive,—we should have had no other opportunity, for we were to quit Chamounix and all its wonders early on the following morning.

Our road to the source of the Arveiron, (i.e. the lesser Arve and chief tributary of its namesake, our gloomy old friend) followed its banks for about a mile, when it diverged to the right across a very precarious bridge of stones. We then lost ourselves in a wood, and succeeded, after much wandering, in regaining the open plain through a marsh, the reverse of beneficial to our *chaussare*. But tourists must not mind the quality of the road, its roughness is half the pleasure, and the contrast a treat. We therefore dashed boldly through ankle deep, and were immediately rewarded by the sight of the cave whence issue the dull waters of the Arveiron. It is situated in the wildest of spots, and resembles nothing to which I can command a parallel. It is like the mouth of the region of Winter, we read of in fairy books and other volumes of the imaginative, allegorical and marvellous, and the blue icicles which depend from the roof are like the frozen "drops i' the nose" of that hoary monarch. His fastnesses are worthy of the name, and form impenetrable barriers to the intruder. They are attractive to the curious, however, from the singular beauty of their form, and a Genevese gentleman allowed his prudence to be so far overcome, as to attempt an entrance over them into the icy cave. He succeeded in his object, but perished on the spot; he was precipitated down a cleft in the ice. His tragical end is a theme

for the guides, and a good subject for the display of a little moralising, and the necessity that there is in all cases for travellers to employ guides. We were without one in this instance, but did not brave it foolishly. We preferred rather to contemplate the wonderful stream issuing from its icy den, and to admire the beauty and extent of the Merde Glace from a short distance. Time did not allow us a long view—we knew our road but imperfectly, and as night was drawing her mantle closer round, we decided to return. This we did by skating the wood, which was a considerable detour, for we had no wish to venture among its leafy labyrinth again.

When we reached Chamounix, the lamps in the hotels and lodging-houses reminded us of the hour, and with a weary step we joined Caspar and the Dutchman at the Couronne. We drew up our plans for the morrow, and each retired to his chamber.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER XII.

Great was the consternation in the metropolis, on the day that Charles Radcliffe, the brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, Brigadier Macintosh, and three other of the rebels broke out of Newgate. Great was the hue and cry after an unknown personage in a faded court suit, and a full bottomed wig, who was said to have aided in and facilitated their escape. There were not wanting many, who believed the whole affair to have been a *ruse* of the ministers, in order to get rid of an unpopular prosecution; be that as it might, an acknowledgment was compelled on all hands, that the escape had been effected with dexterity

* Continued from page 431, vol. liv.

May, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXVII.

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and ease. Certainly no pursuit, if any such was attempted, delayed the progress of a coach driven by the individual who had worn the costume above mentioned, and which on the evening of the 8th of May rolled heavily on its way to Deptford. Crossing London Bridge, and so on towards its destination, the coach stopped at St. Saviour's Dock. Here the driver—no less a personage than Laithwaye Oates, but so disguised by a chairman's great coat, a bushy red wig, and a cocked hat, as to preserve his incognita—alighted, and approaching the coach door, opened it with a flourish, that seemed to invite or to defy the curiosity of the lookers on. "Want a boat, my masters, want a boat?" shouted a sailor, approaching the group of gentlemen who had just alighted.

"We're for you, my fine fellow," said a very handsome, intrepid looking young man, with fair hair, and blue eyes, that eloquently expressed some intense joy, or exultation. "If ever I forget you, or this service," he added, suddenly seizing the hand of the driver, and holding it with an iron grasp. "If you're not mad, pass on and never heed me," said the latter, interrupting him in a low, earnest tone. "Diel's in ye, to speer at the lad that gate," muttered a wary Scot of the party, and in a few minutes, he and his companions were seated in the boat. The driver of the coach again mounted the box, and in one rapid glance, he comprehended that the boat was launched out, and now bore bravely down the stream. It was barely nine o'clock, when the empty carriage stopped before a lone, dingy looking house, situated in Bermondsey. Silently leaving the vehicle in charge of a boy, who might have been waiting for the purpose, the driver entered the house, evidently an empty one, and nearly half an hour elapsed before the boy was released from his duty. At the expiration of that time, a strange party emerged from the dilapidated doorway of the forlorn dwelling. It consisted of two females, whose extraordinary height, apart from their dress, which seemed to have been chosen rather with regard to finery than fitness, would have rendered them conspicuous anywhere; a third lady, who had the appearance of being considerably broader than long, and whose unmanageable veil permitted occasional glimpses of a coarse, red face, and a very unfeminine beard; and a coachman more legitimately apparelled than had been his predecessor. This latter personage, with the aid of the boy, managed to get the ladies seated in the coach; not without some difficulty, as their petticoats seemed to be continually in the way of themselves, or one another. Having performed this feat to his satisfaction, he mounted the box and drove off, shaping his course towards London Bridge. In Gracechurch Street, a rather gruff voice proceeding from the

coach window, commanded the driver to stop, which he did accordingly; but before he had time to reach the door, the ladies had opened it for themselves, and now stood on the pavement, in the full glare of the lights streaming from the shop windows. After a brief whispered communication with the driver, the three females took the way towards the city—striding, and struggling with their flowing garments, after a most extraordinary fashion. So singular was the appearance they presented, that people suddenly brought up before them in astonishment, and turned back to watch their motions, and finally exploded in loud shouts of derisive mirth; until they were in a fair way of becoming the centre of a mob.

"You know Snagg's Alley?" whispered one of the tall females to her companions.

"Aye, aye," responded the broad lady.

"When we come there, you two bolt: leave me to manage the fools, and wait for me at the snuggery. I'll report progress directly."

"Aye, aye," repeated the other; and accordingly, on approaching the dark court, known as Snagg's Alley, two of the ladies suddenly disappeared, whilst the third, apparently nothing daunted, boldly held on her course. "I say," shouted a burly porter, who had followed the party in a high state of amusement, "that's not fair, you know; leaving an innocent young creature like you, in these wicked streets alone by yourself. If you'll tell me whereabouts you live, I will see you home: take my arm, will ye?" The lady, who was considerably the taller of the two, declined this courtesy in a manner that drew roars of laughter from the lookers on. "This is what I didn't expect from a British public," she said, at length turning fairly round upon her tormentors. "I'm a lone woman, as is in trouble, and in more need of help than of hinderance."

"Why can't you let the poor thing alone?" growled a round-shouldered chairman; "hang me, if you don't clear the way suddenly, I'll try the mettle of some on you: let her pass!"

"Faith, the pretty dear seems able to fight her own battles; you may save your valour for some other occasion," said a saucy apprentice, who had watched the proceedings in high glee.

"You spoke of being in trouble," observed a decent man in the crowd, that now choked up the foot-path; "can we give you any help?"

"Help is what I want, as I've said," replied the woman, sobbing violently betwixt every word. "The short un that you frightened away, just now—she's nervous, poor thing—is my sister: and her husband is one of the waiters at Tom's Coffee House in Cornhill. The false, perjured villain has run away

from her; but she's found him out, and we're determined to hunt him up this blessed night. Will any good gentleman tell me the way to Tom's Coffee House?"

"I will," "and I," "and I," shouted a dozen individuals at once, and, escorted by a score or two, the woman strode on after a rampant manner, the crowd manifesting, amidst their mirth, much mock indignation against the faithless waiter at Tom's. On arriving opposite the coffee house, a man suddenly darted forward, and whispered some words to the woman, upon which she again turned and addressed the crowd.

"If any gentleman will accompany me to fetch my sister, I shall take it as a favour, especially if he's one as'll respect her feelings, for, as I said before, she's nervous, and brought very low just now by reason of her troubles."

"I'm for you," cried several present, amongst others the chairman, who was selected by the woman, and the two went away in the direction of Leadenhall-street, leaving the excited mob in jovial anticipation of the storm impending over the luckless waiter. Those who had seen the disconsolate lady represented as the latter's wife, gave such a description of her personal appearance as considerably stimulated public curiosity, if not sympathy, in her behalf. But however glowing this description might have been, the appearance of the original was evidently more than most had been prepared for, and shouts, roars, screams of uncontrollable laughter seemed to make the houses shake again. Her strange figure, the very antetype of a plethoric hogshead, was well set off by a calico gown of flaming colours, flounced nearly up to where the waist should have been; in addition she wore a green taffeta fardingale, a pair of high-heeled shoes, of marvellous capacity, and a black beaver hat, beneath which, surrounded by an immense cap border, appeared a face, coarse and masculine to so astonishing a degree, yet, under the circumstances, so full of good humour, if not of a most uproarious description of jollity, as to be altogether irresistible. The two females by whom she was accompanied, being also such extraordinary specimens of the sex, added not a little to the delight of the assembled populace. "Is it here the varlet lives?" asked the injured fair one, placing herself opposite the door of the coffee house, and setting her arms akimbo, adding to the general astonishment by the stentorian power of her lungs: "will any body tell him from me that my name's Becky Blunt? Will any body ask him to come out, and deny me to my face, if he can?"

"We'll tell him. What's his name?"

"Haven't I told you mine? and don't you understand I'm an honest woman?"

"His name's Blunt—sing out for Johnny Blunt. Is his name Johnny?"

"Aye, aye."

"Drat the man!" exclaimed a woman in the crowd: "make him show hisself." A shower of blows were applied to the open door of the coffee house, and several waiters making their appearance at the upper extremity of the passage, the mob suddenly pressed forward, vociferating loudly the name of the culprit, and, in sundry ways, intimating the nature of his offence.

"That's him!" "I see him!" "Which? which?" "Not the little one, is it?" asked a gallant, who evinced the liveliest interest in the proceedings. The little one was so lean and diminutive, and in every way presented so strong a contrast to the lady, that the inquiry gave rise to a fresh explosion of mirth. Several gentlemen now advanced from the interior to the door of the coffee house, making inquiry into the cause of the disturbance, and two or three guardians of the night interposed outside: but a mob in those days was not easily managed, and their interference only added to the confusion. Notwithstanding that there was by this time a pretty general belief of the whole affair being a hoax, the frolic suited the mad humour of the mob, and went on with not the less spirit because there were still numbers who doubted neither the sex nor the reputed wrongs of the chief actor in it.

"Bless me! what extraordinary women!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen who appeared at the door of the coffee house, a small-made, shrivelled old man, who had caught a glimpse of those remarkable persons. "Why, the people are quite riotous, and my time is expired," looking at his watch. "However am I to get away?"

"Have a coach? better have a coach, sir. The crowd begins here, and ends nowhere. You'll hardly get home in safety without a coach, sir," said a driver of one of those vehicles, who stood leaning against the doorway.

"A coach, by all means," said the old gentleman: "but how am I to get to it? Bless me! what astonishing women!"

"Trust to me, sir, and I'll convey you safe."

The gentleman did not seem inclined to trust himself beyond the threshold, until the mob, headed by the women, made a sudden rush backward, leaving the coast clear for a moment, when he skipped out in a high state of nervous excitement: and as if in his especial honour, the hootings and yellings of the crowd were increased tenfold. "Where's the coach?" he inquired, in an agitated tone. "Here we are, sir," said the man, and there the coach was, with the door open, and the steps down, and very willingly he allowed himself to be hurried into

it. The sudden banging to of the coach door was simultaneous with a sound within, something like a stifled cry of alarm; the coachman ascended to his place with unusual alacrity, and the vehicle bore heavily on towards London Bridge.

The same coach, during the first hour of the following day, stopped before a large gate, the entrance to a shipwright's work-yard at Deptford. At a signal from the driver the gate was opened, and, when the coach had passed in, was again secured behind it. The waters of the noble river bounded the yard on the opposite side, and, as it was not the intention of the coachman to carry his fare to that extremity, to say nothing of the impossibility of moving much further in the midst of skeleton ships, masts, anchors, and saw-pits, the coach came to a sudden stand. The arrival was evidently an expected one; five or six seafaring men crowded to the coach door, from which stepped forth the strapping female who had appealed to the sympathy of the mob in Gracechurch-street.

"All right?" inquired the oldest of the group of men, who held a lantern in his hand. "Well, I see I needn't ask. Come along, my boy, and leave these here to do the rest. I've a strange piece of news for you. Jack, keep a sharp look out here."

So saying, he led the way to an enclosed shed, furnished with a few benches and a table, on which, besides a light, were several pipes and mugs, and a pitcher containing some smoking beverage. The tall female whom he had addressed joined him, after a short, whispered conference with one of the sailors, and, fastening the door, and approaching the light, disclosed the right merry countenance of Laithwaye Oates.

"A precious day's work this has been, admiral," he said, wiping his forehead, on which the perspiration stood thick. "Are those birds of passage safely on their way?"

"Safely on their way, my boy, and with as fine a breeze at their backs as ever blew."

"Then I'll tell you what it is, admiral: if I was as certain of this other affair turning out well, I should feel so satisfied that I could fairly superannuate myself, and lay by for the rest of my life."

"Well, but you see, Laithwaye, things doesn't always turn out as we would wish 'em. I've a bit of news for you, as I said, and I'm afeared it'll put you out. Who do you think's here, arrived this blessed night, in the teeth of the contrariest wind as ever could be?"

Laithwaye could not guess, and therefore asked an explanation with some impatience.

"Hush! if stone walls has ears, what has wooden uns? The father of her up yonder."

"Do you mean to say that Sir Thomas is here?"

"Do *you* mean to tell all the world that there piece of news? Yes, he is,—arrived afore the others went away; and they tried to persuade him to go back with 'em, but he wouldn't, and it's my opinion he's the obstinatest, pig-headedest chap I've had to deal with for some time. I don't know how you manage to get along with him."

Laithwaye was rendered speechless by dismay and astonishment, and before he recovered himself the door was opened, and a rather buxom young woman appeared on the threshold. "The gentleman wants to speak to you, Master Errington," she said; "you'd better come at once, if you please, for he's very restless: Christie can do nothing with him."

"Tell him I'll come, Mrs. Fraser," said the skipper, adding something in an under tone that was not very complimentary to the person in question. During this short conference, and, in the agitation of his mind, scarcely conscious of what he was about, only feeling its general inconvenience, Laithwaye caught up the long skirt of his gown, and twisted it round his waist like a rope, during which operation the wife of Christie Fraser gave a small scream and vanished.

"It's well I knew nothing of this beforehand," said Laithwaye; "I should scarcely have had the spirit to go through with such matters as I've had on hand. What can have brought him here? It's nothing less than downright madness. And what to do with him now he is here, I don't know. He's here in the house, is he?"

"Why yes; I'd nawhere else to put him. He inquires for me when he comes ashore; and when he sees me, 'Where's Laithwaye?' he says. I said I couldn't tell, which was true enough, for I didn't know who he was, at first, he was so altered; and I wasn't going to be come over with questions. He seemed to think I was shirking him, and he told me who he was; so I brought him here at once, where the others was then, and he only wants to see me now to inquire about you again. As you're here, I give him up to you."

"To be sure. And this Christie Fraser—is he to be trusted?"

"Hasn't he given proof of it?"

"Why yes, he has: but we cannot be too particular in this matter."

"You may set your mind at rest about this here chap, as far as Christie Fraser is concerned; he'll go through fire and water, to serve them that stuck to him 'over the water:'—but it's another affair, with this Mr. What's-his-name:—he wouldn't dip his fingers in such a dish as that; we must keep it all to ourselves; and the sooner I'm off the better."

"To be sure: go at once, admiral; and my best thanks and good wishes go with you. How you're ever to be repaid this service, and many others, I don't know."

"Now leave talking in that way, and listen to me:—I'll take care of *him*, never fear. Have you forgotten that there young woman, that I spoke to you about?"

"Of course not, admiral: but you see what time I have just now to think about anything that concerns myself only. I shall see her, to be sure; and she'll know me directly: so will Christie's wife,—that is, when I give up masquerading," he added, looking down at his dress, and laughing in his own hearty manner.

"That's right, my boy; don't laugh on the wrong side of your mouth, just yet:—and this chap;—do you think he's got any money with him?"

"I wish you'd find a more respectful name for him, admiral."

"Darn him! I can't say that I half like him; however, for your sake, I'll try. Suppose I call him 'the governor?'—that'll just suit him: he seems to think people was born to be ordered about and to wait on him. But this here about the money's serious:—if he's none, *you* haven't, I know?"

"I'm sorry you should have ill-thoughts of Sir Thomas," said Laithwaye: "never having seen him until now, you cannot judge him rightly; for he's a different man since he's been so tried, I can tell you. It's worse for him to have to endure all manner of disagreeable things, than it is for me to bear with the fretfulness they have brought on. I expect Sir Thomas has money; he couldn't have come here without: and I know some was sent him not long ago. At all events, don't trouble yourself about that; you've got enough on your hands, I'm sure. If he hasn't any, I must play less, and work the harder, that's all. I've tried my hand before now at *this* business; and perhaps Christie Fraser can give me a job."

"It's very well talking, and being so mighty independent; but with a man like that there to provide for, as isn't used to such shifts as you'd make yourself, it's another thing. I don't see why you should be so plaguy nice about a friend's helping you, when so many are setting you a contrary example: Sir Thomas hisself, now,—do you call him independent?"

"Surely, admiral, you see the difference betwixt Sir Thomas and me?—you couldn't expect that he would labour like a common man?"

"Couldn't I?—I could as soon expect him to work as to live upon charity. Well, I've done: I'll say no more about it. He might do as he liked, and welcome, if I could only manage you."

Who the dickins are you, that you mayn't be helped along like other folks?"

"My kind, good friend, don't you help me along in a hundred different ways?—wasn't you helping me yesterday?—are you not going upon my business now?—haven't you saddled yourself with yonder old curmudgeon, to please and benefit me? I don't know what you would have:—ain't I as far from being independent, already, as a man well could be?"

"Well, well, we'll say no more about it. You haven't told me how you went about this last business, and there isn't time to hear the particulars just now. Bill and Larry are all right, I suppose?"

"Never fear them: I left them in the midst of the row we agreed to kick up, and, as you'll believe, they entered heartily into the fun. I'd little trouble with my customer on the road; I just fastened his wrists together, and told him he'd best keep his mouth shut; and he took my advice. I made his mouth fast, too, just before we arrived; but I told Jack to release him, and treat him well, when they got on board, which he will do."

"In course. He shall have the best of everything; and the voyage 'll freshen him up wonderful. As your time ain't your own, exactly, and as that chap,—I mean the governor,—don't like waiting, we'd best part without any more palaver. In two months' time, as near as I can guess, you'll find me in the old place, when you'll know what's to be further done: but you'll hear of me afore then."

"I should hope so."

"To be sure! so just let us have a parting drop, and 'a done with it." Filling two mugs from the pitcher, they were about to pledge each other, when Christie Fraser himself made his appearance.

"I know what you're come about," said the skipper, before Christie had time to speak; "just stop a minute, and hear me. —This is the young man you've heard so much about; you learned his name to-day for the first time,—Laithwaye Oates: he's no need to be ashamed on it; and I think there's them as won't forget it in a hurry."

"I'm prood to see ye," said Christie, extending his hand to Laithwaye, and giving him a hearty grasp. "I've been nae stranger to your name, though, this twa year."

"You first heard it from your wife, who was a fellow-servant of mine," suggested Laithwaye.

"Just from her and the bairn Jessie," replied Christie; "an' glad they'll baith be to see you. But there's anither speering after ye just noo:—ye ken wha?"

Before Laithwaye could reply, the skipper, who had his mis-

givings about being able to part with his young friend manfully, broke in with a hurried farewell.

"I'm chatting here," he said, "like an old fool, when I ought to be aboard and doing. Good bye to you both. Keep up a good heart, Laithwaye, and look out for signals, as I've told you. It's no use you going for to talk any more, so be off with Christie, and make your best of the governor."

After a cordial shaking of hands, the skipper departed; and Laithwaye, whose emotion was too strong for words, having put aside his borrowed garments, followed Christie Fraser into the adjoining dwelling-house.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE house of Christie Fraser, which was within the enclosure of the work-yard, was a modern one, of small dimensions. On the ground floor it contained, what in Christie's own country would have been designated, the "but and ben,"—a large entrance kitchen, and an inner room; above which were four chambers. The kitchen, always a cheerful place when under the superintendence of a good housewife, did much credit to the orderly habits of Sarah, the handmaid of the old hosier of London Bridge. The bright fire was reflected on all sides in some brighter domestic utensil; and Sarah herself, looking younger than she had done some years before, displayed in her comely face the better light of a contented and cheerful spirit. Rising from her seat, and putting aside her knitting, as her husband and Laithwaye entered, she advanced to the latter with outstretched hands.

"There!" she exclaimed, "didn't I say it was him, when I came in just now? Ah! I've seen too many of your mad pranks, to be deceived, disguise yourself as you would! And I, you see, Laithwaye, am married; married to such an old sober-sides, that I declare to you I've seen his hair stand on end, while I've been telling him some of your wild tricks:—a nice young man you was, for a London 'prentis, Laithwaye Oates!"

"The woman's demented," said Christie, smiling good-humouredly; "ye'll just no be minding her fashes, but gang

up till the master ; he's clean daft wi' trouble, puir gentleman. Hand a light, here, an' gie ower girning."

"One minute," said Laithwaye. "I needn't give you joy, Sarah, for I see you've plenty of it ; and I'm glad to see *that*, and you : you've got Jessie here, havn't you?"

"Bless you, yes ; and quite like one of us she is, now : I don't think Christie would part with her, for all he's worth. Do make haste down stairs again, for I'm not a bit sleepy, and I want to have a chat with you."

Laithwaye ascended the narrow staircase. Sir Thomas, who had been restlessly pacing to and fro in one of the small chambers, opened the door, at the sound of approaching footsteps, and fairly dragging Laithwaye in, closed it behind them.

"Thank heaven!" he said, "you are here at last. You will think me mad, to venture back, Laithwaye, but I am even worse than that :—full of shame, and indignation, and remorse, —altogether dissatisfied with others, and with myself. Do you know anything of the writer of this?"

Laithwaye took the paper handed to him, and in a state of strange confusion, read as follows :—

"Man of proud purposes, and poor doings,—boastful planner of high things, and pitiful comer down to deeds that disgrace humanity,—could you not rest satisfied with past victims, but must add to them, at this late day, your own child! Where ~~was~~ your conscience? where your heart? where your vaunted honour? when you consented to this monstrous sacrifice of all ~~her~~ better feelings and hopes ; bringing upon her young life the shadow of the world's condemnation, of her own abhorrence ; not to uphold your dignity, not to save your life, but that that life might be rendered ingloriously easy to you, by the price of your daughter's destruction. Have you never considered, in your selfishness, that other ties might have been formed, whose severing, by this blow, may be the breaking of your daughter's heart? Revel on in your unconsciousness, if you can ; believe that it is not so,—that her heart is not even now broken!"

Sir Thomas, who had again rapidly paced to and fro, whilst Laithwaye was reading the above, suddenly came to a stand.

"I don't ask you to say whether you think I deserve all this or not ;—I have well earned part of the opprobrium, and must bear it.—Have you any knowledge of the connections my daughter has formed in London?—can you give even a remote guess at the writer of such an appeal as this?"

Laithwaye had already formed a shrewd guess in his own mind, and now gave Sir Thomas the benefit of it.

"You remember the old woman at Lytham?—Well, she's in London now, and has been some months. She has stopped me

in the streets on more than one occasion, and I have heard her speak on the subject of Mrs. Alice's marriage in pretty much the same terms that are used here,—so like, indeed, that I could swear to them."

"That is strange," said Sir Thomas, musing; "who can she be?—or rather, by whom can she be employed?—for she must be expressing the interest of another! However, let that pass:—you have heard nothing to give you an idea that my daughter has formed any attachment here?"

Laithwaye could not with truth say he had not; therefore he mentioned the rumour that he, in common with others, had heard respecting Colonel Seymour; but he knew nothing of Mrs. Alice's feelings in the matter.

"Laithwaye," said Sir Thomas, after a painful pause, "I deserve all the agony I am now suffering, and ten times more: I have been, for a time, unpardonably forgetful, and selfish, and exacting:—but only for a time:—I declare solemnly, that before this reached my hands, I had come to the determination which brings me here:—I had resolved that this marriage should not go on. I wrote by post to both Lady Shirley and Alice, saying this: but I knew that my sister was not to be trusted, and I hurried off instantly myself. Do not say that I am too late:—let me die, rather than learn that I am too late!"

"O, no, it's all right, Sir Thomas!—you can prevent it, and I knew you would, from first: I always said so."

"The blessed mother be praised!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, fervently: "and if I know my own heart I am not capable of deliberately sacrificing the happiness of any human being, much less that of one so dear to me as is my precious Alice. Has she not been the light of my life, Laithwaye? You that remember both of us almost since you can remember anything, did you ever believe other of me, or of her, than that our hearts and hopes were inseparable?"

"Do not do yourself the injustice to make a question of a matter so sacred," said Laithwaye, shocked and grieved to the heart at witnessing this remorseful self-abasement. As to the woman who sent you this precious letter, it's my belief she's mad as a March hare: what sober christian would sit down and write such stuff as that?"

"Laithwaye," said Sir Thomas, who had again been pacing about the room, "I must see Alice: don't look astonished; and, above all things, do not attempt to make our meeting appear an impossibility—it must be. As I have said before, I cannot describe what I have suffered, and am still suffering; nothing less than the sight of my poor child can render life endurable to

me; you know my faith in you—that you can accomplish anything—do not say that this is impossible.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed Laithwaye, revolving all sorts of schemes in his own mind whilst he spoke, “of course it isn’t impossible; nothing more easy if we only go the right way about it; but there’s great risk to be run, Sir Thomas, and we must be wary. I think you would not like Lady Shirley to know that you are here.”

“No!” exclaimed Sir Thomas, in a tone and with an action expressive of abhorrence as well as distrust, “and I would that her name had no need to pass between us. She would sell the father as readily as the child—to the highest bidder. You’ve been a good guide, and a true friend to me, Laithwaye,” he continued, holding out his hand, and grasping the young man’s fervently, “and, so help me, heaven, I don’t know whether I most wish for restored fortune in order to rescue Alice, or to prove my gratitude to you; my next wish is, that failing to do either, you may both continue to believe that my heart is in the right place. And now what do you advise?”

“That you get this interview over as quickly as possible, and hasten back to France. In the first place, you had best write to Mrs. Alice, and so break to her the news of your arrival. It may be some days before she will be able to attend such a meeting without exciting suspicion; and her coming all this way is out of the question. I know an obscure alehouse a little below Westminster Abbey, and almost close upon the water:—not the sort of place for Mrs. Alice, to be sure, but we must manage as we can; I think you might safely venture there and back by water, and if Mrs. Alice can fix the time, I could see her there and back again.”

“Then be it so, and let us set about it directly. I will write a letter to-night, and in the morning you can take it.” Sir Thomas did not pause to consider that he was exhibiting some selfishness in his impatience, or that the to-morrow of which he spoke was already to-day; and Laithwaye, who was accustomed to forget himself in others, readily gave his assent to this arrangement. On descending to the kitchen, Laithwaye found the shipwright and his wife busily engaged in preparing a repast, which included amongst other things a large piece of cold beef, some fried eggs and bacon, and a pitcher of foaming ale.

“Now do come and get something to eat,” said Mrs. Fraser, “for I know, what with one or another, you’ve had little time to think of yourself these many hours. I’ve just been telling Christie what old master used to say to you—‘a rolling stone gathers no moss.’”

"A curmudgeonly proverb, if his was the right way of explaining it, which I don't believe," said Laithwaye. "The rolling stone has a better part to play than to lie rotting in rank putrefactions: I've known many gatherers of moss in my time, and I don't like 'em."

"The women are aye dinging wi' their tongues," said Christie, "sit ye doon, an' ne'er heed her, or the bit saws. The master 'll be quiet noo, I'm thinking, an' puir thing, he maun be sairly knocked up."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Laithwaye, starting up from the chair on which he had seated himself, "how apt we are to think only of number one! Perhaps he is as hungry as I am:—I beg your pardon—I might have known that, hospitable as you are, you would have thought of him before this: I'm just an impertinent jackanapes."

"Ye're just a sensible christian, wi' a thacht for ither folk about you," said Christie. "The master took all he'd have the nicht twa hour ago: diuna fash yoursel about him." Thus encouraged, Laithwaye set to in good earnest; for though he had drank a little in the interim, he had eaten nothing for above twelve hours. "Now, Sarah," he said, when the supper was ended, "if you can tell me something about Jessy, I shall be glad to hear it, for I haven't seen her myself nearly these four years past—not since the time when I went to see her at Wanstead, and when she sent you the huswife and pincushion." "Dear, dear, only to think!" cried Sarah. "You see you and me lost sight of one another, or I could have given you news of her long since. The first that I saw of her after that night was about two years ago, when she was living with her grandmother close to where I lived in the Borough. I was in service then, but was just about being married, and they had lodgings in a dirty court behind master's shop. There was a deal of talk in the neighbourhood about a beautiful young girl and a surly old woman, and the better sort of people said it was a pity the girl was in such a place, for they were all bad characters where they lived; and I thought a deal about her before I saw her, never dreaming who she was. We met at last by accident, and poor thing, how she did cry! I was astonished, you may be sure, to see her in such a situation, but I saw it pained her to be asked questions, and I know no more now than I did then, how she came to leave school; but I soon found out that her grandmother was an old wretch, and I told her so to her face more than once;—for Jessy had asked me to try and get her some needlework, which I did, and the old woman would'nt let her do it, but offended everyone that would have employed her, and I thought the poor thing would have broken her heart. She

was ill then, a long time, and before she got better, I was married. I had advised her to leave her grandmother altogether; and told her that if she came to me I would get her work, by which I was sure she might keep herself, for she had learned many kinds of embroidery work at school, and was naturally very clever. When I went to see her again, she and her grandmother were gone, no one knew whither. Christie and me lived in Redriffe before we came here, and one dark snowy night, last winter, my mistress sent me word that the young girl I knew was at her house, where she had come to inquire for me, and that she seemed to be very ill. I ran down directly, and shocked enough I was at the sight I saw. If anybody alive ever looked like a corpse, it was Jessy that night: she was worn to a shadow, and her beautiful hair had been cut off. My old mistress was a kind woman, and would'nt let her leave the house — how she ever got there was a puzzle to us all; and there she was above a week, mending every day astonishingly. When my mistress understood what sort of work she could do, she got her plenty from different places, and ever since she's always had more than enough. Christie has her work taken and fetched: she seldom goes out herself, except when Christie sometimes takes her out on the water; but she's a sight more cheerful since we came here. She must have suffered more than anybody knows of, and for no fault of her own, poor thing, I'm sure."

"She's a gude bairn an' a bonny," said Christie; "she aye makes the house lightsome wi' her gentle ways an' her sweet face; and aften of a nicht she'll sit an' read to us: I dinna know how we should get on wi'out her."

"And she's never seen anything of her grandmother since she came to you?"

"Bless you, no! I think it would kill her to see *her* again; though she's said little to me about it, I know enough to know that."

"I am glad that she has fallen into such good hands," said Laithwaye, "but I cannot understand why she should conceal herself from Sir Richard Steele, who has been, and is, her true friend, and who is much hurt at her silence."

At this instant a noise was heard in one of the rooms above, as of something falling heavily. Laithwaye was the first to rush up stairs, where he found Sir Thomas extended on the floor in a fit of apoplexy, and to all appearance lifeless.

THE HEART AND THE FLOWER.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

" Ah ! thou strange and life-long mystery,
 What small space holds all thy history ?"
 Thus spake out, in low, sad tone,
 One that through the woods alone
 Wandered in a quiet hour,
 Gazing on a small, red flower.

" Ah ! thou strange and life-long mystery,
 What small space holds all thy history ?
 —Bring—suffering—loving—losing—
 Wearing chains of others' choosing !"
 To that spirit's quickened thought
 Came back all the past unsought,
 As thus spake that small, red flower,
 Crowding life into an hour :—

" Once a father and his child
 Wandered by the hedge-rows wild,
 Blossom-laden with sweet may,
 On a closing summer day.
 A busy hum was in the air,
 Of the glad life revelling there ;
 A rich perfume rose from the grass ;
 The river gave back, as a glass,
 The dark old fir trees on the knoll—
 And the child thought it had a soul :

A soul ! that river broad and deep,
 Looking so death-like in its sleep,
 And yet so mighty in its power
 To breathe the spirit of the hour ;
 To give back all created things
 In their rich hues and shadowings !

· Dreamers alike, together drawn,
 By ties firm-knit as nature's own,

That father and that child walked on,
Plucking the wild-flowers one by one;
And many a favourite poet's rhyme
Made music for the hallowed time.

At length, the stunted grass between
Just peeping, and yet scarcely seen,
A fairy flower the father spied,
Crimson in colour, and star-eyed;
And, gazing on its beauty rare,
Said,—“See, child, God is everywhere;
Giving the meanest weed that blows
A grace might rival ev'n the rose!”
Ah! tiny flower, meet thing to bless
With a child's gushing tenderness!
So fair it seemed, so delicate,
So tremblingly to hang on fate,—
And yet so trustingly to say,—
“Once see, and love me then alway!”
That the child took it to her heart
In reverence; and it was a part,
Thenceforth, of that heart's being. . . .

“Ah! thou strange and life-long mystery,
What small space holds all thy history!”

Heavy years, by sorrow tried,
Left those two still side by side;
Changed in many ways, but not
In the love that linked their lot:
The father looked not as of old,—
Strange shadows held him in their fold;
And in the pale girl at his side,
None had that rosy child descried.
Their home was in a city's crowd;
And when the sad man's heart was bowed,
With thoughts that seemed too stern to bear,
Hers was the task to speak of fair
And far-off scenes; and with old rhymes
To win him back to other times:
And that same star-eyed, crimson flower,
Was spoken of in many an hour;
Linked with his own words—crushed out there
By dark fears—“God is everywhere!”
No more the teacher, guider, he
Followed her unresistingly;

But with no spirit-stirred response
 To thoughts or hopes that cheered him once ;
 And a strange shadow, wide and cold,
 Held both within its deepening fold.

“ Ah ! thou strange and life-long mystery,
 What small space holds all thy history ! ”

Time passed on, as time will pass :
 The pale girl was alone—alas !
 Alone ! for he, her life's one stay,
 Perforce had been borne far away,
 A reckless, raving, mindless clod,
 Oblivious even of his God !
 Months came and went, but brought no change,
 Save to confirm that frenzy strange ;
 And the pale girl, her heart's blood chilled,
 Oft sought those walls by madness filled ;
 And ever with a lessening ray
 Of hope, turned back upon her way.
 No touch, no gleam, however dim,
 Of memory, woke the soul in him ;
 But, in her sorrow's darkest hour,
 The girl thought of that tiny flower ;
 And sought for it through many a day—
 And knelt by it, when found, to pray
 That God would gift it with such speech
 As might some living heart-pulse reach :
 In vain !

“ Ah ! thou strange and life-long mystery,
 What small space holds all thy history ! ”

Never more kind word was spoken
 'Twixt those hearts ere one was broken ;
 Never more, on earth, those twain
 Saw the loved one's face again ;
 Though years changed many destinies,
 Ere strangers closed the old man's eyes ;
 And told *her*—when the grass had grown
 Over his grave—that he had shewn
 Some softening memory of the past,
 Rousing that stony sleep at last ;
 And that he spake, in his death hour,
 Something about a child and flower—
 And prayed.

"Ah ! thou strange and life-long mystery,
What small space holds all thy history !"

Sighing sad, with downcast look,
Her homeward way that dreamer took.
On its stem the crimson flower
Lingered out its little hour ;
It had well fulfilled its mission,
Crowning thus that grief's fruition :
—There, where joy shall conquer pain,
Heart and flower may meet again.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, HIS LIFE AND ADMINISTRATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN 1676, while Shaftesbury, the Achitophel of Dryden, was warring with might and main against the vilest and worst prince of the Stuart line, the lady of a Norfolk baronet presented her husband with a son. Already Lady Walpole had blessed her jovial lord with four pledges of connubial love. Robert, the subject of our present paper, was born on the 26th of August—nor did the race stop with him. In nearly annual succession fourteen brothers and sisters followed him into this world of ours. Amongst them, however, there were none who in after life could rival our hero in fame and power.

The Walpoles traced their pedigree to the Conquest, but the baronetcy had not been held very long. Amongst the loyal country gentlemen, who cheered Monk's speech in the convention parliament and voted for the unconditional restoration of the king, when Sir Matthew Hale would have had some guarantee for the liberties of the nation, was Walpole's grandfather, then member for Lynn Regis. As a recompense for his zeal in the royal cause, he was made Knight of the Bath. His son and heir, as member for Castle Rising, sided with that great party, that could boast the victories of a Marlborough, and the wisdom of a Somers—his votes were with his party, but his heart was with his fat bullocks at Houghton ; he was more of a grazier than a statesman. In London, he appears to have led a frugal life, dining for eighteen-pence, spending eight-

pence for Nottingham Ale, for which he appears to have had a peculiar relish, occasionally giving "Bob," his afterwards celebrated son, five shillings; but in the country he feasted his neighbours—

" Like a fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time."

At these feasts, we need not add, moderation was the exception, not the rule. "Come, Robert," said the father, "you shall drink twice, while I drink once, for I will not permit the son in his sober senses to be witness to the intoxication of his father." Farming in the morning, and feasting at night, in such a manner was the son fitted for the high rank and power it was afterwards his good fortune to obtain—nor was the time thus spent altogether thrown away. The habits of sociability then contracted were a great help to him in after life. The country gentlemen did not the less willingly give him their support, because he feasted and drank like one of themselves; and the easy good nature by which he was enabled to weather the storms of political life, may in some degree be attributed to a healthy constitution, that had been developed and strengthened by Norfolk air and exercise.

Massingham in Norfolk, has the honour of being the scene of the minister's initiation into the flowery paths of learning. At Eton, to which place he next proceeded, he appears, though naturally of an indolent disposition, to have studied with some success. At the same time, and in the same school, St. John was fitting himself to play the several parts he acted in the drama of life, as philosopher, politician, renegade, and rake. When Mr. Newborough was told that several of his former pupils, especially the latter, had distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, he exclaimed, "But I am impatient to hear that Sir Robert has spoken, for I am convinced that he will be a good orator." From Eton, where, like the equally celebrated Sir Robert of our day, he acquired a fondness for Horace, Walpole ever afterwards retained, he proceeded to Cambridge in 1696. In the April of that year, he was admitted a fellow of King's College. Here he was taken dangerously ill with a disease more fatal then than now—small-pox. Tory Dr. Brady, his physician, paid him the most unremitting attentions, and perhaps saved his life. "We must take care to save this young man," said he, "or we shall be accused of having purposely neglected him, because he is so violent a Whig." So pleased was the doctor with his patient, that he prophesied that his singular escape denoted that he was reserved for important purposes. This prophecy we doubt not helped to fulfil itself:—years after, when Walpole had achieved greatness, he was accustomed to quote it with complacency. At college, he became

intimate with Hare, whom he afterwards made Bishop of Chichester, who evinced his gratitude by defending his measures in the House of Lords; and Bland, who was indebted to him for the provostship of Eton College and deanery of Durham. From a similar fate, Walpole himself luckily was preserved. The death of his elder surviving brother in 1698, freed him from the service of the church, for which he had hitherto been designed—his after life was not remarkable for its sanctity nevertheless. It was Walpole's own opinion, that had he followed his original profession, an archbishopric would have been his lot. The reader of Lord Herve's Memoirs will perhaps think, had Walpole been a Right Reverend Father in God, George II. would have not spoken so disrespectfully of the prelates of his time, as was his general custom.

The year 1700 was to Walpole an important one. In that year he married Catherine, daughter of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor of London, "a woman" according to Mr. Cope "of exquisite beauty and accomplishments." Soon after, his father died, and he inherited all the family estate, £2,000 a-year—his father's death did more than this, it embarked him in public life. When William's last parliament but one met in February, 1701, Walpole took his seat as member for Castle Rising. In the same parliament, Walpole's future implacable antagonist, Bolingbroke, took his seat as member for the family borough of Wotton Bassett. For the latter, the promise of the future was the fairer—already the Tories had a predominance. Their leader, Harley, they had already placed in the chair, and he and Bolingbroke were friends.

When Walpole entered the House of Commons, the nation had forgotten the eminent debt it owed the Whigs. The unfortunate partition treaties had brought Somers into disgrace, and made his party everywhere unpopular. As had been foreseen, Louis XIV. had disregarded the treaties he had signed, and had accepted the splendid inheritance Charles II. of Spain had bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou. Somers had been deprived of the seals, and a Tory administration had been formed. As soon as parliament had passed the Act of Settlement, rendered necessary by the death of the Duke of Gloucester, the storm of party fury raged, and Somers became the object of attack. On the motion "that John Lord Somers, by advising His Majesty, in the year 1698, to the treaty for the partition of the Spanish monarchy, whereby large territories of the King of Spain's dominions were to be delivered up to France, was guilty of high crime and misdemeanour," Walpole was one of the 198 that divided against it, and were beaten by a majority of ten. In this parliament, Walpole, excited by the

fame his ancient rival St. John had acquired, made his *débüt* as a speaker. The subject chosen is not known. "At the same time," says Coxe, "another member made a studied speech which was much admired." At the end of the debate, some persons, casting ridicule on Walpole as an indifferent speaker, and expressing their approbation of the maiden speech made by the other member, Arthur Mainwaring, who was present, observed in reply, "You may applaud the one and ridicule the other as much as you please; but depend upon it, that the spruce gentleman who made the set speech, will never improve, and that Walpole will in time become an excellent debater." In the parliament that met next year, Walpole took a more active part—a reaction had taken place, the Whigs were again in favour, Somers penned the king's speech—they were a majority in the House of Commons, though the Tories gained a victory in the choice of Mr. Harley as speaker, in preference to the Whig candidate, Sir Thomas Littleton. Fears were entertained, that the Revolution of 1688 was to be annulled, and William and his people felt that once more they must trust to the Whigs. For this they had to thank Louis XIV. That most kingly of kings had seen the realization of his fondest hopes—his grandson, a French prince, ruled in Madrid. The French nation were intoxicated with joy. An Englishman found Paris unbearable. Addison, who was there at the time, but was obliged to leave it, wrote home thus: "The French conversation begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world, is now worse than ever." Every private Frenchman was as elated as if he had just been bequeathed a magnificent estate. The arrogance and insolence of Louis knew no bounds. As if England were a petty state of which he were the lord, he proclaimed that James III. should be declared king in place of James II., who had just closed his miserable life at St. Germain's. In this at last his vaunting ambition did o'erleap itself. The English people were struck with indignation at the insult thus offered by the "Grand Monarque," in the pride and plenitude of power. William ordered his ambassador, the Earl of Manchester, to quit Paris, and formed the grand alliance from which resulted the victories that made Marlborough the great captain of his age. In obedience to the speech from the throne, that recommended them "to lay seriously to heart, and to consider what further means might be used for securing the succession of the crown, in the protestant line, and extinguishing the hopes of all pretenders, and their open and secret abettors," both houses of parliament passed bills to secure the succession in the protestant line, and for attainting the pretended Prince of Wales. Their bills of course were readily carried. Louis, by his

insane declaration, had alienated even the Jacobites themselves, who, however they might wish to see the true heir to the throne recalled, were not prepared to see him forced on the nation by a foreign power. Walpole took, as we may suppose, in these debates a decided part. To the indignation of the non-jurors, he seconded Sir Charles Hedges in his motion for extending the oath of abjuration to all clergymen, fellows of colleges, and schoolmasters. To set his seal to these bills, and thus by an additional barrier, or by his "accursed legacy," as the Jacobites called it, to shut out the Stuart line from all hope of recovering their forfeited power, was the last act of that expiring monarch. On the 1st of March, the bills for that purpose received the royal assent. The next morning, between eight and nine, William, our great deliverer, died.

The first parliament that met in the reign of Queen Anne, was a memorable one. As a woman weak and ignorant, and prejudiced, only could hate, did the queen hate the Whigs. Her prejudices had grown and strengthened with her years. They had been represented to her as republicans and infidels, and the slander she readily believed. Somers was particularly offensive to her. She would not allow him to be sworn of the Privy Council; she ordered his name to be struck out of the commission of the peace. Even the pension the ex-chancellor procured for Addison, was stopped. The queen's sentiments were understood, and royal wishes are seldom cherished in vain. The elections were as the court desired, and the Tories had a considerable majority. The address spoke a tone hostile to the Whigs. Her majesty was congratulated, that the Duke of Marlborough had "signally *retrieved* the ancient honour and glory of the English nation." Flushed with success, a Tory majority passed the occasional Conformity Bill, by which, had it not been for the House of Lords, the benefits of the Toleration Act would have been totally destroyed. So meagre is the parliamentary history of that time, that we are left in ignorance as to the course pursued in this matter by Walpole. That he enjoyed the confidence of his party, we may conclude from the fact, that when Sir Edward Scymour carried his bill in the December of 1702, for the resumption of all grants made in the reign of King William,—a motion of course directed against the Whigs,—Walpole made a counter-motion directed against the Tories, but which met with a different fate. On several occasions his name appears as teller. When the celebrated Aylesbury case was debated, Walpole took as decided a part in one House, as Somers did in the other; and warmly endeavoured to convince the Commons of the fatal results which would follow from declaring, that returning officers are

irresponsible; but the Whigs, though beaten in the House, were victorious without. The city, and the body of the nation, as Burnet tells us, were on the Lords' side; the insolence of the Tory majority had created everywhere disgust. Fortunately, it was the time for the election of a new parliament. The Whigs were again popular. Many of them coalesced with Marlborough and Godolphin. The Duke of Newcastle was declared privy seal, and Walpole, in 1705, was appointed one of the council to Prince George of Denmark, then lord high admiral. By Walpole's means, Godolphin was reconciled with the Whigs. A motley administration was formed,—an administration that, however, in a year or two became decidedly Whig. One by one the Tories were ejected from office. Sunderland was made secretary of state. Walpole succeeded his old Eton rival, St. John, as secretary at war, to which office was afterwards added that of treasurer to the navy. And when Somers—whom the Commons had malignantly attacked, whom Anne had religiously abhorred, who had been libelled by all the Tories, from the bitter Dean of St. Patrick down to Mrs. Manly, in her new "*Atlantis*,"—"a work," says Lord Campbell, more "disgraceful than the '*Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*,'"—was made president of the council, the triumph of the Whigs was complete.

Still the Whigs had breakers a-head; though the surface was calm, there were sunken rocks beneath. The queen, at heart, believed in passive obedience and high-church doctrines. Harley, by means of Mrs. Masham, obtained access to Anne, when, as he and Bolingbroke boasted over their cups, Godolphin and the Whigs were asleep. The queen grew weary of her bosom friend, the Duchess of Marlborough, as the nation grew weary of the military glory the duchess' husband obtained. The Whigs were the war party. Not content with the victories of Blenheim, of Ramillies, of Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, they would never have relinquished the contest with Louis XIV, till the imperial domains of Spain had been rescued from the grasp of France. On the contrary, the English longed for peace. It wanted but little to make a petty quarrel between two women an occasion of a total change in political measures and men. That opportunity soon occurred.

On the 5th of November, 1709, the mayor and corporation of London assembled in St. Paul's, to hear the sermon annually preached in commemoration of gunpowder plot. It so happened, that on this day, there held forth a Dr. Henry Sacheverell, who, from a furious Whig had become a yet more furious Tory, and had been rewarded for his apostacy by the living of St. Saviour's, Southwark. The man's impudence was measureless; he had a loud voice, and did not sustain the best of reputations.

Passive obedience, non-resistance, and the church in danger, formed the burden of his song. The ministers were denounced, and the lord treasurer Godolphin, as Volpone, was especially abused. The sermon was published with a dedication to the lord mayor. The Tories were in raptures. Forty thousand copies were speedily circulated. Dr. Johnson said that his father told him that nothing ever sold like it, except the *Whole Duty of Man*. In an unlucky hour, and against the advice of Somers, Godolphin and the Whigs resolved, that Sacheverell should be impeached; that the libellers of their fame should be signally punished; that the Revolution of 1688 should be vindicated to the world. Walpole was one of the principal managers of the impeachment in the House of Commons. The trial commenced on February 27, 1710. Sacheverell came, attended by the vice-chancellor of Oxford, and a hundred of the most eminent clergymen in town, amongst whom were several of her Majesty's chaplains. The old cry of "The church in danger" resounded through the land. It was vigorously taken up by the costermongers, the butchers' boys, the sweeps, and prostitutes, and thieves, that have always abounded in our great metropolis. The trial commenced at Westminster Hall. Ladies of noble birth and blood were there, to witness the demeanour of the devoted champion of England's church. Even royalty itself condescended to adorn the scene. At the rear appeared Sacheverell, supported by Dr. Smalridge and Atterbury, who must have looked down upon the blockhead with ineffable contempt. As each day he was carried from his lodgings in the Temple to Westminster, he was followed by the enthusiastic applauses of the mob. Dissenters' chapels were pulled down, and with their pews and Bibles bonfires were made, round which was roared, in all the fury of ignorant partizanship, "High Church and Sacheverell!" "Sacheverell and High Church!" As the queen went to Westminster, the mob gathered around her chair, shouting, "God bless your Majesty and the church; we hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell!" The trial terminated in a punishment so mild, that the Doctor and his friends considered it as a triumph. "You, Henry Sacheverell, Doctor in Divinity shall be, and you are hereby enjoined not to preach during the term of three years next ensuing; and your two printed sermons shall be burnt before the Royal Exchange, at one o'clock of the forenoon, by the common hangman, in the presence of the lord mayor and the sheriffs of London," was the sentence the Whig chancellor pronounced. That night there was a general illumination in London and Westminster; the streets blazed with bonfires, and were deluged with beer. Every passer by was compelled

to drink the Doctor's health, or run the chance of having a broken head. A subscription was commenced by the Tories for their tool. He made a triumphal progress through the nation as "another Hercules of the church militant." Such drunken excess had not been known in England since the Restoration. The University of Oxford held a high feast in honour of her illustrious son. This was during an election, and the result was all that the Tories could have desired. The Whigs were paralyzed. One after another, they were driven from office. In the House of Commons a Tory majority again appeared. Sir Simon Harcourt, the counsel of Sacheverell, whose courtly doctrines were far more grateful to royal ears than those broached by the managers of the trial, was made lord chancellor. Phipps, another of Sacheverell's legal advisers, was knighted, and sent as chancellor to Ireland. Harley gained the power for which he had intrigued. Walpole left office to take a prominent part in opposition. An ignoble peace was concluded, and the laurels we had won with the sword were foolishly lost with the pen, and all this the result of female influence. Well may Mr. Hallam write, "It seems rather a humiliating proof of the sway which the feeblest prince enjoys, even in a limited monarchy, that the fortunes of Europe should have been changed by nothing more noble than the insolence of one waiting woman, and the cunning of another. It is true that this was effected by throwing the weight of the crown into the scale of a powerful faction. Yet even the house of Bourbon would probably not have reigned beyond the Pyrenees, but for Sarah and Abigail at Queen Anne's toilet."

The malice of party could not overlook a man of Walpole's character and standing. He had evinced his spirit by moving an amendment to the address, by defending Godolphin both in the House of Commons and as a pamphleteer, and by indignantly rejecting the overtures Harley had made him. It was accordingly agreed that he should be expelled the House. A majority voted that he "was guilty of a high breach of trust and notorious corruption," and he was committed to the Tower. Subsequently, as he had been re-elected member for Lynn, he was declared incapable of sitting in the present parliament. His confinement, whilst it enabled him to justify himself, made him considered as a martyr for the Whigs. Most of them, including Godolphin, Sutherland, Somers, and Pulteney visited him; his apartments exhibited the appearance of a crowded levee. It gave birth to a ballad, not very poetical, by East court the actor, which Lady Walpole was accustomed to sing when its pleasing anticipations were fulfilled, when the prisoner, as the concluding verse expresses it,—

"O'er his foes and with his friends
Shone glorious bright out of the Tower."

Walpole's imprisonment lasted till 1713. Much of his time appears to have been spent in aiding Steele in composing political pamphlets. At the request of Somers and the leading Whigs, he published a review of the parliament that had recently been dissolved, to which Pulteney prefixed a dedication. This was intended to influence the elections then occurring. In the parliament which met in 1714, Walpole again took his seat, as member for Lynn. His imprisonment had but added fuel to his zeal. With his usual ability he attacked that disgraceful peace whose reprobation has formed the subject of volumes. As Mr. Hallam has admirably remarked, "France was still our formidable enemy; the ambition of Louis was still to be dreaded, his intrigues to be suspected. That an English minister should have thrown himself into the arms of this enemy at the first overture of the nation; that he should have renounced advantages on which he might have insisted; that he should have restored Lille, and almost attempted to procure the sacrifice of Tournay; that throughout the whole correspondence, and in all personal interviews with De Torcy, he should have shown the triumphant queen of Great Britain more eager for peace than her vanquished adversary; that the two courts should have been virtually conspiring with those allies without which we had bound ourselves to enter on no treaty; that we should have withdrawn our troops in the midst of a campaign, and even seized upon the towns of our confederates by the most direct falsehood, in denying our clandestine treaty, and then dictated to them its acceptance:—are facts so disgraceful to Bolingbroke, and in somewhat a less degree to Oxford, that they can hardly be palliated by establishing the expediency of the treaties." Well then might Walpole oppose the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht, and Burnet, as honest a man as a partizan bishop could be, write at the time, "If we had been as often beat by the French as they had been by us, this would have been thought a very hard treaty."

Amongst the new members that entered St. Stephen's in the new parliament that met on Feb. 16, 1714, was the well-known essayist, Sir Richard Steele. He represented Stockbridge in Hampshire. His past life had acquired for him some fame and yet more notoriety. To check his own irregularities he wrote "The Christian Hero," flattering himself that having thus shown how a man should live, he would be the model that he drew. Alas! he found that it was easier to write about a religious life than to lead one. He was measured by his own

standard, and the comparison was by no means favourable. To show that he was not a bigoted fanatic, he wrote a comedy that won for him favour, not merely with the public, but with royalty itself. By Addison's help he was introduced to Halifax and Sunderland, men who were not slow to learn the enormous power wielded by the press. He was the first to publish those essays that, as "Tatlers" and "Spectators," will exist as long as our mother tongue. His debüt in the House of Commons was by no means a successful one. He was known as a wit and a Whig—offences against society the country gentlemen, who stuck green boughs in their hats, and drank ale at the October Club, were very unwilling to forgive. When he rose to record the nomination of Sir Thomas Hanmer as Speaker, he was prevented from speaking by the cries of "Tatler," "Tatler," that were vigorously raised. As he went down the House, he heard one squire muttering to another, "It is not so easy a thing to speak in the House. He fancies because he can scribble he can write." Great complaints had been made of the license of the press. Bolingbroke had caused the arrest of eleven printers and one publisher in one day, and imposed a tax of a halfpenny, which, if Swift may be believed, hindered the sale of the Tory publications alone. Steele had written the "Crisis," to call the attention of the country to the dangers that beset the Protestant succession. Swift had replied to this anonymously, and libelled the whole Scottish nation. The *fervidum ingenium* of the Scots was aroused. Headed by the Duke of Argyll, the Scottish peers went up to the Queen, and demanded satisfaction. But Swift was safe, and the matter dropped. Steele, however, was not suffered thus to escape. He was fiercely attacked by Hungerford, a lawyer, who had been expelled a former House of Commons for bribery, by Foley, and Sir William Wyndham. It was with difficulty that Steele was allowed a week to prepare his defence. On the appointed day he appeared at the bar, with Stanhope on one side and Walpole on the other. His old friend, Addison, sat near enough to prompt him. Walpole defended him with ability; but on this occasion he was outshone by Lord Finch, who was under personal obligations to Steele. He rose for the first time, and, overcome by confusion, sat down, exclaiming, "It is strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him." This remark produced universal applause, and, encouraged by it, he again rose, and spoke spiritedly in defence of Steele. The Tories, however, were callous alike to the wit of their victim or the eloquence of his friends. By an immense majority Steele was expelled the House,—a measure rightly denominated by Lord Mahon as

"a most fierce and unwarrantable stretch of party violence."

But the hour of Tory domination was rapidly approaching. Harley had offended Lady Masham by refusing her some money from the Assiento Contract; had irritated the dissenters by his intolerant Schism Act; and had quarrelled with Bolingbroke. What would have been the result had the Queen lived it is not possible now to determine. Certainly the Jacobites were in excellent spirits. A ministry composed exclusively of the friends of the exiled family was formed. Had the Queen lived three months longer, wrote Lord Chesterfield, our religion and liberties would have been in imminent danger. The nation was alarmed. The funds rose directly the Queen's illness was announced, and fell upon a false report of her recovery. She died, to the amazement and grief of Bolingbroke and the Jacobites. Writing to Swift, the former said, "The Earl of Oxford was removed on Tuesday; the Queen died on Sunday. What a world this is! and how does fortune banter us!" "There is the best cause in Europe lost, for want of spirit," exclaimed Atterbury, swearing in the bitterness of disappointed ambition and intrigue. The consequence was, before the Jacobites could recover from their consternation, George I. quietly ascended the throne. In the contemptuous dismissal of Bolingbroke, the Tories learnt their impending fate. Townshend, Walpole's brother-in-law, was appointed principal secretary of state, and Walpole paymaster of the forces, and of Chelsea Hospital.

Parliament met on March 17, 1715. The Tory majority had vanished. The Whigs without opposition placed Mr. Spencer Compton in the chair. Walpole moved the address, which breathed vengeance against the late ministry. Oxford resolved to wait the coming of the storm. Bolingbroke, conscious of guilt, or of the bitterness of party malice, went to Drury-lane Theatre, one evening, bespoke, according to the custom of the time, a play for the next night, and, disguised as a servant, fled to Dover, from whence he proceeded to Paris, and justified the enmity of the Whigs by becoming secretary of state to the Pretender. The prosecution of the ex-ministry was vigorously commenced in the House of Commons by a committee, of which Walpole was chairman. He drew up the articles of impeachment. For Walpole's activity in this matter, and his spirit during the Scottish rebellion, he was appointed, in October, first lord commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. This attention to business brought on a severe illness, which nearly hurried him to the grave. During his temporary absence from the House, the famous Septennial Bill was passed, a bill for which we may quote the tyrant's plea, necessity. Speaker

Onslow frequently declared that it formed the era of the emancipation of the British House of Commons from its former dependence on the Crown and House of Lords. The great Somers, in a lucid interval, occasioned by a fit of the gout, gave it similar praise. Necessity sanctioned the measure, as it did the steps by which the power of the country was wielded exclusively by the Whigs. That party, however, so powerful, was destined to be torn to its centre by bitter rivalry and hate.

To the courtiers of a petty electorate such as Hanover, England was the promised land. To the interests of the Hanoverian junto—of Bothmar, and the Duchess of Kendal, and the Countess of Darlington, who unscrupulously sold themselves to do every dirty work by which money could be made,—every thing was to subserve. Unfortunately, the peculiar infirmities of the king—his natural timidity, his ignorance of the character, and language, and constitution of the people over whom he reigned,—fitted him but too well to be their tool. "His views and affections," wrote one who knew him well, Lord Chesterfield, "were simply confined to the narrow compass of his electorate. England was too big for him." He was but too ready to leave London for Hanover, and then he became the prey of the intrigues of which Sunderland was at the head. His German favourites alienated the king from Townshend; with Walpole also he had a serious misunderstanding on a question respecting some money for the Munster and Saxe Gotha troops, which had been taken into the British service at the time of the Pretender's invasion. The king had paid the money himself, and declared that Walpole had promised to make it good from the treasury. This Walpole altogether denied. We can easily believe that both the monarch and the minister were correct. Where bad Latin was the only means of communication, a misunderstanding might easily arise. To this may be added reasons of a personal nature. George I. belonged to a family that, as Lord Carteret said one day in full council, "always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." During the king's absence, Townshend had written his own death-warrant by recommending that a discretionary power should be vested in the Prince. We believe the father would rather have hung his son than do that. The result was, Townshend was dismissed, and Walpole resigned. The latter immediately ranked himself with the opposition—with Shippen, and Wyndham, and Bromley—the very men by whom he was afterwards so bitterly denounced. Notwithstanding his express promise not to embarrass the government, he opposed its measures as violently as the fiercest Jacobite could desire. To gratify his personal animosity, he recklessly aban-

done the very principles by which his political life had been guided, and coalesced with the very men whom it had hitherto been his dearest aim to crush. When the Peerage Bill was introduced, Walpole acted a more patriotic part. He met the Whigs in Devonshire House, and appealed to them with such success that they resolved to oppose it, notwithstanding Lord Townshend had approved its principle, and the last effort of the expiring Addison had been in its favour. "Walpole," says Speaker Onslow, "bore everything before him." The result was the ministers had only 177 votes, and the opposition 269. The constitution was saved from its friends. Alas for poor human nature! A few months afterwards Walpole was again made paymaster of the forces, and in July, 1720, Secretary Craggs writes to Stanhope at Hanover, "Mr. Walpole goes to Norfolk next week for the summer. *He was very explicit to me two days ago about the Scotch part of the Peerage Bill, which he will be for.*" It was but in the preceding December that these Scotch clauses had been the objects of Walpole's bitterest invective. Walpole's junction with the Whigs, and the reconciliation effected by his means between the prince and the king, materially damped the hopes of the Jacobites. Referring to this, Bishop Atterbury writes to James, "I think myself obliged to represent this melancholy truth, that there may be no expectation of any thing from hence, which will certainly not happen."

Walpole had already acquired the reputation of an able financier, and the time was now come to put his talents to the proof. The year 1720 was the era of one of those speculative manias to which commercial countries are peculiarly liable. The South Sea Company was in the full zenith of its power. Its funds rose from 130 to about 300. The whole nation speculated. Mushroom schemes, of every degree of absurdity, found speedy favour. There were companies formed to fish for wrecks on the Irish coast; to insure horses and cattle; against losses by servants; to make salt water fresh; to build hospitals for bastard children; to build ships against pirates; to improve malt liquors; to recover seamen's wages; to transmute quicksilver into a malleable and fine metal; to make iron with pit-coal; to import jackasses from Spain, to improve the breed of mules; to trade in human hair; and to fat hogs. But the most impudent and barefaced delusion was that advertised as an "undertaking which shall in due time be revealed," and to which there were actually a thousand persons weak enough to pay two guineas each, with which, as we may suppose, the fortunate adventurer decamped. Against these bubbles the South Sea Directors issued writs of *scire facias*; by this step they opened the eyes of the public, and precipitated their own fall.

The panic became universal; public confidence was gone. Men rolling in imaginary wealth found themselves beggars. The king was sent for from Hanover, and urged speedily to return. Universal opinion pointed to Walpole as the only man who could save the country in this the hour of her despair. Fortunately, Walpole had been out of office when the South Sea Act was passed, and had opposed it, as he had uniformly opposed every measure, right or wrong, his rival Stanhope had proposed. The violence of the people who had willingly been duped knew no bounds; and, for the pecuniary embarrassment and distress which everywhere prevailed they madly demanded the extreme punishments of the law. Thus bitter was the revengeful spirit in which the parliament met. The directors were examined, and most disgraceful disclosures were elicited. More than one minister, stricken down by the fatigue, and excitement, and calumny of the time, was carried to the grave. Townshend became secretary in room of Stanhope, who had been carried off by apoplexy while answering the young Duke of Wharton, the president of the Hell-fire Club,—that graceless son of an equally graceless sire. Aislachie, finding it impossible to stem the torrent, resigned his office to Walpole. Charles Stanhope had with difficulty been saved. When Aislachie was committed to the Tower, the city was illuminated with bonfires. The sudden death of Secretary Craggs by small-pox, and his father by poison, placed them beyond the limits of earthly power and revenge. By Walpole's management Sunderland was saved; but the popular ferment was too strong to permit him to retain office, and Walpole became first lord of the treasury instead. The South Sea directors were severely punished; their estates were forfeited, and they were disabled from ever holding any place or sitting in parliament. Had not Walpole opposed the popular clamour, they would have been hung. The country was saved from national bankruptcy; and, when the new parliament met, in 1721, the Whigs had an immense majority, and Walpole's power, for twenty years, was destined to know no check.

The first business that attracted the attention of parliament was the plot the restless Atterbury had formed. The troubles occasioned by the South Sea scheme had given the Jacobites hope; and Atterbury was the last man to refuse to strike when the iron was hot. Of his guilt there can be no doubt. The next business of importance to which they passed was not very creditable. Walpole introduced a bill by which a tax of £100,000 was laid on the estates of all papists and non-jurors. Like all persecuting measures, it signally failed. All it did was to create perjury. Speaker Onslow, who opposed the measure, writes,—“I am satisfied more real disaffection to the king and his family

arose from it than from anything which happened at that time." When will men learn that oaths are powerless for good, that they can but make perjurers and hypocrites, that they never answer the end? When "downright Shippen," as Pope calls him, the only man Walpole said some years afterwards he knew who could not be bought, took the oaths, the Jacobites no doubt admired him as a man who had the courage to swear against his conscience for their common cause.

In 1725, Ireland became, what Ireland generally is, a stumbling-block and discouragement in the ministerial path. Carteret, the most accomplished statesman of his day, had for some time been struggling for power with Townshend. On the side of Carteret were the Countess of Darlington and her sister, Madame Platen. The Duchess of Kendal, who always sided with the stronger party, remained firm to Walpole and Townshend. Carteret was defeated, and sent as lord lieutenant to Ireland, then, as now, torn with party bitterness and hate. For some time there had been a great deficiency of copper coin in that country, and, to supply this deficiency, a patent was granted to William Woods, a great proprietor and renter of iron works in England, to coin farthings and halfpence to the value of £100,000. The patent was directed by Walpole with his usual skill. Sir Isaac Newton declared that the coin, in weight and goodness, exceeded the condition of the contract. Than this business nothing seemed less fitted to form a grievance. Swift, who had pined in obscurity and neglect, had now however an opportunity for embarrassing the government that an opponent of far more principle would have been reluctant to overlook. The nation rose as one man. A storm was raised that the sagacity of Carteret even was unable to allay, and the patent was withdrawn. Nor was this their only trouble at this time. With that laudable reluctance to part with their money for which the Scotch have ever been distinguished, they had managed to evade many of the taxes imposed by the British parliament on the united kingdoms, to the great disgust of the English country gentlemen, who carried a motion, by 133 to 41, that a duty of sixpence should be levied on every barrel of beer or ale brewed beyond the Tweed. This appeal to the pockets was universally felt, and indignantly denounced. Mobs assembled in Glasgow and other towns, crying, "Down with Walpole!" The troops were attacked; the brewers refused to brew; and some few lives were lost. In this juncture Walpole abolished the office of secretary of state, filled then by the Duke of Roxborough, a friend of Carteret's, and sent Lord Isla, by whose means peace was once more restored. Walpole wrote to Townshend, then at Hanover, "I think we have once more got Ireland and Scotland

May, 1849.—VOL. LVI.—NO. CCXVII.

quiet, if we take care to keep them so ;” but the ensuing session brought him his share of trouble in the impeachment of the lord chancellor, the partial restoration of Bolingbroke, who had gained the king’s ear by presenting the Duchess of Kendal with £11,000, and the beginning of that breach which lasted between Pulteney and Walpole till the latter was overthrown. Walpole, who, as Lord Mahon describes him, would be all or nothing,—could forgive great faults, but not great talents,—dismissed Pulteney from his place as cofferer. In opposition, Walpole found him a bitter foe. The pages of the “*Craftsman*,” in which Pulteney and Bolingbroke both wrote, testify how he had incurred their mutual hate.

When George II. ascended the throne in 1727, there were rumours of a change in administration. Pulteney, Bolingbroke, and the Tories, had caballed at Leicester House, and paid assiduous court to Mrs. Howard. On Walpole’s side, however, there was a woman of far more influence and power. George II. had seen the fatal effects of a king being ruled by his mistresses, and in this, as in most other matters, he differed from his royal sire. Fortunately his queen who, as Tickell wrote in the preceding reign, was—

“Form’d to gain hearts that Brunswick’s cause denied,
And charm a people to her father’s side,”—

not content with the applause that attended her as a beauty and wit, metaphysician and divine, aspired also to the character of a politician, and in that character became Walpole’s unflinching friend. He had the sagacity to offer to obtain her majesty from Parliament a jointure of £100,000 a year, while Compton only ventured to propose £60,000. This turned the scale in Walpole’s favour, who now found himself stronger than he ever was before. When the parliament met, 427 members ranged themselves on the ministerial side. Mr. Arthur Onslow, a name never to be mentioned without respect, was elected to the speaker’s chair, an office that he filled for thirty-three successive years with honour and success. Where even the opposition were right, as in opposing Horace Walpole’s motion for taking 12,000 Hessians into pay,—a measure, as Lord Mahon remarks, “quite unworthy the king of England, but very advantageous to the elector of Hanover,”—they were most signally beaten. The majority increased day by day, and that majority was as servile as the most despotic minister could desire. It even, in 1729, went so far as to vote his majesty £115,000 for a deficiency in the civil list, which deficiency had no existence whatever. Townshend, who had principally conducted the foreign affairs of this country,—affairs which the first two Georges, as Hanoverians

born and bred, considered of paramount importance, — was dismissed to Raynham, where he benefited the Norfolk farmers by the first introduction of turnips. Consequently Walpole reigned without a rival, and became the constant object of Pulteney's most virulent attacks. Yet even Walpole was not omnipotent. A majority of 110, rather than pay a land-tax of two shillings in the pound, voted for his proposal to divert the Sinking-fund from its proper object; but no energy nor skill could carry his famous scheme of Excise. Here Pulteney made a successful stand. Walpole spoke for two hours and a quarter in behalf of his plan, which would have been a benefit to the merchants and the landowners themselves; a plan which could not have been so very injurious, since it met with the approval of a Smith. But though carried through the house, out of doors the opposition to it was of the most insane and inveterate kind. The country was on the eve of rebellion. The court was alarmed. "I will answer for my regiment," said Lord Scarborough to the queen, "against the Pretender, but not against the opposers of the excise." "Then we must drop it," exclaimed her majesty, in tears. Accordingly, to the universal joy of England, the bill was dropped. The absurdity of the people was boundless. The monument was illuminated. Bonfires blazed in almost every town. Walpole was burnt in effigy, amidst the rejoicings of the mob. Cockades, with the inscription, "Liberty, Property, and no Excise," were everywhere worn. As usual, Oxford, — then, as now, the stronghold of bigotry and prejudice, — Oxford, foremost in its advocacy —

"Of the right divine of kings to govern wrong," —

Oxford, that had worshipped Sacheverell, and plotted for the restoration of James, was in a frenzy of delirious delight. For three days and nights were the banks of the Isis the scene of orgies that would now be deemed disgraceful in the most benighted village in the land. It was years before the feeling then aroused subsided. Samuel Johnson had the audacity, twenty years after, to define excise in his dictionary as "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by common judges of property, but by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid."

Till the death of Queen Caroline, in 1737, a death occasioned by false delicacy on her part, Walpole was uniformly successful, notwithstanding that he became increasingly unpopular. His Gin Act displeased the vulgar. The dissenters were offended because he refused to repeal the Test Act, a measure that at the time was considered as the great bulwark of religion, and which a far less sagacious man than Walpole would have been

reluctant to oppose. Bolingbroke left England, and even Pulteney grew weary of constant defeat. Out of doors, however, the opposition grew in intensity and strength. Gay attacked the minister in the *Beggar's Opera*, and party zeal rewarded the poet with the most brilliant success; for sixty-three successive nights it retained possession of the stage. Walpole retaliated on the dramatists by bringing in a bill to license plays, which he termed a bill to explain an act made in the reign of Queen Anne, "*intituled an Act for reducing the Laws relating to Rogues, Vagabonds, Sturdy Beggars, and Vagrants.*" This was, at any rate, returning a Rowland for an Oliver. The heir apparent, as he quarrelled with the father, thought it but right to make Norfolk House the common rendezvous for all to whom Sir Robert had given real or imaginary offence. Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, were the prince's familiar friends; Bolingbroke was more, he was the mentor of his political career. The rising talent of the time was also on the prince's side; to his household were attached Lyttleton and the immortal Pitt. To the honour of Chancellor Hardwicke it must be remembered, that he endeavoured to heal the breach that existed between the harsh father and the son. Walpole, we regret to say, took a contrary course. He feared the price of reconciliation would be his dismissal from the dignities and emoluments of power.

Contrary to the hopes of his opponents, the death of the queen made no alteration in Walpole's situation. With her dying breath she had intreated the king not to abandon his minister, and that entreaty the king was unwilling to forget. But troubles thickened on Sir Robert's path. The patriots, as they called themselves, with marvellous inconsistency, while they clamoured for war, resolutely opposed the increase of the army. The English were determined that we should go to war. It appeared that the Spanish, in the exercise of rights, guaranteed by the treaties of 1667 and 1670, and confirmed by the treaty of Seville in 1729, had endeavoured, with more or less violence, to put down a trade carried on principally by English smugglers and buccaneers. About the illegality of the proceedings of the English there can be no doubt whatever; but the English merchants were eager to extend their trade, and the national pride was hurt by the tales widely circulated and greedily believed, of Spanish insult and cruelty. A man of the name of Jenkins, who appears to have lost his ear in the pillory, appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and stated that it was torn off by the captain of a Spanish Guarda Costa. The tale produced the greatest excitement. "We have no need of allies to enable us to command justice," cried Pulteney; "the

story of Jenkins will raise volunteers." Still Walpole carried on negotiations in hopes of peace. Cardinal Fleury offered the mediation of France; but the king, Walpole's own colleagues, the people, were determined for war; and Walpole, rather than oppose, bent to the storm, a fatal blunder, even politically considered. He had no right to conduct a war that he deemed wrong, that he knew would be repented. When the bells were ringing in the city, on account of the news that we were going to war, he exclaimed, "They may ring the bells now, before long they will be wringing their hands." Had he now retired from office, he would have done so with dignity. Burke says, in after time, many men who took the lead in urging on the nation to war, heartily repented the step they took. For Walpole, no excuse whatever could be made; he saw the impolicy of the whole proceeding. By thus succumbing to popular frenzy, England became embroiled with Spain—excited the jealousy of France, and aroused the drooping energies of the Jacobites, who had almost despaired of their cause; and if it be true that he continued his own sway longer than he otherwise would have done, it was a sway disgraceful, precarious, maintained with the utmost difficulty, and shortly to terminate in disgrace. His health and spirits gave way. Horace Walpole wrote to Sir Horace Mann in 1741, "He who was always asleep as soon as he touched his pillow, now never doses above an hour without waking, and he who at dinner always forgot he was minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together. Judge if this is the Sir Robert you knew." To retain his uneasy power, he threw out to speaker Ouslow an idea he entertained of bringing in a bill to separate Hanover from England. In order that the elections might be influenced, he actually corresponded with the Pretender, who however was too wary to be taken in by the man who had ever been his bitterest foe. Nor did the war ever win back Walpole's popularity. Vernon, for an insignificant capture, that of Porto Bello, was lauded to the skies. "It is Admiral Vernon's birthday," wrote Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "and the city shops are full of favours, the streets of marrow-bones and cleavers, and the night will be full of mobizing bonfires and light." It was Vernon's hostility to Walpole, that made him in the eyes of faction and the people, an idol and an hero.

We have now reached the hour, that crowned the efforts of the opposition with success—when the helm of the vessel was to be abandoned by him who had firmly held it, and safely guided it, in so much of difficulty, of peril and distress. When Parliament met in 1740, Lord Carteret bitterly inveighed against

a "minister who has for about twenty years been demonstrating to the world, that he has neither wisdom nor conduct." On the 12th February, 1741, Sandys the motion-maker, as Smollet terms him, crossed the floor of the House of Commons, and informed the minister, that on the following morning Friday, he should commence an attack upon his administration. Walpole thanked him for his courtesy, verbally. "*Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa.*" Pulteney, who sat near, reminded the minister that his Latin was not altogether correct. Sir Robert immediately betted him a guinea that it was, and they agreed to refer their dispute to Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the house, whose distinguished grandson in our own day has conferred such honour upon British arms. Of course the decision was in Pulteney's favour, who immediately exclaimed, "It is the only public money I have received from the treasury for several years, and it shall be the last." On the 13th of February, the attack in both houses was simultaneously commenced. In the Lords it was brought forward by Lord Carteret, in the House of Commons by Sandys. The public expectation was raised to the highest pitch. The gallery of the House of Commons was thronged with eager spectators; several members had secured their seats at six in the morning. At once the unusual number of five hundred filled the house. Harley refused to visit on Sir Robert the punishment that his relative Oxford had received from Sir Robert's hands, and left the house; as did Shippen, whom Sir Robert had personally obliged, and thirty-four of Shippen's friends. The result was, that when they divided at four in the morning, after an eloquent defence from Sir Robert, he was acquitted by one hundred and ninety against one hundred and six. The storm, however, was but delayed. The snake was scotched, not killed. A new parliament met in April. The elections had been contested in the fiercest manner. To influence them, a subscription had been commenced by the opposition, headed by Pulteney, the old Duchess of Marlborough, and the Prince of Wales. Promises of places, and pensions, and favours, were lavishly employed. With a sagacity for which rats are said to be remarkable, the Scotch representatives for the most part left the ministerial side. His own colleagues, Newcastle, and Hardwicke, wavered, and left him to himself. Sir Robert, if we may depend on Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann, deemed that his power was yet safe. If he did so, however, he was soon undeceived. At that time the whole house decided a disputed election, and such decisions were the surest indication of strength or the reverse. As chairman of committees, the opposition proposed Dr. Lee in preference to Giles Earle, the minis-

terial candidate, and carried their man by a majority of four, an announcement received with enthusiastic cheers. Horace writes to his friend Mann, "You have no idea of their hurra, unless you can conceive how people must triumph after defeat of twenty years together." Walpole had determined that the election petitions should be decisive of his fate. To a friend who felt some difficulty in voting on the Heydon case, he drily answered, "You must take Walpole or Pulteney." Accordingly, the great Westminster election case was considered a pitch battle between the rival powers. It appears that in opposition to the court candidates, Lord Sundon, a man of no great sagacity, and Sir Charles Wager, secretary to the admiralty, had started Mr. Edwin Lee, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and Lord Vernon, then the idol of the mob. The ministerial candidates had a small majority, but some tumult arising, Lord Sundon foolishly ordered the poll-books to be closed, a party of guards to attend, and himself and Sir Charles Wager to be returned by the high-bailiff, while soldiers surrounded the hustings. So exasperated were the multitude, that the guards were pelted, and Sundon himself narrowly escaped with his life. Of course the question was carried to the House of Commons, and aided by Murray, who even Horace Walpole confesses spoke divinely, the petitioners carried their cause by a majority of four. Sir Robert bore the defeat with his usual good humour. "D—n him," crossly exclaimed Paul Whitehead, a small opposition poet of the time, everlastingly made notorious by Pope's couplet,—

" May I no worse disgrace on man could fall,
Be born a Whitehead and baptized a Paul,"—

who was by the door when the minister came out after the decision, "how well he looks!" During the ensuing Christmas recess, his friends vainly endeavoured to prevail upon Sir Robert to resign, but he still clung to office. Though he had lost wealth, strength, popularity, friends, success, he even endeavoured to win the Prince, who, however, resolutely rejected his proposals. When the parliament met, the minister found the opposition directed against him was as bitter as before. On the 21st of January, 1742, Pulteney moved for a secret committee to examine the conduct of the man. Sir Robert's reply, of which no trace remains, was acknowledged to be a masterpiece of eloquence, and surprised even Pulteney and Sir Robert's friends. A house so full had never been seen before. "It was a shocking sight to see the sick and dead brought in at both sides, men on crutches, and Sir William Gordon from his bed, with a blister on his head,

and flannel hanging out from under his wig," writes Horace Walpole. The result was, Pulteney was beaten by a majority of three. This, however, he considered as a triumph. On the 28th of the same month, came on the Chippenham election petition, in which the minister was beaten by a majority of one. In a subsequent decision, on the same subject, a few days later, the majority had considerably increased. He was now convinced that it was hopeless any longer to contend for power. Left by the king, whom he had long ably served, he resigned all his offices on the 11th of February. He had previously been made Earl of Oxford, on the 9th. His fall disarmed in some degree the malice of his foes. "There were a few bonfires last night," writes Horace Walpole, "but they were very unfashionable, for never was fallen minister so deplored." In his fall, however, Walpole brought down his rival, who as Chesterfield remarks in his "Characters," "shrunk into insignificance and an earldom." When the two rival statesmen met for the first time in the House of Lords, Walpole, with malicious pleasantry, said to Pulteney, "Here we are, my lord, the two most insignificant fellows in England."

Walpole was not permitted quietly to resign. In those days of fierce partizanship, the Tower and the scaffold were thought the meet rewards for a fallen minister. After sitting twenty-two hours, a secret committee of twenty-nine was appointed to examine Sir Robert's conduct, of which all but two had been uniformly his opponents. This pleased the London mob, who carried his effigy in procession to the Tower, and made bonfires, for which the chiefs of the opposition subscribed. The report was but an unsatisfactory performance. When it appeared, it was received by the public with contempt. He retired to Houghton to buy pictures, and beautify a seat in which he was not long to live. Called to London to give advice during one of the feuds to which the Newcastle administration was subject, he aggravated a disease to which he had long been subject to, of which he ultimately died. He bore the agonies occasioned by medicine given him to cure the stone with fortitude, and expired on the 18th of March, 1745, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His remains were interred in the parish church of Houghton, without a monument or inscription.

The more difficult part of our subject yet remains,—the judgment to be pronounced on a man who in times of great political corruption, has wielded political power. We believe not only was his administration attended with benefit, but that it was to Walpole we are indebted for the preservation of our liberties. Had it not been for him, our national energies would have been withered up beneath the grovelling sway of the Pre-

tender and the Pope. That his majorities were acquired not merely by eloquence and logic, is as much the fault of the times as his own. Even the grandson of Hampden could threaten, if Walpole did not grant him more perquisites or bribes, he would transfer his allegiance from the house of Hanover to that old hereditary one he had righteously expelled. These were times of universal corruption and flagrant vice. Parker, who was compelled to resign the seals, and retire into private life, merely did as his predecessors had done before him. If Walpole was the minister painted by faction, it is strange that the charges against him were so few and ridiculous. After possessing office more than twenty years, all that could be said against him was that he had made an attempt upon the virtue of the mayor of Weymouth, that he had promised a place in the revenue to a retiring-officer, and that he had dismissed some officers of excise who had voted against the government candidate. His expenses were enormous, and they could not have been defrayed from his private fortune, which, when he first took office, consisted of about two thousand a year. He spent in building and purchases at Houghton, £200,000; in pictures, £40,000; his lodge at Richmond cost him £14,000; his annual summer meetings, when he feasted his supporters at Houghton, cost him £3,000 each. In one election alone, that for 1735, he spent £60,000 of his own private property. This enormous expenditure must have been defrayed from some other than private sources, and must have found a fertile theme for the invectives of his foes. Walpole, as we may suppose, had no exalted notions of honour, of virtue, or of man. If he served his country, he also aimed to benefit himself. He gave his three sons places that were worth £14,000 a-year; besides this, he and his son held the rangership of Richmond Park, worth several thousands more. He felt no delicacy in making church property serve for endowments to his illegitimate daughters. Horace Walpole complains of a clergyman who was mean enough to take the bishoprick Sir Robert gave him under the idea he was to marry one of them, and yet refused the lady. Walpole believed the house of Hanover essential to England, and himself essential to the house of Hanover. For principles or consistency, he cared but little. His great maxim was not to disturb things at rest. Fanaticism he dreaded, as it might well be dreaded by a manager of Sacheverell's trial, and a whig. At enthusiasm he laughed, for literature he cared but little. The wit of twenty years was always on the side of opposition, who were wiser in their generation than himself. History he deemed a fable; fiddlers was the contemptuous term he applied to the foreign artists, of whom his memorable son was the

patron and the friend. In his manners and his conversation, he was careless and loose. Swift, who met him at Lord Tyrannel's, said his range of conversation was from politics to obscenity, and from obscenity to politics; the same remark Swift might aptly have applied to himself. He was not an ascetic, few people in those days were. In his time there were many men far more immoral—far more regardless of decency or shame. Few had a more real nature, or more honest laugh. In this respect the opposition appear to have opposed him. We all know Chesterfield considered laughing an unpardonable offence. "Sandys," said Earle, a wit of the time, "never laughed but once, and that was when his best friend broke his leg."

It was a strange time that in which Walpole ruled. No age was ever more sunk in licentiousness, and no licentiousness was ever less redeemed by grace. Its ignorance almost surpasses belief. Upon the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Lord Baltimore said to him, "Sir, your royal highness's marriage will be an *area* in our history." An earl's son in sending invitations to a party, could find no better manner of expressing himself than by asking for he's company, and she's company, in utter contempt of those useful pronouns his and her. Lady Pomfret indignantly repudiated the idea of knowing Platonic love, and said she never had but one love, the father of her children. One baronet left another a legacy under the impression, because his name was Matthew, he wrote the gospel of a similar name. Those were not the days when learning was deemed better than houses or lands. Immorality deluged the land, and dried up man's honour and woman's love. To drink, to intrigue, to break the seventh commandment, was deemed no matter of disgrace in married men of high standing and illustrious birth. More than one peer openly kept a harem. The novelist, when he would tell a tale of more than usual voluptuousness, had to borrow the pen of Lady Vane, and publish in "The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, in Peregrine Pickle" her ladyship's virtuous life. The scandal of the time throws doubt on the paternity of Walpole's celebrated son. No wonder then that when one of the Prince of Wales's coachmen died, he left his son three hundred pounds, on condition that he would *never marry a maid of honour!* Since the day when Charles II. landed from the Hague, the nation had been retrograding step by step from the asceticism of Cromwell and the saints. The national licentiousness had now reached its lowest depth. Wesley, it is true, was preaching to the colliers of Kingswood, and the sailors of Bristol, and the silk-weavers of Spitalfields; but an aristocracy, flushed with wealth, enervated by

indulgence, hoary with vice—to alarm them, needed something more potent than the terrors of a world to come, of the existence of which they did more than doubt. It came when the blood of the heir of a hundred kings was spilt like water on the guillotine—when a great nation, strong in its frenzy and despair, yet stronger in its hope, sent a blast of death and dismay through the hall of every noble—through the palace of every king.

THE PEARL.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Were honour to be scanned by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest."—*Rowe*.

"'Tis yet to know,
(Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
Shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal liege; and my demerits
May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd."—*Shakespeare*.

Miss Janet Macalpin, to Lady Blanche Lorraine.

St. Andrews Square, Edinburgh, N. B.

Dear and Honoured Lady Blanche Lorraine—I really am aghast with surprise and mortification, at the humble and self-disparaging tone of your ladyship's letter.

What! is it for the likes of you, to be so down-hearted and despairful, because you fancy that foolish callant, the young Laird Melfont, has chosen to turn his respectful regards away from you, in favour of your sister, the Lady Marguerite Lorraine? Instead of indulging in such vain and degrading lamentings, (God

pardon me, for daring to speak thus to your ladyship,) you should have drawn yourself up to your full height, and contemplating your majestic and beautiful figure in your mirror, with a true Siddonian wave of the hand, dismissed him, in the same expressive words in which that sensible man, the Archbishop of Granada, dismissed the daft laddie, Gil Blas—

“Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas, je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prosperités, avec un peu plus de goût.”

Is it for you, with your beauty, to despair?

“Who sees the heavenly Rosaline
That, like a rude and savage man of Ind,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east
Bows not his vassel head, and stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?”

Is it for you, with your self-esteem, to love?

“Nature never fram’d a woman’s heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear’d.”

And so you ought to be. In your exalted station, you cannot value yourself too highly,—you cannot be too reserved and dignified.

Far be it from me to foster an unbecoming pride, and aggravate a perhaps, already too overweening arrogance, in the eyes of the ignorant and illiterate; who never read how true greatness should deport itself, or, they would learn, that even the good and pious Ganganelli countenances me in the advice I now give. “Una cert aria di sostenntezza siéde bene ai figli dé gran principi, e male ai figli de particolari.” Which means *mia bella damigella*, in your condition of life, haughtiness is an absolute and most essential virtue for you to practice; it is indeed; for, alas, the crying evil of the day is a want of due self-estimation, in too many members of our present aristocracy; and a demoralizing taste amongst the lower orders, to second that debasing forgetfulness of a proper pride, by levelling all ranks, all distinctions, and reduce all classes to one huge pile of ruin and decay; and what is the consequence, or, rather, what

would be the consequence of that perverted taste? the most dreadful—the most fatal to all—

“Take but degree away ; untune that string.
And hark what discord follows ; each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
Force would be right, or rather right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Would lose their names, and so would justice too.”

Remember your birth ; remember, from it you can command the homage of the whole peerage ; remember, I implore you, Lady Blanche Lorraine, from whom you are descended, —remember the number of your quarterings,— recall to mind your noble, your intact lineage, and then blush for the vulgar grief, the common resentment, the plebeian jealousy you lately expressed, heaven be praised, only to me ; for that, I am truly thankful ; for that act of prudence I must still commend you ; although I am cruelly disappointed to see you subdued by the same feelings as a poor lassie, born in a Highland shealing ; and who has been brought up with the religious conviction, that barley bannocks and buttered sowens are only luxuries for feasts and festivals. Why, she, forsaken by a country loon, could not have felt more lowly sorrow, could not have entertained a more lowly opinion of herself, than your ladyship. I was absolutely obliged, more than once, to look at the conclusion of the letter, to see that it was written by the Lady Blanche Lorraine ; in good sooth, such a delectable epistle from you was enough to stagger my poor belief. You, whom of all your family I always instanced, as a model of what a real high-bred lady ought to be—one descended in a direct line from the most valiant Norman knight, celebrated in the “famous Roll of Battle Abbey.” Whenever the subject of rank and ancestry happened to be introduced where I was ; — which, quite promiscuously, invariably formed the chief topic of conversation on all occasions of my being in society, for, although, as your ladyship is fully aware, I am not given to boasting ; yet, I could not resist the favourable opportunities thus offered of casually alluding to your noble family, more however, for your ladyship’s honour and glory than to raise myself in the regards of my present associates, by letting them see how much better company I once kept. Nor did I endeavour to win their favour by mentioning too frowardly the terms of intimacy existing still between us, the familiarity you condescend

to use towards me ; and for why ? because it might justly anger your ladyship, and induce you to withdraw the light of your countenance from me. I know my own position too well to take even so modest an advantage of your ladyship's flattering freedoms with me,—I know yours too well to dare to risk your displeasure,—to dare to risk the accusation of ingratitude from those to whom I owe everything.—No, no, never shall it be said of me—

“ Like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against the power that bred it.”

Or, how often might I, and without any very great stretch of that national pride most illiberally imputed to us, have elevated myself in many circles I frequent, by ostentatiously revealing the fact, that I am still honoured by the most secret confidence of the Lady Blanche Lorraine ; that I was selected by her judicious and noble father, the Right Honourable, the Earl of Bondeville, to superintend the sole education of his august daughters, the ladies Blanche and Marguerite Lorraine, out of dozens and dozens of aspirants for that distinguished pre-eminence.

But, no, I forbore to triumph over others, or excite envy, and consequently make enemies where I wished to find friends ; satisfied with the innate consciousness that such was the case, that such was the destiny of the fortunate Janet Macalpin. But, as I am as just as I am modest, I must render to Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, and, therefore, feel it a paramount duty to endeavour to stimulate your ladyship's lukewarm pride again—the pride which is expected from you,—the pride which is commendable in you.

“ Yes—the same sin that overthrew the angels,
And of all sins most easily besets
Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature.
The vile are only vain ; the great are proud.”

Let me abjure you then, to recall all my lessons, all the advice I instilled on the important points of birth, etiquette, and precedence—Let me intreat you to recreate yourself in your hours of solitude and despondency, with a careful examination of your illustrious pedigree. Revel in it, Lady Blanche Lorraine ; feast on it, and learn from its glorious annals, “ respect for your great place.” The hours, the days, the weeks, the months that I have pored over it, given my whole soul to it, found in it my sole delight, my sole amusement, my garden of Eden, my eastern paradise, my *vade mecum*, my all. Would, that I were with you now, to look over the treasure ; I fancy, I could inspire

you with rather a more exalted idea of your own especial merits, your own peculiar deservings.

I fancy, I could teach you not to imagine that, because one knight has proved a recreant, that all your chances are gone; I fancy, I could persuade you on the contrary, that hundreds of nobler hearts are secretly sighing for you, are secretly devoted to you, but are restrained from revealing their passion, from awe of your birth, from awe of your beauty.

“ From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
Th’ Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thoroughfares
Now, for princes to come to view fair Portia.
The wat’ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o’er a brook, to see fair Portia.”

I think, dear and honoured lady, I have said enough to convince your ladyship of what is due to yourself. I think, I have said enough to convince you, that no man on earth is worthy to possess your ladyship, that no man on earth ought to be honoured by your ladyship’s regret. That you are born to command, and do command, and must command; or where is the use of superior beauty, of superior birth, superior talent?

In the expectation that you will receive this letter in the same spirit in which it is written, solely for the honour and advantage of your ladyship,

I have the honour of remaining,

Cara, Carissima Madama,

Your ladyship’s most devoted, most humble, and most faithful servant and friend,

JANET MACALPIN.

To the Lady Blanche Lorraine.

CHAPTER V.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things."

WORDSWORTH.

Lady Marguerite Lorraine, to the Countess De Langville.

My Dearest Aunt,—The language of complaint is so very unusual with me, that I fear, you will not recognize your cheerful, happy niece, Marguerite, in the writer of this sorrowful, or rather murmuring letter. But I am so unsettled, so miserable, so changed, even to myself, that I must open my heart to you. You, who have since poor dear mamma's death, studied so assiduously, and so successfully to cause so serious a loss to be as little injurious as possible to the bereaved girls she left with less regret, because she left them to your watchful care. I must confide my thoughts, my anguish, my secret soul, with all its new pains, with all its clouded sunshine, all its vanished childishness, to you, and you alone, for they are more than I can bear unshared.

You know, dear aunt, that to live in the beautiful, blessed country—to watch the approach of Spring, to welcome the birds and the flowers, and to breathe the cool fresh air of the fields, have been all that gave me pleasure, all the recreation I sought, all I wished or desired. How could I ever guess, that there was anything wrong, anything derogatory to my birth, or contrary to the utmost purity of heart, the most feminine delicacy of mind, in such innocent intercourse with nature?—for—

"In contemplation of created things,
By steps we may ascend to God."

"For I will consider thy heavens, even the works of thy fingers: the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained."

My sister, however, protests against it, as vulgar and disgraceful in a nobleman's daughter; and even were it not so, that I am too old to indulge in such a taste. Too old! oh, my dear aunt, is it possible ever to be too old, to appreciate and

enjoy the wonders and beauties of creation? Are they then only formed for the transient admiration of children? for those whose judgments are too immature to duly comprehend the marvels, which awake such an astonishment as to pass the weak understandings, which they amaze as well as delight? True, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou hast perfected praise, O God." But I am only just beginning to observe with a calm and meditative spirit, their miraculous workmanship; formerly, the splendour of their appearance alone charmed me; it sufficed that the flowers dazzled by their various tints, that the birds resembled—

"Some gay creatures of the element.

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' the plighted clouds,"

that the stars glittered brighter than my sister's diamonds, and the sun sparkled over the rippling lake, like a myriad coruscations of Empyrean radiance. But it was but a heathen worship, the adoration of savage ignorance; now I can perceive the Hand Divine in their minutest touches, their almost impalpable hues.

"Who can paint

Like nature? Can imagination boast

Amid its gay creation hues like hers?"

And now, I am prohibited to prosecute my search into those lovely mysteries which lift the soul from earth, which strengthen our faith, and make us wiser and better.

What rational sources of pleasure are there for adults, if deprived, by a frigid conventional decorum, of the sweetest, the most alluring of all; that of freely enjoying the productions of nature? Alas! dear aunt, to me, there scarcely appears aught else worth living for. "All natural objects have an echo in the heart," in mine, particularly. I do not intend to be wicked, indeed, I do not, in speaking thus; as I have not forgotten your repeated assurances, that a human being, if possessed of a well regulated mind, could be useful and happy, too, at every period of life, and in any condition of it. But what I mean is this, can any artificial pleasures compensate for the sacrifice of natural ones, be deemed, in fact, worthy of the name? I have only been restricted unreserved liberty for two or three days, and I feel absolutely ill,—my breathing seems confined, and my heart oppressed with an insupportable sense of captivity.

If I were really imprisoned, I could not feel more heavily the weight of restraint, and the irksomeness, which literally cramps the energies of my soul, as well as the flexibility of my frame.

It is true, I have been out daily for a short time with Blanche,

May, 1849. — VOL. LV.—NO. CCXVII.

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but then only in the most secluded part of the garden ; and only when the sun was down, for fear of her complexion. Oh, my dear aunt, what a life is hers ! never out of her bed, until the finest part of the day is over, and then the remainder of it occupied in dressing and frivolous pursuits. Young as she still is, there is scarcely a vestige of her real self left when she has finished her toilette ; it seems incredible that beauty should require so much assistance from art, and such beauty as hers, too. Ah ! if she could but be convinced that she needs no other rouge than the early morning air ; no other anodyne for her nerves than exercise ! Yet, with all the trouble she takes to render herself beautiful, with all the admiration she excites, she is envious of others, dissatisfied with herself ; she is discontented with every thing, even poor papa's illness, because it detains her in the country, instead of commiserating his sufferings, which are very great.

I do not know what you will say, when I tell you that I have actually communicated all this to you clandestinely. It is the first deception I ever practised, and my heart sinks and my cheeks burn with shame at being so criminal ; but I want advice, comfort, encouragement, and, perhaps, a little enlightenment ; and where can I truly find such, save from your affection, your inexhaustible affection, my dear, kind, gentle, precious aunt ? No where, no where on earth, for, aunt it is not the merely being confined to the house so strictly, that I complain of ; but it is the being compelled to spend almost the whole of my time with my sister, who has suddenly taken upon herself the charge of superintending my studies ; leaving me only the hours with my governess that she still devotes to her own indolent habits, affecting to reproach herself with having neglected me so long, and allowing me to run wild as she calls it. Consequently, I am continually exposed to the embarrassment of meeting Lord Melfont, Blanche's most devoted admirer, at present ; not that I have any particular repugnance to his society, rather the contrary, but, whenever he leaves us, Blanche becomes so intolerably out of temper, that it makes me almost secretly pray for his absence, and when he is here, she makes a cruel point of finding out all my defects of character, and emphatically reproving me for them, before him ; not that it much signifies, as he is nothing to me, but still it is humiliating to be mortified, even in the opinion of one so utterly unimportant as his lordship. Not that I am blind to my faults, which, I am fully conscious, are many ; nor averse to having them corrected ; but then with kindness, for—

* Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks :

She might have chid me so, for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding."

Not, as if to advantage her own superiority by holding me up to
ridicule and contempt ;

" It is not friendly ; 'tis not maidenly ;"

and I can perceive, blindly as Lord Melfont is infatuated with
Blanche, he considers it both uncalled for and ungenerous, for
sometimes he ventures to expostulate mildly with her on the
subject, but that only exasperates her the more ; and then when
I am really distressed at having been the unfortunate cause of
any coldness between them, and wish to leave the room to con-
ceal my tears, she will not suffer it, taunting me with my grief,
and declaring I only weep for effect ; for that I have studied
how becoming tears are to me, repeating sarcastically—

" Ses larmes n'étoient point de ces larmes désagréables qui
défigurent un visage ; elle avoit à plurer une grace touchante, et
sa douleur étoit la plus belle du monde."

O aunt, would that you were here to defend your poor Mar-
guerite, or my sister married, that I might be released from
her tyranny, and once more follow my own inclinations which,
I do assure you, never, for one moment, led me to the remo-
test wish of giving pain to a single human being, or even an
insect.

I only hope, aunt, that Blanche may not quite disgust Lord
Melfont with her unreasonable caprices, before their union ; al-
though, perhaps, it would be as well for his future happiness if
he took the alarm in time. But I am giving my opinion too
freely ; I feel that I am ; it is not, I know, becoming in me, to
pre-judge so severely an elder sister ; but, I cannot choose but
pity him, he is so considerate, so gentle, so reflective, so highly
educated.

It is quite delightful to hear him converse ; he is so animated,
so eloquent, his mind is so well stored with the finest sentiments,
the most exalted ideas of the best authors ; yet, he does not
seem to borrow from them, but rather to enrich their thoughts
by his own.

I am never tired of listening to him, for, although the tone of his
mind is very far above mine, still he never forces a consciousness of
inferiority on one ; on the contrary, insensibly awakens a convic-
tion that one is not quite so ignorant, quite so deficient ; but it is
very seldom that I have such " a feast of reason," for Blanche
soon grows weary of such moralizing, as she terms it ; saying, a
poor student, toiling for an exhibition at Oxford, could not
slave more at books than his lordship seemed to do.

I wonder he comes, aunt, I really do, but I suppose that love is irresistible indeed ; and that, although he may feel and deplore Blanche's unkind and unwomanly sarcasms, he finds it still more intolerable to refrain from seeing her, even cruel as she is ; at least, I judge so, from the constancy of his visits and his admirable forbearance during them.

It is astonishing, dear aunt, how soon the mind is familiarized to new objects, how pliant it is to take new impressions, new inclinations,—it is truly astonishing.

I am struck with it in my own ; in this one instance, more particularly, for, that which was at first painfully irksome to me, is now almost a pleasure,—almost a necessity ; and I anticipate his lordship's daily visit nearly as much as Blanche does,—my heart palpitates with nearly as much delight as hers,—and, I am sure, my cheeks are suffused with a deeper blush than hers ; but, then she can conceal her emotion ;—I cannot ; but, however that is of no consequence, as happily for me, he never notices my confusion ; unless, indeed, Blanche calls his attention to it, and even then it makes so little impression, that he gladly hurries to any other subject.

I ought to rejoice at this indifference, and I do ; and yet it appears strange, unfeeling, that because he is so engrossed with one, that he has not even common sympathy to bestow on another. How selfish must that affection be, which is so utterly unsocial !

But, how am I running on, as if it were of any importance whether Lord Melfont pities my childish embarrassment or not.—Still, aunt, neglect wounds the spirit, and “ a wounded spirit who can bear ? ”

I can only account for the secret and poignant regret I experience when thinking that he does not commiserate me, by naturally concluding, that the sympathy of an amiable man is always consolatory and flattering to the self-love, innate in the bosoms of even the most humble and lowly-minded ; and, oh, aunt, never was I more so, never. Surely I have every reason to prize the insignificance, which secures me the singular advantage of enjoying his society without annoying him ; for, if he thought of me at all, if he thought of a third person, it would destroy the ineffable charm of the fondly imagined tête à tête the confidence of mutual hearts ; and he would hate me for my unwelcome intrusion ; whereas, now quite forgetting me, I am able to become acquainted with all his goodness, with all his amiability. And the treasure my sister will have in him, when my dear father, restored to health, shall present him to her,—and, with his own approbation, thus—

"Ecco il consorte, a cui
Il ciel t'accoppia, e nol potea più degno
Ottener dagli Dei l'amor paterno."

No, no, it would indeed be impossible. Heaven hath not one more worthy to bestow on woman.

Fortunate Blanche, be grateful to it, for the blessing of a good man's love.

Farewell, dearest aunt. Pardon all, forgive, forget all, save the devoted love of your most affectionate niece,

MARGUERITE LOBBINE.

CHAPTER VI.

All the stars of Heaven,
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—
The hues of twilight, the sun's gorgeous coming—
His setting indescribable, which fills
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly with him
Along the western paradise of clouds—
The forest shade, the green bough, the bird's voice,
The vesper-bird's, which seems to sing of love,
And mingles with the song of cherubim,
As the day closes over Eden's walls;—
All these are nothing to my eyes and heart,
Like Adah's face.

Byron's "Cain."

Lord Melfont to the Honourable Harry Spendwell.

My Dear Spendwell—Do not expect me to answer your letter now, do not expect me to sympathise in your early disappointments now; do not be offended, if I do not; do not charge me with selfishness, if in this, I only speak of myself, or, rather Marguerite, which will be, however, still of myself, for she is the dearest part of me, far, far the dearest, yet she knows it not, guesses it not; but, rash, daring, hopeless as the step appears to me, even in the intoxication of one of the most ardent, devoted, and unalterable of affections, I am determined to take it, I am determined she shall know how I adore her, how I idolize her; I am determined to declare my passion, to solicit her compassion, her love, to implore her to have mercy on me, on

herself, yes—herself—for, oh, Spendwell ! she is the victim of the most atrocious, the most unmitigated tyranny.

“Think’st thou there is no tyranny but that of blood and chains?”

There is ! there is ; the worst species of tyranny, that of domineering over unoffending innocence, and oppressing the feebleness within our tiger power. Often and often my blood boils with indignation to witness her unmerited sufferings, her uncomplaining patience, her angelic concessions to her jealous, infuriated sister ; and I am ready to snatch her to my bosom, and encircle her with these protecting arms, but I fear to add to her torments, if she refuses to allow me to mitigate them, if she rejects that protection. For if I once evince my preference in her favour ; if I once reveal the tender pity, the generous, the intense love she inspires ; and she refuses to accept them, then I must abandon her to all the horrors of her situation ; for it is only by my silence, that I am still tolerated by the haughty and suspicious Lady Blanche ; it is only by my silence that I am suffered to enjoy the blessed privilege of daily contemplating her beauteous sister, of studying her artless, winning character, of hearing her ingenuous and timidly expressed opinions, and becoming enamoured of that “prone and speechless dialect,” more eloquent than words, discovered in her every look, her every gesture. But the continual restraint I am compelled to observe, the anger I am forced to conceal, the dread lest my apparent want of sympathy may injure me in her estimation, are scarcely compensated for, by this otherwise most delightful opportunity of more and more deeply and irrevocably yielding up my heart to her fascinations. I long to prove her triumph ; I long to make the envious and implacable Blanche sensible how completely her jealousy has defeated itself ; I long to make her feel in the innermost depths of her rankling bosom, how immeasurably superior her sister is, in the simple modesty of nature, than she, with all her arts to ensnare and captivate ; I long to quench the flashings of her eyes with the bitter tears of mortified pride, and oh ! I long, inexpressibly long to kiss off the tears she causes to tremble on the soft, sweet lids, that scarcely dare to let them fall, those tears which render beauty so much more beautiful.

“How through her tears, with pale and trembling radiance,
The eye of beauty shines, and lights her sorrows !
As rises o’er the storm some silver star,
The seaman’s hope, and promise of his safety.”

But I dare not adventure all my hopes on so uncertain and hazardous a cast ; I must not gamble thus wantonly with fortune ; I must, if possible, have some slight assurance of success. or,

instead of a personal victory, I should only secure that of the enemy.

Oh! that I could lift but one roseleaf of that timid heart, and read the sweet enigma written underneath!—But, I must have patience. To-day, we were alone, for an instant; Marguerite displayed the most pitiable embarrassment, and too unsophisticated to endeavour to hide it, stood trembling and blushing before me, as if to deprecate my mercy, as if to bribe my silence; and I was so spell-bound, so awed by her unaffected bashfulness, that I had not courage to utter a word, or even to approach her; and strange, inconsistent as it may appear to you, unaccountable as it is to myself now, it was a positive relief to me when Lady Blanche joined us.

She scrutinized us both closely, and, remarking her sister's heightened colour, observed, sarcastically, how red you are, Marguerite! you have no idea how disfiguring such a vivid colour is, it really makes you look quite odious!

Odious! never did I see anything so transcendently, so angelically beautiful as she appeared at that moment; and so Blanche secretly thought, too, I am convinced.

“ Her eyes, her lips, her shape, her features,
Seem to be drawn by love's own hand :
By love himself in love.”

I glanced with undisguised admiration at her. Was it the sublime, the heavenly instinct, which first informs the heart, with the sweetest, the aptest lesson it ever learns, which, at that glance of mine, caused her pearly eyelids to droop over those expressive eyes, with an almost consciousness of their power over my soul? I cannot say; I know not what to think. Sometimes, I am mad enough to hope she is not quite indifferent; sometimes I am mad enough to hope she loves me. Her confusion, her blushes, her hesitation, her evident reluctance to be alone with me, all strengthen that hope, all inspire me with boldness to prove its truth. Yes; I am resolved to do it, for, this state of doubt is too torturing, too intolerable to be longer endured; better to know the worst at once, better to know my fate, although it should doom me to everlasting despair. Oh, surely, surely, of all human emotions, the most agonizing is suspense.

“ Uncertainty !
Fell demon of our fears ! The human soul,
That can support de-pair, supports not thee.”
Yet, yet, why should I so dread the result ?
Why should I so fear to essay it ?

“ Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.”

By fearing to attempt, aye, there it is : it is that coward hesitation, which, unnerving resolution, makes us still linger on in such racking misery, such hopeless anguish. I will attempt, and if I fail, I can but die. I cannot proceed, I must defer the conclusion of my letter until to-morrow ;—to-morrow. O day, which will decide my destiny. O day, be thou propitious to my darling hopes. Angels of Heaven, draw with your pure white hands, the sullen clouds which curtain in the sun, that it may shine to light me to my love,—my love.

The same, to the same.

"Hail to the joyous day ! with purple clouds
The whole horizon glows. The breezy spring
Stands loosely floating on the mountain top,
And deals her sweets around. The sun, too, seems,
As conscious of my joy, with brighter beams,
To gild the happy world."

Thomson's "Sophonisba."

Do not expect anything rational, anything consistent from me, Spendwell, for I am frantic with joy, delirious with ecstasy, wild with delight. My heart trembles and flutters, and will not be pacified ; it will go on throbbing and throbbing, until I am forced to lay down my pen, and press my two folded hands closely upon it, as if to allay its convulsive upheavings ; as if to coax it to quiet, to peace again. For, Harry, she's mine ; the precious angel's mine. I cannot believe all my happiness yet, but, I am awake, sweet heaven, I am awake. I am not dreaming, it is a reality.

In almost one word, I learnt her love, her innocent love ; the love all unguessed, all unknown to herself ;—oh, that moment of the exquisite consciousness of being ! talk of having lived before ; it is folly ! talk of knowing the value of time ; it is nonsense ! it must not be reckoned by the slow, tedious computation of the usurer, awaiting to measure, with stolid deliberation, the hard-wrung interest of the ruined heir ; no, no, no, he understands it not. In that one instant, I lived an age of ecstasy, a very century of bliss.

Oh, would that you could have seen her then ! oh, would that I could describe her to you ; but language is powerless to express the ineffable charm, the nameless grace of her whole demeanour, as, with almost infantile artlessness, she disclosed the state of her long concealed feelings. Oh, you should have heard her low, silvery voice, just whispering to my thrilling ear, "I did not know why my heart fainted within me, when I

thought of you, as the lover of another; I did not know why my cheeks glowed with delight, if ever you gazed with tenderness upon me; I did not know why all wearied me in your absence, why all that which I formerly desired was now disgusting, hateful to me; I did not know all this; but now I do—it was love”

And, to hide her sweet bashfulness from me at this confession, she actually buried her face on my bosom.

Then it is, then, when a man feels a spotless, untainted creature clinging to his heart, breathing of the fragrance of the lilies of paradise, in all the confiding unsuspiciousness of unawakened caution, that, proud, gloriously proud of the trust reposed in him, he secretly swears to his soul, never to betray that confidence, never to harm that innocence; but, that that breast to which it has voluntarily flown, shall ever shelter it, shall ever be a pillow of peace and love for it; and, as with a trembling arm he draws the angel closer to that breast, to seal the compact on the lips, still, still unrifled of a mother's kiss, the first of love he presses upon them, is one of religion.

To understand this, to comprehend, to feel its beatitude, you must be enamoured of virtue, you must have the fruition of your dearest hopes in a virtuous love, you must know, beyond a shadow of the merest doubt, that that love is sanctioned by heaven, whose approval sanctifies it in your heart of hearts.

I thought I should have had volumes to have written to you, but now that I know my enviable destiny, I feel that there is nothing more to tell, the soul is full to brimming over, and wants to rest, to pause, to meditate, to feast alone upon its joy.

Adieu, then, dear Spendwell.

I know I have your warmest wishes for my happiness, I know you will make every allowance for its extravagance;—that is, what in your deplorable ignorance, you may deem extravagance; but, wait until you behold my Marguerite, my pearl, my gem, my heart's jewel, and then, amazed at her wondrous beauty, you will down on your knees in prompt repentance for such heresy. Adieu, until that happy, happy moment.

MELFONT.

CHAPTER VII.

"Know that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors, for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies as thou shalt never by their will, discern good from evil, or vice from virtue. And because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the additions of other men's praises is most perilous."—*LACONISM*.

Lady Blanche Lorraine, to Miss Janet Macalpin.

I have lost him, Janet Macalpin, I have lost him, the only man whom I ever really loved; and, but for the crime now perhaps, attaching to it, the only man I ever shall love! I have lost Lord Melfont, and from my own folly, my own pride, my own horrid, unyielding temper! Oh! bitter and tormenting reflection, never, never to be appeased,—Oh, bitter and tormenting reflection, which yet pains without improving, which yet tortures without reforming! for, I am still the same, still as domineering, still as detestable. But, who made me so? You, you, and the cringing tribe of sycophants who, besetting the path of their superiors, leave on it the slime of their envenomed flattery, to lubricate it for their destruction,—you, you, who with

"Sweet words,
Low, crooked curtsies, and base, spaniel fawning,"

make them believe that they are demigods; until truth, piercing through the shallow artifice, reveals the hidden deformity of their hearts; forcing their darling vices to stand out, sharply defined against its clear and nipping horizon, naked and hideous as the blasted trees on some hag-haunted heath.

Accursed be the flattery that deludes us to ourselves; accursed be the arts which delude our lovelier, simpler nature, and oh, accursed, doubly accursed be the cozening confidante, who crams the greedy ear with that gross praise which corrupts, whilst it fattens the very soul it feeds.

Where is now the invincible power, you so lately boasted I possessed? where are those most unrivalled attractions, which must enslave all hearts? Gone, gone, or, rather, they were never really mine. You knew, "you told a lie, an odious * * * * lie," when you thus cajoled, thus persuaded me to believe myself so irresistible; tainting the summer air with your foul breath, as

you gave utterance to your serpent tongue ;—yet, how you could deceive me so, you, whom I so confided in, so loved.—

“ Who should be trusted when one’s own right hand
Is perjured to the bosom ? ”

Too dearly have I been taught your falsehood !—too dearly have I been taught my own worth,—my own insignificance,—neglected and despised for one who was never thought of before,—who never thought of herself before.—Yet, she, without one effort, without one artifice, without one idea, in fact, beyond the girlhood innocence which inspires her to love a violet for its fragrance, a rose for its beauty, and the skies above because she prettily fancies that the brightest star there is still a mother’s watching eye of undying affection ; oh, she thus easily wins the glorious prize for which I laboured, although never suspected, like a galley-slave, admiring for his talents, adoring for his beauty the noblest model of his sex ; conscious, far more conscious than I dare acknowledge to my own heart now, of his vast superiority over all mankind. His was—

“ A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.”

Do not write to pity and condole with me ; do not presume to do so ;—and above all, do not write to endeavour to exonerate yourself ; for whatever you might urge in your own exculpation, however plausible, however sincere it might be, I should still think you lied ;—I should still think you had some sinister purpose to accomplish,—some sinister motive to serve—in wishing to convince me, or impose on me again, as now, idiot that I was, not to discover it sooner, I plainly perceive that you always had, despite of what you may say to the contrary ; for I could minister to your vile, insatiable cupidity ; paying every one of your base metal words, with coin of minted gold. Had I been poor, you would have been more honest in your complimenting ; for—

“ Why should the poor be flattered ?
No, let the candy tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.”

Yes, yes, where thrift may follow fawning,—there is the solution to the enigma ; and yet, poor blind fools that we great ones are, we arrogate to ourselves this superlative display of servility, as righteously due to our own merit—our own merit, forsooth ! out upon the word ; I will write against it, renounce it, despise it,

abjure it. Merit! oh dainty word, forged by self-love and friends, to mock us to ourselves. I know that in all this wild vituperation, this headlong torrent of rash, useless anger, I am only furnishing you with arms against myself; that you, mortified by my reproaches, and the more so, because conviction whispers they are just, will rejoice in my disappointment, exult in my defeat, and now, stripped of the mask of hypocrisy, boldly avow it was no more than you expected; for your heart is too wickedly proud, too jealously envious, to really feel aught but triumph for the overthrow of one placed so far above you by birth and fortune, so far above you in beauty and talent. Yes, I can see the malignant twinkling of that small, deeply-set gray eye, so unquailing, and so penetrating; I can see the snake-like writhing of that naturally supercilious lip, which, whilst it distorted itself into a complacent, time-serving smile, yet "breathed curses, not loud but deep" against those who compelled its affected homage; and I can see the discolouration of those lank, livid cheeks, as the black blood rushes from the resentful heart into them, at the certainty that I now know to paint you to the life!

"Look on her features! and behold her mind
As in a mirror of itself defined:
Look on the picture! deem it not o'ercharged,
There is no trait which might not be enlarged."

Still I must write, and to you,—you, who can so amply avenge yourself—or the surcharged vials of my wrath will burst the bosom that contains them. And here, all are too dearly absorbed in their own unspeakable delight, to feel the overflowings of my gall, to heed or hear my poignant revilings; even my father, so long an invalid, so long indifferent, from pain and suffering, to all the empty gauds, the exciting interests of this transitory world, is roused from the apathy of disease, as if by a miracle laying aside the "nice crutch," the "sickly quoin," and is "at charges for a looking-glass," and all for very joy at Marguerite's happiness;—"his sweet Marguerite, his tender, blessed, kind, nursing, considerate, gentle Marguerite. She! with all the mother's fair angelic beauty! She, with all her mother's pure and true affection! Oh, he knew, that heaven would reward her; he knew that she must make a fortunate marriage!" And so, because he has been almost nigh the grave, he thinks he has the privilege of being as oracular as dying men, and to utter the inane prophesies which only convince himself. My aunt, too, the formal, decorous Lady De Langville, "is shaken from her propriety," hurrying here to congratulate her favourite niece, "the mild, obedient Marguerite, and to croak into the ears of her

refractory, rebellious one, like a bird of ill-omen, my sister's praises, my sister's virtues, my sister's modesty; and recommending me, for my improvement, to imitate her: and then, perhaps, I may be equally favoured by fortune. Then Lisette, my own maid, the creature whom I have reared from a child, and who ought to be grateful and faithful, takes the audacious liberty of prating about "Lady Marguerite's beauty, Lady Marguerite's brilliant prospects, the sensation Lady Marguerite will make when presented as a bride, and longs to see her in her orange flowers and Brussels lace." The very birds in the aviary, the very birds I have fed, appear to sing louder than usual, and to flutter their wings in testimony of exuberant joy; whilst the flowers in the conservatory, as well as in the garden, seem to open in emulation of each other, and breathe around a perfume as if shook by the hands of seraphs. But all this I could endure, even calmly, patiently endure, were I not hourly molested, hourly mortified, by witnessing the triumph and exultation of Melfont, the perfidious Melfont, who, because he did not happen to propose to me, before he saw Marguerite, considers himself entirely blameless, entirely exonerated from all former intentions, and, oh! torture, he expects me to partake of his raptures to participate in his ecstasy, coming to consult me as a friend, on the peculiar tastes of his precious affianced, asking my advice how he can best gratify them, best please and delight her, calling me his dear Blanche, his kind sister; and describing, in the most vivid colours, the most glowing words, his too great happiness in having such a treasure.

"She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

This to me! Janet, this to me! Oh, it is quite, intolerable! In the delirium of his present joy, he seems entirely to have forgotten the past, he seems to think that I have forgotten it; would that I could. But what new pleasure have I to cause such happy oblivion? what new hope, what new prospect of felicity to steep my aching senses in forgetfulness? All is old to me, all, the very world, love, friendship, expectation, all old, worn out, exhausted, gone by, gone by for ever! There is not, there cannot be anything new for me; even my soul feels faded and shrivelled like a leaf in autumn, and ready to fall, to be swept away in the winter torrent of despair. Yet I am envied—I. What a farce, what a dream, what a madness is the judgment of others, when it is only guided by external appearances!—Still, still

" 'Tis meet

The great should have the fame of happiness,

The consolation of a little envy ;

'Tis all their pay for those superior cares

Those pangs of heart their vassals ne'er can feel."

Poor remuneration, too, most poor !—I declare, at this moment, earth doth not bear a more miserable, a more unhappy wretch than myself—one so deserving of universal commiseration—one, so fully so painfully conscious of being : n object of total, frigid indifference to all ;—one who knows, that when she appears in the domestic circle, her presence is like a cloud upon the sun, casting a dark portentous shadow on the light of happiness there—One, whom no person enquires for, no person misses.

How could it be otherwise ? how could I expect to be loved or pitied ? I am not believed capable of winning either : I do not believe myself capable. I have so often called up the same artificial, deceptive smile at the approach of the men I wished, nay, was determined to captivate, that it seems to have set in hard rigid lines around my lips ; and I have so often exercised my mordant wit at the expense of those very coxcombs, things I detested and abhorred, things—

• Whose judgments are

Mere fathers of their garments, whose constancies

Expire before their fashions,"—

that it seems its bitterness still galls those stiff, cold lips, to smarting self-reproach.

My sister, the crouching, submissive, the timid and despised Marguerite, appears to have changed her very nature ; appears to have suddenly become a woman ; placing herself on an equality with me ; nay, as I live, almost patronizing me, her poor, forsaken sister Blanche. But now, but now, she has some one to protect her from my tyranny, one on whom she can holily rely, for oh, she knows,—

" His words are bonds ; his oaths are oracles."

Hence, her defiance of me,—her defiance ! Sweet, meek sister ! I wrong you, before heaven, I do, in writing thus. You would not shew defiance to the meanest worm ! you would have loved me, but I repulsed the gentle, fond expansion of your pure, warm heart, and now it only fears me.

How, as seated here alone, abandoned, and forsaken, in the hush of that solitude almost awful, does the insane fury with which I commenced this letter, give place, and God be thanked for it, to calmer and more Christian thoughts ! How, as, like Cleopatra, I apply the asp of conviction to my bosom, to suck

from it the venom of pride and self-sufficiency, does a lull come over the turbulent passions, which sink to rest like a sobbing child.

How, as I think of my sister, of my only sister, my most unoffending sister, does a something like a prayer spontaneously burst from my heart, for her happiness ! Yes, I have prayed, at last, for her ; I can pray ; you will see by that, how I am humbled, how I am subdued, how the soul of the haughty Blanche Lorraine is heavy within her, and she goes sorrowfully, as one that mourneth for the dead. And it is the dead which I mourn, indeed, the irremediable dead, the dead hopes of my youth, now lying withered round my heart, trampled in the dust, and sending up no redeeming perfume to embalm regret ; for I myself blighted them to everlasting perishing.

I weep to think, that with birth, beauty, fortune, talents, "and all appiauces and means to boot," to render life delightful and secure friendship, my days are a burthen almost too heavy for me to bear, and I have no human being anxious to solace me under their intolerable weight.

I weep, even at the contradictory emotions expressed in this letter, yet, will I not cancel it, yet will I not withhold it. You shall receive it as it is, without one erasure, one blot, notwithstanding the whisperings of still latent pride ; for although—

" Habitual evils change not on a sudden ;
But many days must pass, and many sorrows :
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place it lost."

I feel it is a grand step towards entire reformation in having the fortitude of letting you see my very soul entire ! I feel, as it were, "a small still voice" within, encouraging me with the assertion, that all the anger, all the mortification, all the shame, love, hate, despair and contrition it contains, is at once the punishment and the atonement of the unhappy, but improved,

BLANCHE LORRAINE.

BIDE I NOT TRUE?

'Twas upon a goodly eve, when the dew it falleth slow,
That a fair Italian hound all across the mead would go.

“Bide I not true?”

His collar was of silken sheen—with bordering of gold;
The sword he boundeth lightly o’er with graces all untold.

“Bide I not true?”

Straight to a solemn cypress grove that white hound speeds
along,
Where marble tombs are glancing sweet scented flowers
among.

“Bide I not true?”

And then he croucheth lowly down amid the lilies fair,
And his heart full much lamenteth erst while he cometh there.

“Bide I not true?”

We shall never meet again when Midsummer days are here,
When the rosy morn is glorious, and starlit nights are clear.

“Bide I not true?”

We shall never meet again on the Holy Baptist’s day,
When tender ewes are bleating, and wood doves coo away.

“Bide I not true?”

We shall never meet again on the uplands or the lea,
And here among the scented flowers a lasting rest shall be.

“Bide I not true?”

C. A. M. W.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXV.

HERBERT'S first impulse was to fly for protection to Sall, who, with a face perfectly white from terror, leaned for support against the rude dresser, in front of which the ruffian named Rudd was standing. The determined grasp of the latter, however, defied all his efforts, and with a convulsive sob, he sank down at the feet of his merciless captor, and cast a look of such mingled agony and entreaty at his late protector, that it thrilled her to the very heart.

"Come, come, my little cock-sparrow, thou must e'en trudge, and that right cheerfully, too, or thou and I will differ," quoth the brutal giant, shaking him roughly. "I've had a pretty dance, seeking thee up and down the country; and budge is the word, my little gallows-bird."

"Oh, Rudd! thou surely would not force such a poor little thing as that away with thee," urged Sall, in a whisper. "Look how young and tender he is, Rudd."

"Silence, daughter!" interposed the deep hoarse tones of the old woman's voice; "there's enow of mouths in this poor place to eat the sorry pittance Gyde earns, without such a beggar-brat as that making bread scarcer."

Sall stood in great awe of her stern old mother-in-law; but she still ventured to plead for Herbert, who, with all the despairing terror of his tender years, lay almost in a swoon at the feet of the villain Rudd. The latter heard all Gyde's wife had to urge with a ferocious smile, which seemed, indeed, the natural expression of his countenance; and then uttering a deep oath, slouched his hat over his brows, and lifting Herbert upon his shoulders, strode out into the dark and stormy night.

"I will save him," thought Sall, stealing gently after them,

* Continued from page 342, vol. liii.

May, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXVII.

G

as the tears streamed down her honest cheeks ; and heedless of the rain and wind, she ran rapidly on towards the forge, scarcely conscious, in her progress, of the warfare of the elements, so entirely was her mind engrossed with the business she had in hand.

"Heart alive, wife, what's the matter now!" ejaculated honest Natty, as she rushed, breathless, drenched, and pallid as a corpse, into his presence ; "surely, nothing has chanced to t'ould woman or Nan? But thou's as wet as wet, heart alive!" running his hand over her streaming garments with a laughable air of bewilderment, that sate most strangely on his burly visage.

"Oh, Natty—the boy!" sobbed Sall, catching in her breath, and bursting into tears anew, which the race of the wind had for the time put a stop to.

"And what about the boy, Sall?" inquired the smith, resting on his bellows, as he surveyed his plump little wife by the ruddy fire, that fairly illuminated the smithy ; "he's quite well, Sall—eh?"

"Oh, Gyde, what can we do!" murmured Sall, who seemed bewildered with grief ; "the boy, Gyde!"

The answer our burly giant made to this appeal might seem a strange one, and yet it brought Sall to her senses more speedily than anything else could have done. With a look in which wonder and alarm were strangely mixed, he left his favourite resting-place, and putting one arm round the plump little woman's waist, almost lifted her upon his knee as he said—

"Now, wife, tell me what has distressed thee about the lad ; he isn't dead, I hope?"

"Oh, Natty, I wish he was!" sobbed the little woman, shading back the wet black hair from her face ; "that villain Rudd——"

"Curse the wretch!" growled the smith, as his eyes flashed fire ; "he hasn't turned up again, has he, Sall?"

"Yes, yes, he has ; and what is worse, Natty, he has taken the poor boy with him. I prayed and prayed that he would leave him, but the villain wouldn't ; and oh, Natty, my heart died within me at the look the poor child gave me, as Rudd carried him out—I'll never forget it!" And throwing herself into his arms, she fairly sobbed out her sorrow on his rugged breast.

The massive yet good-humoured countenance of Gyde seemed to undergo a complete metamorphosis, as he listened to his wife's short and artless story. Although it had nothing in its lineaments that could be called handsome, it won your regard

by the air of perfect good humour and frankness that characterised it. Now, however, the flashing eyes, and flushed cheeks, that glowed through all their swarthy hues; the grisly hair, that fell in wild clusters over the neck; and the veins, that swelled up like twisted snakes upon the broad, dark forehead—made him look to the full as terrible, in his new mood, as did all his long career of guilt and violence that of his reprobate kinsman, Rudd: in fact, a stranger might now have detected a striking likeness between them, although at ordinary times this was scarcely discernible.

"Dar'st thee go back again by thyself, Sall, my lass?" demanded the smith, after a long pause.

Sall shuddered, but answered "Yes," with a bold heart.

"Then do so, and wait quietly in bed until I bring thee news of the lad," said the smith, as he proceeded to divest himself of his leathern apron and jerkin. "I'll be back almost before thou, Sall; but thou must go to bed as soon as thou does get home, and if I don't come back just yet a bit, why, don't be uneasy, for no harm shall happen to me."

"And if thou can save the poor thing——" began Sall.

"Depend upon it I will," rejoined the smith, boldly. "I am more than a match for Rudd," he added, extending a herculean arm; "and if we only encounter each other, I have little fear but that I will bring the poor little fellow safely back to thee again. Come, come, I'll lend thee my old coat, to wrap about thee, or thou will get thy death of cold, wife." And with a good-humoured chuckle, he enveloped the little woman in his great, coarse over-all, and thus defended, Sall set forward on her return.

When she got home again, she found that the old woman had already retired to rest; and disregarding her husband's injunctions, she raked the embers of the fire together, and having thrown on a further supply of fuel, furnished the table with a homely supper, whilst a mug of beer was placed in a pipkin, within the fender, to simmer until his return.

Many times within the next hour did she steal to the door, to listen; but no footstep was audible without; and at last, convinced that her anxiety only made the time seem longer, she set about some household work, with which she was busily engaged when Natty burst into the house.

"He must have flown away, Sall," was his first exclamation, as he threw his wet over-all and cap into a corner; "I inquired at every gate I came to, but nobody had seen or heard tell of such a pair; and here I am, weary, and footsore, and hungry to boot. God help the poor little fellow, for he has got a rough task-master now!"

Herbert and his companion, in the meanwhile, were several miles distant from the house of the honest smith. Dispirited and wretched, the poor lad was totally incapable of walking; and yet it was not without many a muttered curse, which happily ended there, that his savage jailor found himself compelled to take him on his back once more, and carry him with him in his rapid flight.

Herbert, exhausted with fatigue and grief, soon fell asleep, despite the jolts of his uneasy pillow, and remained in this state for an hour or more, by which time Rudd had placed all pursuit far behind him. Something, after a time, aroused the boy, and when he looked up again, he discovered that he was once more under the shelter of a house, that he was lying on a rude sort of couch, and that a woman, with a black guttering candle in her hand, was standing over him in his sleep.

He saw her through his half-opened eyes, before she knew that he was awake; and had time enough to scan her wild, dark features before she in turn discovered that he was awake. This woman was in every respect the very opposite of buxom Sall—tall, haggard, swarth, and malevolent, with black, shining hair, that hung in snake-like folds down a forehead almost as dark as the hair itself. There was something very terrible, too, in the cold glitter of her small, black eyes, that made the boy's very blood curdle in his veins for fear.

He opened his eyes, but she did not speak, although she still seemed to watch him. But in reality, she was listening to a conversation that was passing between Rudd and another man, who sat at a table near the fire, eating their supper by its feeble light.

"And so you're bound for furrin parts, comrade," said the other man, in a low tone, as he helped himself to a portion of the savoury mess from a black stew-kettle, that stood upon the hob.

"Yes—to Paris," rejoined Rudd, gruffly.

"Aye, aye, I've been there," returned the other, carelessly.

"Have you!" exclaimed Rudd, eyeing him curiously; "and if I may be so bold, how long is it since?"

"Since I came back, do you mean?"

Rudd nodded

"Only a week, or not so much. I had a quarrel with the police, and found the place rather too hot for me; and yet, if it hadn't been for a cursed Englishman, I might have kept my own against the best of them."

"An Englishman, indeed!" said Rudd, in a musing voice.

"Aye, an Englishman."

"Might I ask his name?" demanded Rudd, who eat like a famished wolf.

"Dalton—Edward Dalton is the fellow's name."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"Chaussée D'Anton, No. 7."

The jail-breaker clasped his hands, and muttered something which neither his companion nor the woman could catch. Presently he got up, and said he was tired with tramping, and would like to go to bed; and the woman, lighting a candle, motioned him to a ladder, which led apparently into a sleeping-loft, overhead. Nodding a surly acquiescence, he darted a look at the boy as he passed, which was answered by a significant nod from the woman, and clambering up the frail communication, he was presently heard clattering over the rickety flooring overhead.

A moment afterwards the noise had ceased, and they fancied he had thrown himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. He had not done so however, for the occupant of an adjoining bed had attracted his attention. The loft only held this one and his own, and in this sleeper, Rudd recognised the man who had betrayed his gang to the police in the night of the capture, and his companion in guilt, Spike.

A glare of satisfied revenge shot across his face for a moment, as carefully shading the candle with his hand, he stood for more than a minute gazing wildly upon the pale, jaded face before him, lying so unconsciously and so securely under the very hand that longed to embroil itself in the sleeper's life's blood; and then, as if a different train of thought had usurped the place of these evil passions, Rudd stole noiselessly away, drew off his heavy, hob-nailed shoes, extinguished the light, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his sorry pallet, and was soon buried in forgetfulness.

He was up and sitting in the chimney-nook at his breakfast, when Herbert opened his weary eyes to the misery everything around him suggested to his mind. With a surly growl, Rudd ordered him to look sharp and dress himself, for they must be on the road betimes, and there was a rod for laggards, a weapon which Herbert knew from fatal experience carried a sting with it as well.

The man with whom Rudd had had the conversation over night, at this moment came in from an inner room, and sat down beside him.

"You are an early bird, friend," he said with a smile, watching Rudd as he devoured the breakfast the woman had placed before him. "Do you always take to the roads by sunrise?"

"Always in warm weather, friend," rejoined Rudd, speaking

with his mouth full, "the boy I have with me is only a poor traveller at the best, and we only get on but slowly on that account, and that makes me like an early start."

The man glanced curiously at Herbert, who sat pale and shivering, attempting in vain to swallow the mess placed before him, and yet not daring to refuse it outright, for fear of a thrashing from Rudd.

"Your son?" he inquired, with a significant glance, that seemed to give the lie to itself.

Rudd caught the look and answered "No!" and then immediately added, "he belongs to a pal of mine, that went over the water a short time ago. Sorry am I that ever my good nature was burdened with such a drag."

"Poor fellow! he only looks delicate," said the other, gently, "thy poor feet, my little man, seem all chafed with the clumsy shoes thou's wearing."

The tear swelled up to Herbert's eye, but it was frozen down again by the stern glance of Rudd, as his hoarse voice broke in upon the stranger's sympathy, by calling him a little useless devil, that had only been brought into the world to plague honest folks, or he wouldn't be hampered with him; and then jumping up, he threw down some money in payment of their lodging and breakfast, and with a surly good morning to his late companion, ordered the boy to follow him, and strode out of the house.

The man smiled as the robber and Herbert left the house, and after a moment's thought, followed them to the door. Rudd and his trembling companion were already fifty yards from the house, but the former turned round on hearing the other halloo to him to stop.

"Company's always the shortest cut, friend," said he, with the smile that seemed habitual to him, "and as our roads lie together for a time, why I think we may as well keep together as long as we can—come, what say you, comrade?"

"How do you travel, friend?" demanded Rudd, after considering a moment.

"How do I travel!" echoed the other; "why, a-foot, to be sure."

"I need not have asked, had I thought there was a doubt of that," said Rudd, with a sneer. "Can you stand a long tramp, and a quick? can you bear hunger and thirst, and lie down at night in an empty barn, with a hungry belly? do you care for the summer's heat and the winter's cold, without a murmur? If you can, why come on, and I'll cry you welcome."

"Try me," said the other, seriously, "and then judge for

yourself. As for the eating and drinking, I never fast when I can get a bellyfull by fair means or foul; and for the rest, these bones of mine have had far too many a hard knock to care when, how, or where they lie down to rest themselves."

"Then come on," said Rudd, holding out his hand; "I like your look—why or wherefore I cannot tell. What is your name, friend?"

"Call me Hemp. It's an expressive one enough; but I had another one," said his new companion, with a bitter laugh. "What is your own?"

"Jacob Rudd."

"And the boy's?"

"What do they call you, young un?" demanded Rudd.

"Herbert," whispered the boy.

"Herbert! why that's a gentleman's name," rejoined the other, suspiciously; "do you know who your father was, my little fellow?"

"Hush!" muttered Rudd, pushing Herbert away from him, as he spoke, to the other side of the road, as he whispered something in the man's ear, and wound up the communication by a hoarse laugh.

"Poor little wretch," muttered the other, eyeing the boy with a look of pity, and then, sinking his voice, he said in a low tone, "and so he fancies his father was a gentleman, eh?"

Rudd nodded, as he said in a significant tone, "the poor fellow was hung in reality, as many a better man has been since his time; however, the boy is a lively little fellow, and worth his meat, such as it is. I suppose you have no notion of going back to Paris, just yet," he inquired, in an eager tone.

"Why I don't know that. Fouché has his police trained so precious sharp that their hawk-eyes can pierce through almost any disguise. If you would make it worth my while, perhaps"—

"I cannot do it myself, but a worthy gentleman who lives hereaway perhaps might," said Rudd, after a pause. "Did you ever hear of one Jasper Vernon?"

"The canting hypocrite that lives at Mount Ephraim—isn't that the name he gives his house?"

"I believe so; but, hypocrite or not, this Vernon I must see before I turn my back upon old England. Money makes him as great a villain as the sweet passion of revenge has made me. Ha! ha! you see what fine language I use; but I had a gentleman for my—forbear. We have had a little business together before now; but this job I have now on hand will crown all, and he shall pay like a prince for it, and fee you as well. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Agreed!" cried his new ally, grasping his hand. "We

can't get to this Mount Ephraim, as the old sinner calls it, before night, can we?"

"No; it's a long tramp," rejoined Rudd, moodily, "and the boy, too, is footsore; however, perhaps it is as well, after all, for the likes of us will scarcely be thought an ornament to a gentleman's library by daylight. Can you speak French, comrade?"

"Famously. You could scarcely tell me from a Frenchman," returned the other, with a gay laugh. "Shall I give you a specimen?"

"No, no; keep that for the present, or give Mr. Vernon a specimen, to-night. And about the disguises—"

"What disguises?"

"When we go over the water, you know."

"Oh leave me to manage that; I know a trick that will cheat the very devil himself, friend. I could transform you so, that your own mother would not know you."

"He has changed me so that few would," muttered the other, under his breath; and then noticing that Herbert scarcely kept up with him, he dealt him a blow with his knotted ashen stick that made the poor little fellow writhe and cringe beneath it, although no cry issued from his lips.

"I tell you what, friend," cried his new associate, snatching the stick from his hands, and breaking it upon his knee, "such work as that I cannot stomach at all. If you and I have to travel in company, the boy shall have fair play, or we cry quits."

"He is such an idle varlet," growled Rudd, surlily. "Just look now how he shams to be footsore."

"And well he may, for every step he takes leaves a bloody print behind it," retorted the other, angrily. "It's fair murder, friend, to use the poor child in that way. Do you feel those little trotters of yours to pain you, sirrah?"

"Come, come; don't teach the boy to fancy himself ill-used, Hemp," growled Rudd. "The next stream we come to he can wash those useless feet of his, and we'll have a rest soon. There should be a public house somewhere hereabouts."

"It's a bit farther on, and a capital cook the landlord is, too," rejoined the other, who had already forgotten Herbert and his miseries; "these plantations are rare and handy for him."

"The plantations?"

"To be sure they are. Don't you see they are full of game, and, watch them as they will, they can't prevent the hares coming and feeding in his garden, if they choose, and he snares them night after night amongst his parsley beds. And as for the woodcocks, he has quite as easy a way for them; and so the keepers watch and watch their eyes out, but Joe Tulley's pot always has a rare fat hare or a brace of birds stewing in it,

watch as they will. His house is known far and wide by the profession ; and I'll lay my life we find it crowded from cellar to attic."

"I'd rather seek out a less frequented place," rejoined Rudd, anxiously.

"You may go farther and fare worse, then ; for there isn't a place within a dozen miles that wouldn't spurn the likes of you or me from it, as a fellow would a mangy dog from his own kennel. But here we are, and by the sounds I guess it's a high holiday inside with them."

And in truth the sounds of a fiddle, played with much taste and execution, at that moment saluted their ears, whilst their olfactory sense was charmed by the odours of a delicious stew, which was at that instant simmering away upon the fire in the noisy and crowded kitchen, whilst a group of sturdy beggars sat sunning themselves on the benches without the door.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE wayside inn to which Rudd's new companion ushered our two travellers was evidently, judging both from its exterior and interior, only frequented by the very pariahs of society. Without, the blackened and decaying walls, half stone, half timber, with its small, misshapen windows, wellnigh stuffed with rags, were in perfect keeping with the wild and lawless vagabonds that crowded the ill-lighted and fetid apartment into which it was the good luck of Herbert and his companions to be shown.

Imagine to yourself a room of the largest, but so low that a tall man could easily touch the highest rafters with his hand, from which, suspended by hoops, hung a dozen or two of guttering candles, that shed a lurid and murky light over all the squalid society beneath. These candles blazed and flickered with every gust that swept around them, and it not unfrequently happened that some bold dancer, more adventurous than his compeers in executing a spirited shuffle, precipitated the whole affair in one grand crash, and involved the festive party in well-nigh utter darkness. Imagine also the fumes of stale tobacco and vile spirits which proceeded from every quarter, the oaths, and laughter, and snatches of song, the dust, and heat, the

grotesque garb and still more grotesque appearances of two-thirds at least of the revellers, and you have then as faithful a picture as I can give you of this *Beggars' Opera*.

The young and the nimble occupied the centre of the floor, tripping it merrily to the sounds of the fiddle which had attracted the attention of Hemp on approaching the house, and which was certainly played with great taste by a sturdy old vagabond, dressed as a sailor; the only claim to which character he possessed, I imagine, lay in his having had the good or ill luck to lose a leg in some drunken adventure in his youth, and which had been the making of him, after all. All round the apartment were ranged small tables, and at these, with all the eagerness of inveterate gamblers, sat the seniors of the party, quarrelling over cards, which it would have defied any one but themselves to have been able to use, so entirely obliterated were their original characters.

Hemp, judging by the salutations he received on all hands, seemed a general favourite, and it was not very long before a buxom damsel, of twenty or thereabouts, who by her dress and manner was evidently a personage of some consideration, challenged him to a dance; a second did the same good turn to Rudd, but he gruffly declined, and withdrawing to a corner with the boy, sat looking moodily on, brooding over, in his own mind, what might occur when they at last reached Paris, a subject which had now become a part and parcel of his being, so entirely was his mind occupied with the determination of achieving the scheme he had now in hand.

They had not sat long before some one cried out something which Rudd did not hear, and presently there was a general rush to the door. Dragging Herbert with him, Rudd went with the stream, and the next moment solved the mystery, when, on emerging from a dark passage, he found himself in another room, similar to the last, which was almost entirely occupied by a rude table, on which platters and cups were ranged, evidently for supper. Long settles, stuffed with straw, and furnished with backs, encircled the table, and these being presently filled with people, the repast commenced by a couple of sturdy lads, aided by the host, placing on the table a huge cauldron, that sent up a fragrant steam, quite as appetising and savoury as if *Carême* had been the presiding genius of its composition.

Rudd and Hemp ate like famished hounds, for they had had a long tramp and were very hungry; but Herbert, who shrank from the vicinity of so much lawless guilt, as if it had been the plague itself, sat trembling between the two men, scarcely daring to lift up his eyes to the scene around him, leaving

well nigh untasted the smoking platter he had set out before him.

"Eat, my little fellow," said Hemp, kindly, patting him on the head, "you will have a rough journey belike before you, tomorrow, and its ill travelling on an empty belly."

"If the little fool is too dainty to fancy a poor man's fare, why he must e'en starve," growled Rudd, inflicting as he spoke a gratuitous kick over Herbert's shins. "Come little 'un, you must look sprigish, for we haven't much time to waste, thou knows."

Herbert made an effort to swallow, but it almost choked him. Hemp pushed a mug of water towards him, which he drained to the bottom. "Now try and eat a bit," he whispered, grasping the little hot hand, and Herbert with the tears filling his eyes did so. Rudd, in the meantime, had got into earnest conversation with a man on his other hand, and did not notice either the action or the speech by which it was accompanied.

When supper was over, the landlord, Tully, came round to get paid for the entertainment. Rudd paid for Herbert and himself, and then immediately resumed his conversation with his neighbour. After a time, the greater part of the company, including Rudd's companion, got up to go into the other apartment again, and Rudd also arose.

"What do you intend doing," inquired Hemp, without stirring from his seat.

"I scarcely know. It is getting late," said Rudd, hesitating. "What do you say to a snooze?"

"Just what I want, and if you will be guided by me, I would propose that we should lie out to-night."

"Lie out?—how?"

"Oh, it's easy enough. Tully's beds are rather lively."

Rudd laughed surlily. "And what is your remedy?"

"There's a fine dry barn behind the house, full of straw, which I always use as a sleeping apartment, when I take this circuit," said Hemp, gaily. "I vastly prefer it, I can assure you, to the miserable garret above."

"Lead the way, then," said Rudd, catching Herbert by the hand. "I can sleep on bare boards if necessary, messmate."

"Hemp needed no second bidding, but threading his way through the crowd, traversed the dark passage they had already crossed, and emerging into the open air, presently ushered them into the barn, which amply deserved his eulogies. The moon was so bright, (for it was near the full) that when the door was opened, they could see nearly as well as in the day, and Rudd surveyed with gruff complacency their quarters for the night.

As Hemp had foretold there was plenty of clean straw, and this to men so jaded and tired as they were, was as welcome as beds of down—throwing off their shoes and coats, they were presently lying at full length in separate corners. Rudd, however, taking pretty good care, that Herbert should be as near him as he possibly could, to prevent the possibility of escape.

The men were soon, as was evident from their deep and heavy breathing, fast asleep; but Herbert, miserable and terror stricken, lay crying bitterly, but noiselessly, to himself as his mind recurred again and again to the image of Eleanor and Cecil, as he last remembered them at Delaval—they haunted him in his dreams, even after he had sobbed himself to sleep.

It was broad daylight when he awoke, and found his companions already stirring.

"I suppose we can get a snack inside," inquired Rudd of his new associate.

"Why hardly yet, I fancy—they are always very late a bed after a spree of that sort—some one however must be stirring, and if you will wait here a minute, I'll go and see," and Hemp, with a sleeping yawn, strode towards the door.

"Get up, brat!" growled Rudd, seconding his mandate with a brutal kick, "it's not for the likes of you to lay snoozing there."

Herbert sprang to his feet in a moment, and stood with his little hands clasped in the attitude of supplication before his merciless tyrant, who, with an eye closed, lay on a truss of straw surveying the poor little fellow with ferocious indifference.

"Are you hungry, whelp?" inquired the ruffian, after he had scanned his thin, haggard, wasted figure from head to foot.

"Yes, sir," was the timid reply.

"Yes, sir," growled Rudd, mimicking the tones of the boy's voice, "and what the dickens right then have you to be hungry—didn't I pay for your supper?"

The boy looked up for a moment, and there was a convulsive heaving visible of the throat, but he did not answer.

"Now I tell you what it is, young cock-sparrow," said the man, with one of his savage looks, "you feign all this sulkiness and pretended misery to make folks think that I ill-treat you, but, by Jove, if I catch you once crying or fretting whilst we're on tramp, I'll murder you that instant. I will now, and so you may prepare yourself for your fate."

Hemp at that moment entered with the news, that a dirty drab of a girl, half a sleep still, was busy getting breakfast for them in the kitchen, and that it would be ready in a few minutes.

"That's well," rejoined Rudd, darting a significant glance at Herbert, as he said, "Here boy, go into your corner until we call you again," a command which Herbert instantly obeyed.

"We could easily reach Dover to night, if you were so inclined," said he, in a low tone, as soon as Herbert was out of hearing.

"Well do so then by all means," rejoined Hemp, eagerly; "who knows what a day may bring about? I say, it's all sham, the story you trumped up about that boy being the son of the people you said he was."

"Who told you that," demanded Rudd, fiercely, although he was very much alarmed. "Who told you he was not the brat I said he was."

"I hadn't to go far," rejoined the other, with a surly smile, "they were talking of him in there last night."

"Darn them!" muttered Rudd to himself.

"The sooner you get the little fellow out of the country the better, I can tell you," said the other, significantly. "I heard enough to warn you of that."

"What, in the dicken's name did you hear?" demanded Rudd, foaming with baffled rage.

"Hush! he will hear you," said Hemp, looking quickly round.

"Sit down and I will tell you."

Rudd threw himself down at full length upon the straw, and fixing his fierce black eyes upon his companion, as if he could read him through and through, sat gnawing a straw between his teeth, as the other continued,

"They were talking about you," said Hemp, in a deep whisper; "how you broke jail for that coining business, and coming down into these parts, picked up the boy again—for it seems you had had him in your clutches before. Was it not so?"

Rudd nodded, and Hemp went on.

"An honest fool of a smith, Natty somebody, they said, had the boy, and you stole him from him."

"Confound him, I did!" muttered Rudd, drawing his knees together, as if a sudden pain had seized him. "Well?"

Hemp paused a moment, and then altering his manner, said,—"The brat had a guardian, a villain, who ill-used him, and from whom, it seems, he ran away; and this guardian, now thoroughly frightened—not for the boy's safety, but for his own disgrace—is hunting the country for the brat."

Rudd half sprang up, and then sank down again, as Hemp said, in a low tone,—*"There was an old fellow in there, last night, who had been servant-man to this brat's father, but had left; for the brat was born for some ill-deed. He didn't know either you or the boy, as indeed none of them did; and he*

was talking how that this Colonel Clarendon, as he called him, and another, whose name I forget——”

“Dalton?”

“Aye, Dalton—had been great friends, and that their two wives were both confined at the same time, somewhere abroad, when he was the only domestic with them; and that one being a boy, and the other a girl, Clarendon took both, and brought them up as his own.”

“And whose was the boy?”

“He could not tell; the surgeon that attended the two ladies had been sworn to secrecy, and he never knew. However, we have nothing to do with that, just now; the question is, how are we to get the boy quickly out of the country, for I suppose you want him with you.”

“At every hazard; his guardian will scarcely be likely to turn up here,” said Rudd, moodily.

“Well, no; I think we had better get breakfast, and start at once—eh?”

“It’s the best plan we can adopt,” said Rudd, jumping up. “Here, boy, follow us!” and the pair strode out of the barn.

The meal they found prepared for them was of the very coarsest, and the kitchen in which they ate it, in addition to its usual filth, had all the discomfort attendant upon being the scene of the over-night’s orgies. Herbert, however, goaded on by hunger, made what in his present circumstances must be considered a hearty meal, a fact which Mr. Hemp did not fail to notice. Immediately it was over, the two sprang to their feet, and throwing down a shilling for their reckoning, strode out of the miserable den, Herbert limping painfully after them.

“Do you see that, little-un?” inquired Rudd, bringing his heavy cudgel in a line with Herbert’s eyes. “Very well, then; remember, the very first time I catch you loitering a yard behind, whack! it comes down across your back.”

And then brandishing it over his head to give him a wholesome terror of its vengeance, the ruffian strode out upon the highway at a good swinging walk, leaving Hemp and the boy to keep up with his huge strides as best they could.

MARRYING IN MAY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Why, lady, believe in the idle tradition
 That marriage in May must be thought on with fear?
 Oh! say, should a vague and obscure superstition
 Thus sadden the loveliest month of the year?
 Look round thee—the trees with fair blossoms are laden,
 The meadows are decked in their verdant array;
 There is joy in the heart of the youth and the maiden,
 And love must be surely congenial with May.

The frosts and the storms of the winter are over,
 The woods are all song, and the banks are all bloom;
 Now, now, is the time for the bride and her lover
 To seek the calm rest, the pure pleasures of home:
 Now, happiness, yet to the heart a new-comer,
 May gently expand beneath Spring's cheering ray,
 Prepared for the warmth of the glorious summer
 By the soft breaking sunshine of beautiful May.

Why, lady, thus wilfully strive to remember
 Each sorrowful bridal that May ever knew?
 Are vows sure to prosper in foggy November,
 In bleak, bitter March, do they always prove true?
 Hath treacherous April no tricking delusion,
 Do showers never drive her brief sunbeams away?
 Must *all* married anarchy, strife and confusion
 Be laid to the charge of bright, exquisite May?

When breezes around us sweet fragrance are flinging,
 When fresh, dewy flowers daily spring from the sod,
 Methinks it is meet that the heart should be bringing
 Its fond, fervent vows to the altar of God.
 Then look not, fair lady, for clouds in the distance,
 Discard gloomy fantasies, fix on the day,
 And long may the course of thy happy existence
 Encourage young lovers to marry in May.

PERILS, PASTIMES, AND PLEASURES OF AN EMIGRANT.*

THIS is a graphic and interesting work, on a subject just now exciting universal attention—an attention not certainly likely to decrease. For many of the ills we daily witness, emigration seems to be the only appropriate remedy. There are starving men who are weighed down by the difficulty of providing for their hourly wants. Fathers of families have long ceased to find a quiver full of children the great blessing it was when the book of Proverbs was written. Nothing, therefore, seems more natural than that men should leave a land where they cannot live, for one where they can; nay, more, were they are imperatively required.

Our author gives much amusing illustration of colonial life. He first takes us to the cow pastures. "They are about thirty-five miles from Sidney, where the Australian nomade really begins his life. The pasture life, especially sheep-feeding, is dull, easy, and excessively monotonous. Day after day passes without the slightest call for exertion, except at *branding* time, which comes but once a year, when the bustle and hooting create a temporary change. Everything connected with this occupation disposes to dreaming and dosing—the heat, the drowsiness of the atmosphere, and the stillness of the cattle,—and you sink, as it were, insensibly into that condition. I soon became, like others, very idle, smoked a great deal, stuffed birds by way of killing time, and affording me a stimulus to carry my gun; took long *steaming* walks, as they call them, from sheer fatigue of indolence, which frequently created the only excitement which is incidental to a bush life. I passed three months in this lazy manner, and became heartily weary of it. Our living, I must observe, was wretchedly bad, as everything was so scarce and dear. Sometimes we had great difficulty in procuring even bread; and as to meat and milk, although in the corn pastures, the first was lean and tough, and the last not to be obtained at almost any price. But this scarcity arose, I ought to relate, from a terrible *drought* which lasted three successive years, and rendered everything in the shape of food almost inaccessible. The cattle died off by thousands, and those remain-

* Perils, Pastimes, and Pleasures of an Emigrant in Australia, Vancouver's Island, and California. London: Thomas Cauntley Newby.

ing behind were weak, attenuated by hunger, and comparatively unproductive. A timely importation of wheat and rice, chiefly from the Indian Archipelago, proved a great relief to all classes and conditions of society, and even to animal life, so universal was the depression at that time. My professional pursuits frequently called me to the pastures, although my head-quarters or *bleeding* establishment was at a small house near Gass, on the road to Guilbourn, where my partner C——, who attended to the kill or cure department at home, while I *toured* it in the country, almost always resided. During the awful scarcity to which I have alluded, we could neither obtain money nor meat of our clients in the town, therefore determined to take a turn together in the country, to pay a *friendly* visit, where we hoped to find relief in one shape or another. C—— put the horse in the gig, and off we started on our tour, and we generally managed to acquire the price of ducks, fowls, and hams, &c., or what we saw about in the eating line, especially if there was an old bill standing, or a new one accumulating. We never objected to take it out in *kind* during the drought, as there was scarcely any kind of eatables to be obtained for love or money. One day we had a goose, two dried tongues, a loaf of bread, a couple of live ducks, a small bag of flour, a piece of mutton, and a lump of butter—all *sets off* against our precious medicine and advice. It would have done your heart good to have seen C—— hand out articles one after another, and heard his quaint observations upon the relative value of the mutton and goose as compared with our costly draughts and lotions.”

Our traveller leaves cow pastures for Sidney. On his way there he stops at an inn to drink “Yankee particular,” where the landlord tells him a tale, too true and too common, we fear. “I was born, bred, and educated in a small town in Northamptonshire, and my parents were respectable farmers, and pretty well to do in life. As a start in the world, I was apprenticed to a linen-draper in the country, served five years, and learned my trade, such as it then was; then removed to London to try my fortune in that great whirlpool of struggling care, honest industry, ambitious hopes, splendid success, and I must say of crushing misery to the many, whatever advantages the lucky few may obtain in that great industrial game which is always on, and never played out in one way or another within its eddying rounds. I was lucky at first in obtaining a situation at twenty pounds a year in one of those large houses, whose gaudy fronts and well-crammed windows, which denote a very plethora of opulence, are an infallible cynosure to lady’s eyes, situated in the neighbourhood of St. Paul’s. Our governor—we never called him master, was a religious man, and lived out of town, and in his way not a

bad character either, but as deeply bitten with the conversational morality of the trade as any shopkeeper possibly could be. His motto was, 'Sell—sell fairly and honestly if you can, but you must sell, or you won't do for me.' If a lady came in, and one of the young men, or women either, for there were a great number of the latter in the shop, could not suit her with an article, he was considered a bad salesman, and depreciated instantly in his annual value; if, indeed, he was allowed to stop, which seldom was the case. The result of this system, which is almost universally observed throughout London, with a few exceptions, is the rearing up of young men and women thus employed as unmitigated and utter liars, which it would be impossible to surpass, as the utmost ingenuity and ability are exercised in devising new schemes to entrap customers, and fresh devices to prevent their escapes without making purchases when once entrapped. I have, however, known some most audacious liars in those establishments; and well they might be so, for many of them, after hours of business, spend their time in devising new schemes to entrap customers, and devices of the day, in order to sell goods, or in other terms, to make a good 'book,' which the governor scrupulously scanned the next morning. If you were a good salesman, or which is synonymous in linen-drapery etymology, a great liar; that is, technically speaking, if you could shave the ladies well, and took a good amount every day, you would be sure to obtain the approbation of the heads of the house, and receive an approving smile or word from the governor in chief as he made his morning's survey through his well-drilled establishment. My next move in life was to a large wholesale house, which abound in London, where I received a good salary, and succeeded tolerably well. But there you may observe the same system of lying, deceit, and chicanery, and of a more atrocious nature too, as far as genuine morality or common honesty is concerned, but the parties before whom it is practised are of a more crafty kind than the ladies in the retail shops, being no less than the masters and buyers of these same shops. I at length determined to commence business on my own account; the times were good—money was easy—I was well known in the manufacturing districts as a buyer; others with less means had succeeded, which greatly annoyed me, therefore I made up my mind to try my luck. Imagine me in business, with about twelve thousand pounds stock, with liabilities to about fifty thousand, and literally owing twenty thousand, similar to many and many a man in the city of London, I will venture to say at the present moment; a great depression in trade—a panic in the money-market—no bills discounting in any shape; you are desperately

hard up for the needful, and with a balance at your bankers, which they had long hinted as too *tapery*, or too fine, as their respective terms might be;—what could you have done under such circumstances? What! why stop payment of course. Nothing but a miracle, which never occurs in methodical London, in the shape of a secret mine, could save you. That was my case in 1837, and here I am in 184—, little thinking that I should have experienced so many and such peculiar changes. ‘Ah! that is an infernal system of business, and breaks many a man’s heart. No one should embark in such a business without he has ample capital to carry it on with ease.’ I think I hear you say, but almost all your wealthy men in England, and especially in London, many of whom have fallen under my observation, have commenced with comparative little capital. The fact is, when a storm sets in, no matter whence it comes, the great commercial world of England feels it most heavily, and many of her strongest and most stately trees are swept down by it, although fully prepared, were it fair and quiet weather.”

Our author leaves Sidney, and goes a whaling voyage. One morning a whale was perceived, and immediately its capture was undertaken. “The compliment generally left to work the ship comprises the carpenter, the steward, the cooper, the cook, two boys, and myself. We all watched with intense excitement the proceedings of the boat; now jumping up the rail, now standing on the cat-head, or the skid, or halfway up the rigging, and every one exclaiming according to his feelings and excitement.

“There they are—boats in among them—look at the bumps.”

“The skipper is nearly up with them—there she spouts again.”

“Mr. Kerr is laying with his green oars apart, to give the green boat a chance.”

“There, he’s into her—did’n’t you see him strike?”

“Pshaw! he’s only getting ready.”

“Getting ready, do you call it? look how she’s dragging him through the water.”

“I’ll bet two niggerheads we get a couple of them.”

“Mr. B’s got another—see, there goes a lance—they are fouling one another’s lines—there’s a mess—one will have to cut.”

“By Jove she’s carrying him right in the teeth of the wind.”

“Brace up the mainyard—keep her close at it.”

“There she is again. Strike, you beggars, strike.”

“There, she has it again—now she fights.”

“There’s white water—spouts clear yet.”

“Now she tumbles—another boat coming up—he’ll be at her directly.”

"There, she kicks again—there's blood—there's the red shirt."

"Two chaws of baccy against a rope-yarn, she's ours—there, she fights again—there's the red flag, she's ours."

"A young bull, I think—back the mainyard—clear up the mainsail—in driven—boat coming for fluke rope."

A stout rope is then carried from the ship, made fast round the *small*, just before the flukes, and the whale is soon towed alongside; when operations are immediately commenced, as she lays in the water—"the cutting falls" being prepared—and the men standing on a stage over the ship's side. First, the upper part of the head is separated from the lower; the former comprises what is called the "case," and the "junk," and is immediately towed astern till the last, and then if not too large, brought on deck. The "junk" is cut into slices, and the case is baled out. The latter containing pure fluid oil; while the junk, or brain, contains the spermaceti, or as we call it, head matter. I will endeavour to describe the mode of disposing of the whale, and extracting the oil. Suppose a ruler, about eighteen inches in length, with a ribbon about three inches wide, wound round it in a spiral manner; the former will represent the whale, the latter the blubber. Suppose again a piece of the outside covering of the whale (the blubber), which averages from three to four inches in thickness, is raised by tackles and hooks, worked by a windlass, the men cutting with long spades into the sides of the whale to detach the covering; this may be compared to the ribbon. As the piece is raised by the tackle, the whale itself will turn precisely in the same manner as the ruler would turn were you to pull the ribbon perpendicularly from it; or in other words, were you to unwind it. The piece cut is called a "flanker piece," generally measuring from three to four feet in width; and the first process of oil-making is to stow this "piece" in the blubber-room, where two men cut it up into what are called "horse pieces," thence it is conveyed to the mincers, who prepare it for the "try pots," where it is boiled till the scraps are quite brown and crisp, which denote that the utmost quantity of oil has been extracted from them. The oil is then bailed out into the coolers, and thence to the barrels; when it becomes cool, it is stowed below. The next operation is to boil what is technically called the "stink," which comprises the slivers of blubber, and of "fat lean," and the "scud," which may have been thrown aside. As the barrels are rolled off from the coolers, they are lashed to the "stringer," till stowed down. We have had sometimes fifteen tons of oil on deck. The sperm, which sometimes adheres so closely to the casks when emptied, we call South-sea snow. The flesh of the whale is of a deep red colour, darker than beef, and

appears full of blood; its flavour very much resembles that of black puddings. We had it frequently on table—sometimes stewed, sometimes in steaks, sometimes chopped up with onions and pepper, like sausage-meat—and it is not a bad relish in any way, although I preferred it in the sausage manner.”

These few miscellaneous extracts are sufficient to give some idea of this volume—one very pleasant, and very readable, containing much of amusement and instruction. Not the least alluring part to a public that hungers and thirsts for gold, will be the chapters headed “California.” That magic name will, we doubt not, ensure for the work a speedy sale.

J. E. R

THE MOTHER'S ANSWER.

A band of cottage children were sporting in the breeze,
And hiding from the sunshine beneath the forest trees;
They twined fair woodbine garlands, and wreathed by leaves and
flowers,
The frolic band with shout and laugh sped on the noon-tide
hours.

And there was one with sunny hair, and eyes of azure blue;
A little thing of fairy mould,—bright as the morning dew;
She onward led her young compeers, amid the deep fern dells,
To search for fragrant hyacinths, and delicate blue-bells.

The lady of the castle sought the cool sequestered glade,
And pale her cheek as she reposed beneath the greenwood
shade;
With winning words of tender love, and gestures sweet and mild,
She strove to gain the friendship of that lovely cottage child.

“My bowers are bright and beautiful,” she whispered in her ear,
“Fairer flowers are blooming *there*, than aught thou can’st find
here.

And thou shalt sleep in silken folds, hush’d by soft music’s tone,
And call the ancient broad domain and stately halls thine own.

So thou wilt dwell with me, and think and call me *Mother*,
For I will love and cherish thee, as if thou had'st none other ;
Oh ! let me pour affection forth on thy young, guileless breast ;
The gushing love of woman's heart, on thee may safely rest.

The timid, wondering maiden took the kind lady's hand,
And led her by a quiet stream amid the pasture land ;
Beneath a lowly cottage porch she told the wondrous tale,
Of how she won that lady on, all through the flowery dale.

A staid and modest matron stood before the castle dame,
Smiling, half angered when she heard *why* the grand lady
came :

The mother gazed upon her child with pure and holy pleasure,
But frowned rebuke unwittingly, for coveting her treasure.

" Ah ! lady, thou hast never known a mother's pride and
bliss ;
Mine all on earth ;—my heart's life blood I'd sooner give than
this :

This one pet lamb is all we have, and desolate our fold,
If we lost her, or filled her place with mines of countless gold.

Thou sittest 'mongst the nobles in thine high and honour'd
place,

And the treasures of the earth thine ev'ry footstep grace :
The peasant's home—the lowly hut—hath nought to offer
thee,

Then wend thy bright and brilliant track,—we have no sym-
pathy ! "

C. A. M. W.

RAMBLES.

BY WALTER R. CASTELLI.

No. II.

DERWENTWATER—SUN AND SHOWER.

It is a delightful thing to lie on the grass in the sunshine, not with the full rays beating upon you, but under "the shade of melancholy boughs," with the golden light stealing through the leaves, and making them sunny, and falling on the sward in quaint tracings, which move slowly round you, like a magic circle, with unearthly characters upon it. If you have a brook near you, to gurgle and make you feel cool, and to which you can every now and then go and dip your hands, or, throwing yourself upon the moss, stoop till your lips touch the clear tide, and you sip it slowly up, treasuring each drop as a connoisseur does his rich old port, that he may get every atom of flavour from it, and then rise, smacking your lips, and go lazily back to your shade again, with as little exertion as may be,—you are in Paradise. There you lie, half asleep and half awake, in a sort of Elysian trance, dreaming of all lovely things, without a shadow to dim them, or a single care to disturb your serenity; Arcadia is no longer a fiction, and pretty shepherdesses, with their coquettish straw hats and etherial crooks, quite matter-of-fact realities. Everything is so still around you that the grasshopper's cry becomes a regular trumpet-call, and the bee does indeed literally "wind his mellow horn" in your ear. The birds are all silent and sleepy, and you wonder if you see some wild fellow flit from one bush to another, and think he must be up to mischief. The cushats are the only exceptions, and you may perhaps hear their delicious cooings stealing through the woods; but then they always choose such cool shades to nestle in, dark, and tinted with the overhanging leaves, as a lady's boudoir, or as Madeline's exquisite oriel in "St. Agnes' Eve." In the distance you see the cattle lying, too lazy to eat, or

brushing the flies from their sides; and, if they be near water, thronging there, and standing in it for coolness, just as Cuyt delighted to paint them. You pity the haymakers in the sloping fields yonder, who are obeying the prudent but melting injunction, to "make hay while the sun shines;" and when you see the man on the top pausing to wipe his forehead, you fancy you hear immortal John exclaiming, "Give me a cup of sack."

But we must not lie here all day, for we intend to ramble about that beautiful lake, Derwent, which we can just see through the trees from where we are now resting, shining like a mirror worthy the forms of all angels celestial or terrestrial. So we up, and grasping our staff determinately, wend onwards to the Castle Crag, which having reached, we halt, as a pilgrim does in sight of his minaret, and gaze around us with love and veneration. If we lived in the days of chivalry we would throw down our glove, and hold the lists, "*à l'outrance*," against all comers, that Derwent is the loveliest of the sisterhood; but, as it is quite out of fashion to fight for "love and glory," now-a-days, we must content ourselves with a defiance, in our boldest hand, to all who have the bad taste to differ from us. Now descend with us, and step into this little pinnace, and let us push out into the centre of the lake, with the silver ripples dancing about us, and racing for first touch, and parting before our prow as silverly as ever did the streams of Paruassus round the snowy ankle of Venus; there is just enough wind breathing to fan a maiden's cheeks, and rustle amongst her silken tresses, and to waft us gently along towards the verdant islets which lie there,—

"Beautiful as a wreck of paradise."

Here we are at the precise position, rather inclining to the north side of the lake. Now turn your eyes towards Kewswick, and, "*seniores priores*," look at that venerable old mountain, Skiddaw, whose hoary brow has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze:" aye, the battle of the elements, "the roar of heaven's artillery," the all-shaking thunder that could "strike flat the thick rotundity of the world," to which the squabbling of man is but child's play. See how grand and solemn he is, and yet, as the sun is reflected from his rugged sides, he seems a worthy guardian over beauty, being at once strong as a giant and gentle as a lamb. Then at his feet lies Kewswick in her pleasant valley, bosomed amongst hills, as one would cherish a favourite dove, though, when you are in her streets, you say in your heart she is most unworthy of the honour; however, at a distance she looks well enough. To the right you have the spire of the little church peeping from

amongst the trees in which it is cradled, and looking most calm and heavenly; for a simple, unadorned little house of prayer, in such a scene, and with so much sabbatical peace and rest about it, is a more lovely object than Jerusalem's temple would be to us, spite of all its magnificence. Creep along the shore, and mark the many-hued trees spreading down to the very edge of the tide, and on the opposite side that wild sweep of rock, rendered more stern even by contrast with the occasional patches of verdure; and then you come to the islands themselves, as to a climax, which having attained, you are so charmed, that with your eyes on that beautiful hermitage you exclaim in rapture, "Here will I set up my everlasting rest." Verily, St. Herbert is the most tasteful and ethereal father confessor who ever told beads, or mounted a sacred niche in the calendar; and we protest that we would gladly turn hermit ourselves, and abjure stronger fare than herbs and spring water, for the sake of this same hermitage, and we hereby promise ever to remember him in our orisons who will place us there. The legend, that at the entreaty of St. Herbert he and his friend St. Cuthbert died at the same instant, is poetical, and worthy the place and the poetical monk. But after all, as a fair friend of ours very pertly said, such a hermitage is only meet for some fair girl-recluse in white vestments, with golden hair drooping around her, and a rose-coloured hood to shelter her from the sun by day and the dews at eventide.

Turn you now, and look up the other end of the lake. Just now you had a landscape, rich and sunny as heart could desire; here there is a change, and you gaze on nature in her wild and rugged beauty: towering crags on either side, that do not seem to have a drop of the milk of human kindness in their frosty old granite; and opening amid them is Borrowdale, looking sombre and dreadful, as though it were the porch of the Titans of old. The hills are stern and gloomy beneath their misty chaplets, the diadem that crowns the mighty of their race. Let us row up to them, looking the while on the clear tide, so golden with the dancing of the sun-rays in the zephyr tracks, and upwards on the kindred mirror of the heavens, athwart whose tender blue floats many a fleecy cloudlet, with the kisses of the noontide on it. Ah! if they gather we will have a shower, a few heat drops to make the flowers sweet. But here we are opposite Lodore. Now listen to the voices of the eternal hills. "Ho! ho!" There they go, laughing through all the chain, but laughing as mountains should, with deep, solemn tones, mocking their own mirth. Did you ever feel Coleridge's lines so forcibly as now?—

“ In Langdale Pike and Witch’s Lair,
 And dungeon-ghyll so foully rent,
 With ropes of rock and bells of air,
 Three sinful sextons’ souls are pent ;
 Who all give back, one after t’other,
 The death note to their living brother ;
 And oft, too, by the knell offended,
 Just as their one ! two ! three ! is ended,
 The devil mocks the doleful tale,
 With a merry peal from Borrowdale.”

Is it not fine ! This is the true test of poetry—bring the copy into the presence of the original, and if it be but the work of one of “ Nature’s journeymen,” you will dismiss them without their “ penny-fee,” “ they imitate *nature* so abominably.”

But, just as we thought—we are going to have a shower, a thing half smiles, half tears, for every now and then we see the drop in the water almost like the dipping of a fly ; so in we go, and take shelter at the pretty inn at Lodore, with its gardens and bee-hives, at which we always make a point of having a peep, and a taste of their honey for lunch. Not that we ourselves care anything for showers, for since childhood, when we used to run out in it bareheaded, laughing at the idea of its making us grow, till this very day, we have enjoyed them, and felt refreshed as the bright drops gathered upon us. Yes ! it is a delightful thing, a shower in summer, when the flowers are hanging their heads, and have sighed away all their perfume for it, and the soil is cracked and parched with the heat, and

“ E’en mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promised sweetness.”

And then it comes,—slowly at first, that it may deal gently with the sufferers, and then faster and faster, till all nature is refreshed and joyous. The thrush, he sings all the while, being a matter-of-fact sort of fellow, and not given to enthusiasm, but all the rest of the feathered tribe are twittering congratulations to each other, and so cannot find time for a song till the rain has ceased, and then they burst forth in a rich flood of harmony. A shower is such a musical thing itself, that we doubt whether all birds would have a chance against it. There is something so tender and plaintive in the sound of the clear drops as they plash on the leaves and gather into the flower cups. Shelley, praising the skylark, a sort of Jenny Lind amongst birds as he is, together with other beautiful things, says,—

" Sound of vernal flowers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain awakened flowers,
All that ever was

Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass."

The lines themselves have the very melody of the showers they describe, and show how highly he appreciated them.

We always love the occasional clouds that wander about the blue skies of summer, for we think

" They bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;"

And in what beautiful places they must gather them ! Springs bright as "elemental diamonds;" rillets dancing merrily down hill sides to gambol through the woodlands; ferns slumbering in the bosom of mighty mountains where the stars alone mirror their brightness; all pure and lucid as the air above them, and so well befitting the sweet blossoms they nourish.

If you are a lover of honey, or wish to be, try the skeps at Lodore, for truly, out of the Highlands, there is none such in the kingdom. It has the true smack of the flowers about it, not present bodily, but in some ethereal form, as though you tasted their perfume only, refined from all earthliness; and as for colour, there never was aught so delicious. True, we have tasted sweeter, but that was in bonnie Scotland, where the bees were sent up to revel amongst the heather, and there fill their cells with richer store than ever did the bees of Hybla. Ay! sweet was that honey to us, and sweeter for the sake of her who brought it out to us with her own white hands, when we rose with the lark in the summer mornings, to go a-wandering with our rod by the stream side, whipping every inch of the way, and bearing off no poor show of speckled trout to witness of our skill. She was a fair creature, and as kind as she was fair, and not one within a dozen miles but loved Jessie, and would have gone leagues to serve her. Many and many a schoolmate who came down with us for the holidays, has borne back the fame of her blue eyes and sunny hair, and loved her as schoolboys only love; and a sad day was it to many a youthful heart, our's most, when the young bride left her fatherland, and journeyed to a distant clime. Poor one! she sleeps beneath the shadow of the palm-trees now—a flower scorched and withered by that fiery sun.

But it is clearing up, and we will soon be able to enjoy the coolness of the hour, without danger to our precious persons.

What is this? Oh, Southey's description of the waterfall! Pretty and quaint? Prettiest in the introduction, you will say. Right, so it is. *Propos*, we don't much admire the site of Southey's house; we could point out fifty better places in the immediate neighbourhood. The house itself is not much to speak of, and to reach Derwent, you must pass through that abominable little place, Keswick, which may all the ink in Great Britain blacken! Perhaps the same village elsewhere might have passed muster, and not even received a stray kick, but here, in the very realms of beauty, it is unbearable. And if old Skiddaw were some fine day to topple down, our only consolation would be that he had buried Keswick in the oblivion of his ruins. "Have patience, good people," but we do get crabbed when we think of the place. Wordsworth is more fortunate in the position of his house at Rydal, though even that might be improved. However, we are mortal, and not always able to please ourselves; but, had it been a little further from the high road, a little nearer the lake, or what were still better, at the other end altogether, where one could at once see Rydal Water and that lovely sheet, Grasmere, on which all the white swans of paradise might sigh to float, it would have been a cottage worthy of Wordsworth, which is saying a good deal. Truly, truly, the lake poets were richly favoured, and it would have been rank treason against all nature and beauty, had they not "soared above a common bound," but the most contumacious jury in Ireland, even, must pronounce them "Not Guilty."

But let us out and have a look at the cataract. How fine is that rock, rising so steadily up, with the foliage cresting it round, and clinging to its stalwart frame! It seems made for a waterfall, and that particular waterfall seems made for it. A beautiful sight is falling water at all times, and in all places: we would walk a whole summer's day to see it, for we love the light-hearted dancing thing in all its degrees, from Niagara, with we know not how many thousand tons of water coming over at a gulp, down to the veriest coquette of a ripple, fretting over a pebble, with no more admiring audience than a violet or a heatherbell. They always appear to us to have a woman's spirit in their dewy bosoms, so brimful are they of beauty and grace, and the gentle joyousness that so oft makes man's life a summer story. Niagara?—Well! come, she suits the genius of her own people, being a "Mother of the modern Gracchi," or Lady Macbeth sort of fall, and a decided advocate of "progress."

Now here we come full upon it, and see the impetuous stream leaping from rock to rock, as though it had been poured out of a chalice by some Titanic Hebe, gathering foam as it goes, till far below, where the sun is shining so softly upon it, you are

reminded of "lily on liquid roses floating." The summer has softened its fury now, but when its stream is swollen with the rains of winter it is a grand object, and sends its thunders on the wind for many a mile. This is one of its peaceful moments, and so its voice is cool and melodious, deep and thoughtful, too, as a poet's soul, with a margin of light-hearted lisps, but in the main grand and eloquent. The majority of "tourists" are disappointed with Lodore; they come with imaginations inflated at least to the measure of Niagara, and, coming in the dry season, they find only a small volume of water tumbling over, and therefore go away with many a sneer. But if one of them could only be induced to run over when the mountain torrents are full, and all uniting in the common channel, they would be forced to change their tune, and would not stand on this ledge of rock where we now are for the wealth of the Indies; and it might well shake the nerves of a stancher man than any of the Cockney brood, as the resistless flood dashes on towards him, threatening to uproot the solid granite in its fury. Yes: Lodore is a fine fall, always beautiful, and often sublime, and with a name musical as stream could have. A wild course has the Lodore from its very commencement; and he who wishes to behold nature in her rude and solitary moods could not do better than follow its course along the silent valley of Watenlath. For a couple of miles does it thus run, without a rival voice than the howling of the winds amongst the rocky hollows, or the occasional bleating of the sheep that browse upon the mountain slopes, only making the desolation more complete with their wild murmurings; and then it wildly ends in this fine cataract, thence flowing through hidden channels into the placid Derwent. There is a peculiar charm in tracing back the windings of a stream to its first source, and marking the various aspects it presents; to find the river which late had dashed down the rocky steep, foam-whitened, mocking the thunder in its fall, and shaking the very granite by its fury, at length appear a silver rippled brooklet, flowing calmly from a lonely tarn, bosomed amid the "eternal hills," scarce ruffled even by the blasts that sweep their lofty summits. We have had many a pleasant ramble of this kind, and to many a strange scene have we been led, too; and now, as we look back, we can even remember with something like comfort sundry nights passed under the canopy of heaven, in spots desolate enough in all conscience by day, and therefore at night suggestive of very *spiritual* ideas. Yes: it is a decidedly awkward thing to lose oneself among the mountains at the gloaming, when every step you take seems to bring the night nearer, but certainly nothing at all resembling humanity; and the pleasure is enhanced if a

good thick Scotch mist come on, which wets you through in five minutes, and at last sends you crouching under some overhanging rock, with your brandy-flask to your lips, thanking your stars if it happen to be well replenished. So that after all, this is a pursuit to be followed with caution.

But we must down now, and take a stroll up the pass of Borrowdale a few yards. We have always had a particular affection for the Derwent. It is a beautiful stream, and flows through scenery romantic and picturesque as may be,—now gentle and sunny, and now wild and rugged,—ever changing its character. A pretty sight is the little village of Grange amongst its trees, and the old bridge sweeping quaintly over the parted stream. There stay we, and looking back, rest the while against its sturdy buttress. The lake looks well from here, and the sun lights it gloriously; the voice of Lodore, too, comes down to us on the breeze most refreshingly; and yonder is that fine old monarch, Skiddaw, with the mist just blowing over him. Lucky are they who chance to be upon him at this moment, for they will have a view such as their eyes may never see again, as the curtain of cloud slowly rolls away, and the magnificent panorama of hill and dale, lake and woodland, lies unfolded beneath them. Many a time did we climb him ere we were rewarded with such an opportunity; but the moment amply repaid us all our toil, and never shall we forget the striking effect of this dramatic unveiling of nature, object after object becoming clear, and crowding on the sense with thrilling power.

Though Windermere is certainly a lovely sight by moonlight, it must “hide its diminished head” before Derwentwater, at the same season. A glorious night it was on which we first saw it. The day had been warm as sun could make it; but as the evening fell, a balmy coolness filled the air, without the seeming motion of a breath, and the moon rose large and brilliant, as when first she hung o’er rapt Endymion. Stars there were none, for the light was too intense; but the sky was blue and liquid as Italy’s, and not a single shadow trembled upon it; and over the placid waters came the silvery rays, rippling brightly, showing the beautiful isles amid them like fairy worlds. And there, against the heavens, old Skiddaw outlined, sublime in his silent grandeur, towering over the giant brotherhood. And through the stillness Lodore boomed mysteriously, coming upon one like a dream. And there we lay, on the lake, in our little skiff, spell-bound by the enchantment of the scene, which not even the fabled eloquence of the fair ones of our party could resist. So we floated without a word, without a sound, save occasionally the light drip of the oars, and with not even a heart-wrung “Beautiful!” to break the

silence. Alack! how that little company is scattered now! One lately met a mournful fate, in the very spring of life, on the battle-plains of India. Another dwells within the shadow of the Capitol, and sees the same moon rise upon the Colosseum. Another, by "clear, placid Leman," and her thrilling voice now floats over it, as once it used to do so sweetly over this. And only one still clings to "merrie England." But so the world wags!

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Philosophy of Religion. By J. D. Morell, A.M. London: Longman and Co.

THERE can be no doubt but the present is an increasingly religious age. This conviction is pressed upon us notwithstanding that sects of all kinds are fast losing their popularity and power. Men are learning conscientiously to examine, and honestly to speak on, that greatest of all subjects—the tie that binds man to God—that tells the child of dust and decay how glorious is his nature, how transcendent are his hopes. Amongst the many who, in accordance with this tendency, have come forward with help and sympathy to those struggling to attain the truth on spiritual matters, is the able author of the "History of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe." We welcome his appearance in the field. By religion Mr. Morell means not any particular development of it, but the religious sentiment which universally exists. This work is essentially philosophical, and has everywhere traces of the writer's judgment and skill. It is a sincere, honest book, worthy to be read by every one who claims to be something more than a worldling, a sensualist, or a fop.

TO *****.

Do not I love thee, dearest? yes :
More than language can express ;
And that love shall never
Time, or earth, or death dis sever.

Music's voice to thine
Is as water unto wine ;
Nor is the moon so white
As thy bosom bright ;
Sunbeams are not so fair
As thy silken hair ;
Man ne'er saw a purer red
Than on thy blushing cheek is spread ;
Nor can poets' stories,
Though they tell of glories,
Sing a more noble prize
Than the heaven of thine eyes.

And yet for me the morrow
Brings its care and sorrow ;
And I may not stay to drink
Of love's free and gushing brink ;
And the stream runs heedless on,
And my dream of joy is gone.

Still may the coming hours
Drop on thy pathway flowers,
And bright and brighter shine
Till the love of God divine
Fit thee for a world where never
The beloved and pure shall sever.

J. E. R.

MACAULAY THE HISTORIAN.

History of England, from the Accession of James the Second.

By T. B. Macaulay. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1849.

Quarterly Review, No. 168. London: Murray, April, 1848.

It is, we believe, matter for deep regret among those who take any interest in our current literature, that the highest literary authorities should be regarded rather as the organs of political partisans, than as the advocates of intellectual progress, or the judges of literary excellence. We are well aware that to the checking power which party feeling has engendered, is mainly to be ascribed a code of laws securing us from despotism on the one hand, and from anarchy on the other. We are well aware that to this is to be ascribed our national prosperity, and our national glory. To this we are indebted, under the direction of a higher power, for the blessings of a free constitution, and the establishment of a purer religion. We do not undervalue political partisanship when it is subservient to our peace, our happiness and our glory as a nation; but we must confess that it occasions us no less surprise than regret to see these two distinct parties using their great powers to produce a check on intellectual progress. That this is the case few people, we think, will venture to deny. Those who are accustomed to read certain of our periodical publications, well know how large a mixture they contain of the honey of political favour, and the gall of political bitterness. They well know that even those reviews which have been under the guidance of a Jeffrey and a Gifford, have been imbued with it in proportion with their greater talent. They well know the party feeling of the magazine which is enriched with the rare genius, and unmistakable accomplishments of Christopher North. They well know that no sooner does a Tory partisan publish a pamphlet, than down comes the thunder of the "Edinburgh." They well know also that the appearance of a history by a statesman who voted for the Reform Bill, and who has sat in a Whig cabinet, would ex-

June, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXVIII. 1

cite the bile of Blackwood's Magazine, and the Quarterly Review.

The fifth of December, 1848, is a day which will be long remembered in the annals of literature. On that day appeared the first two volumes of Mr. Macaulay's long expected "History of England." They have, we believe, taken his admirers (and their name is Legion) by surprise. For ourselves, we without hesitation assert, that our astonishment has almost equalled our admiration. We expected to find, and we have found, masterly portraitures, and vivid historical paintings. We expected to find, and we have found, a vast magazine of information opened for our inspection. We expected to find, and we have found, philosophical disquisitions worthy of Hume, and a style surpassing that of Gibbon. But we did not expect to find, as we have found, a spirit of careful investigation, which would remind us of the historian of "British India," or of that most impartial of writers, the historian of the "middle ages." Nevertheless, all the world knew that neither Blackwood nor the Quarterly would feel at all disposed to acknowledge this, and Tories looked anxiously for the forthcoming numbers of their respective reviews. The articles were not, however, to be hastily concocted. It was necessary for the one to attempt a defence (and that was no easy matter) of the conduct of Charles the First; and for the other to refer to the authorities quoted in the historian's pages, for the means of confuting what the reviewer is graciously pleased to consider his errors. This task has now been accomplished, we suppose to their satisfaction. After four months' delay,—

"The pies were opened, and the birds began to sing."

The mode of attack of these organs of Toryism has been well managed, the one having reprobated the principle which the other has adopted. Blackwood disclaims all intention of dogging the footsteps of Mr. Macaulay for the purpose of tripping up his heels, while the Quarterly carefully follows in his pathway, and exercises great perseverance in kicking up the stones after him. The former (for a magazine which is confessedly the organ of a party) is as impartial as was to be expected; the latter has exhibited "a mind well skilled to find or forge a fault," and a bitterness of feeling which is by no means creditable. As we are not possessed of the hardihood of a certain living epic (?) poet, who favoured the world with a "Critique on the Critics," we shall merely give our readers two or three specimens of the manner in which the Quarterly Reviewer has performed his task, and then direct our attention to the first instalment of Mr.

Macaulay's remarkable work. We prefer devoting a little of our time and space to this critic, because we doubt not that as he has "peppered the highest," he is "surest to please."

The first objection of the reviewer is a somewhat singular one. Not being an adept at the science of arithmetic, he complains of the "paucity of dates." We have never read a work in which it appeared to us that marginal dates could be so well dispensed with. One half of the first volume is occupied with a preliminary sketch of English history down to the accession of James the Second. We are not aware that it is necessary in a mere essay to sprinkle the margins with dates, particularly when the authenticity of the prominent facts may be ascertained upon consulting works with which every schoolboy is acquainted. Nor have we felt the want of these "landmarks," as one critic terms them, in the history itself:—first, because Mr. Macaulay has only written the events of James the Second's reign (a period of three years): and secondly, because it is easy for every attentive reader to discover by the narrative itself, the date of any particular transaction. We see, however, that Messrs. Longman and Co. have thought it worth their while to attend to the reviewer's modest suggestion, and they are right; there is no better policy than to give sweetmeats to children to prevent their crying, if they are certain to produce no injurious effects. The critic is not long, however, ere he has a charge to prefer against the historian, which at the first glance looks a far graver one. He accuses him of having written a history which has been "so often, and so recently written." Now we think that one of two reasons only ought to be assigned for the publication of any work, whether it be a history, or a review, either that the reader may acquire fresh information, or that he may have a different version of what he already knew. Let every reader, not excepting the Quarterly critic, ask himself if he has not learned something by Mr. Macaulay's work? if he cannot there discover important facts which his own ingenuity and perseverance would have failed to discover? if he can find the whole of these facts without having access to those authorities which have been placed at the disposal of Mr. Macaulay, and of Mr. Macaulay alone? Let him ask himself if the works of Macpherson, Dalrymple, Fox, and Mackintosh, to which we suppose our critic more particularly alludes, when taken collectively, contain all the knowledge which an hour's reading at some portions of Mr. Macaulay's work will impart? Let him ask himself where he will find united with this vast amount of information, equal splendour of diction, and equal felicity of illustration? Let him ask himself if the information has not been imparted with a charm, against which even the bitterness of political op-

position is scarcely proof? The reviewer, himself, cannot help acknowledging that Mr. Macaulay has "afforded delight to a vast number of readers." And why?—because he has narrated facts in a manner in which they had not previously been narrated. It seems to us, therefore, that Mr. Macaulay is quite justified in publishing his history, although his task had been previously undertaken, and partly accomplished by so great a statesman as Fox, and by so talented a writer as Mackintosh. Besides all this, we deny the existence of any work which has done entire justice to the events and the characters of the revolution of 1688.

Hume wrote without the information which has since been obtained, with reference to this period, and subsequent historians have failed in detailing the events, even where they have been acquainted with them. Macpherson has left us only a portion of the materials for a history, and Dalrymple and Fox have bequeathed to posterity two imperfect and unsatisfactory narratives. Mackintosh, who had perhaps written the most complete history of the period, until the publication of Mr. Macaulay's, left his work to be finished by a writer of an inferior order. The Quarterly Reviewer suggests, that Mr. Macaulay should have begun where his friend, Sir James Mackintosh, left off. We shall search in vain for any precedent for this. Commence a work of such vast importance with the history of a portion of a reign! Is it supposed that any historian would narrate the circumstances attending the landing of the Prince of Orange, and the abdication of James, without tracing the causes of the Revolution, or giving the lineaments of the principal actors therein? How, then, are we to account for the critic's advice? Simply thus: the Whigs of the Revolution were the chief instruments in securing what the Tories of our own time agree to be blessings. The Tories cut but a sorry figure during the reign of the last of the Stuart kings, and our critic has an obvious interest in keeping this fact as much out of sight as possible. The work has been done with great perseverance. The reviewer has laboriously hunted out half a dozen passages from the history by Sir James Mackintosh, with a very laudable anxiety to establish a charge of parallelism against Mr. Macaulay. He seems to forget that they worked from the same materials, that they were men formed in the same school, and that long years of friendship and intercourse had engrafted the opinions of the one on the mind of the other. Yet, let any reader carefully compare the passages alluded to, and we venture to affirm, that, though the coin be the same, each is stamped with its peculiar effigy. There appears to us but one passage in which the industrious reviewer has been able

to establish anything like a charge of plagiarism, and that one passage proves that, in a work of about fourteen hundred pages, Mr. Macaulay has once adopted and improved a metaphor which had been used before.

This is a specimen of the reviewer's complaints, but "the greatest is behind." The historian is accused of a "habitual and really injurious perversion of his authorities." Now, we readily admit, that, if the reviewer had established his charge, we should have been compelled to concur with his prophesy, that "the work will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf." There is a trite, but perfectly true remark, that "there are two sides to every question." We need not tell our readers that a case for the prosecution and a case for the defence, will always wear very different aspects. Neither side may have perverted the facts, yet the statements appear, without careful examination, to be positive contradictions. Being fully aware of this Satanic property of misquoting for a purpose, we have been induced carefully to examine the authorities which are brought forward as witnesses for the prosecution. We have not thought it worth our while to look over every indictment, but on those we have examined, our historian may be honourably acquitted. We will give our readers an idea of two or three instances of this "habitual and really injurious perversion of authorities," the remainder of the charges we leave to the tender mercies of the forthcoming number of the Edinburgh Review, merely premising a hope that the Lord Advocate will take upon himself to vindicate the reputation of his illustrious friend. We take our first example of this perversion from the third chapter of the history, because that portion of the work has perhaps secured the greatest attention, and because it is, besides, an especial favourite of our own. "Clarendon," says Mr. Macaulay, "who assuredly bore no ill will to the church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the great Rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines." "He does no such thing," says our reviewer; "indeed, the reverse." The passage from Clarendon, which is the direct authority, is as follows: "The daughters of noble and illustrious families bestowed themselves on the divines of the time, or other low and unequal matches." "This we see," exclaims the critic, "is a complete perversion of the authority: Clarendon does not, as Mr. Macaulay represents, complain of young ladies matching with *divines of the established church*, but laments that the overthrow of the church produced such matches with *the irregular and sectarian divines of the time*." The reviewer has printed the words *the divines of the time* in italics, and even so small a matter as this will sometimes make

the inference somewhat different. Were not the *divines of the established church* also *divines of the time*? and does not the entire passage in Clarendon prove that Mr. Macaulay's estimate of the condition of the Anglican clergy, in 1685, is remarkable for its impartiality? The fact is, that from the language of Clarendon two inferences may be drawn, but we think that all who take the trouble to read the context, will admit that Mr. Macaulay's is the fairer one.

The historian is then honoured with a sneer for having drawn his pictures of the social condition of England from the "light literature of the time." What then, we ask, will give us the truest account of our social condition at any given period? Must we search accounts of the intrigues of a senate, or of the conduct of a camp? Do we find it in philosophical essays, or in the charges of bishops? Will our posterity look for it in dull numbers of the Quarterly Review, published during the first ten years of Queen Victoria's reign? We think not. They will search the lighter literature of the day, or all that may remain of it. They will turn to Dickens, to Bulwer, or to Thackeray, to the file of the "Times," or to well-thumbed copies of "Punch." And from these they will be able to form a more correct notion of our habits and our manners, than they could possibly glean from a twelvemonth's search in our archives, or from a hundred volumes of parliamentary debates.

We will give one example of the alleged "perversion," on a point of greater importance. Did the Prince of Orange countenance the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth? The historian answers in the negative; the critic, of course, in the affirmative. The reviewer devotes no less than five pages to the subject, and charges Mr. Macaulay with "dismissing it in a foot-note;" which, let us observe, he does not think it advisable to quote entire. We will do so for him. "It is not worth while," says Mr. Macaulay, "to refute those writers who represent the Prince of Orange as an accomplice in Monmouth's enterprise. The circumstance on which they chiefly rely is, that the authorities of Amsterdam took no effectual steps for preventing the expedition from sailing. This circumstance is in truth the strongest proof that the expedition was not favoured by William. No person not profoundly ignorant of the institutions and politics of Holland, would hold the stadtholder answerable for the proceedings of the Loesestein party." *

The critic's case rests on *the conviction of Davaux*, and on a remark of Dalrymple, who was, he observes, *en passant*, "a Whig, but an honest historian"—a remarkable fact, we pre-

* Macaulay, vol. i., page 567.

sume. Mr. Macaulay has not cited the passage in Dalrymple as an authority—it cannot therefore be a “perversion”—but (setting this aside) the passage proves nothing. The testimony of D’Avant cannot be strictly relied upon. He was the ambassador of the most deadly enemy of the Prince of Orange. He was likely to contract opinions similar to those of Louis the Fourteenth. His object was to crush the power of the stadtholder. How was this to be done more effectually than by propagating the supposition that William was connected with an enterprise so ill-considered as that of Monmouth? We cannot therefore implicitly rely on the statements of this “able and well-informed ambassador.” Nor do we see that William’s designs (supposing him to have already formed any) could be at all furthered by assisting Monmouth in his invasion. The reviewer informs us, however, that “common sense affords an easy answer.” He assists Mr. Macaulay’s “common sense” as follows:—“In the first place we have seen that Monmouth had personally disclaimed his pretensions, before the Prince would receive him, even as an ordinary exile; but, moreover, William had a better security than declarations or pledges. He well knew that Monmouth’s claim was an absurdity which might be safely used as an instrument that might help to upset James, but was incapable of maintaining itself.” We will suppose that it was William’s policy “to upset James,” we will suppose that Monmouth’s claim might be “safely used as an instrument” for that purpose—why, granting this, was it necessary for Monmouth to “disclaim his pretensions before the prince would receive him as an ordinary exile”? Were the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Monmouth to play at pitch and toss for the monarchy? Or did Monmouth enter on an expedition, the probable result of which would be that he would lose his head, for the sole use and benefit of William? We have no such faith in his generosity. Indeed, the result proved that Monmouth was *not* endeavouring to assist William. Within a week after his landing in England, he proclaimed himself king. Within a month after, he was beheaded. We think that William’s policy was to prevent the expedition of Monmouth; and that he endeavoured to do so, we have the best authority for believing. Moreover, our critic commences his charge with a mis-statement. Mr. Macaulay does not “dismiss the subject in a foot-note,” as the reviewer would have seen if he had read the history through. We are glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of quoting the passage. The authorities we have been able to consult on the subject, amply guarantee the accuracy of the statements.

“But a week before the final dispersion of Argyle’s army,

England was agitated by the news that a more formidable invader had landed on her own shores. It had been agreed among the refugees, that Monmouth should sail from Holland six days after the departure of the Scots. He had deferred his expedition a short time, probably in the hope that most of the troops in the south of the island would be moved to the north, as soon as war broke out in the Highlands, and that he should find no force ready to oppose him. When at length he was desirous to proceed, the wind had become adverse and violent.

"While his small fleet lay tossing in the Texel, a contest was going on among the Dutch authorities. The States-General and the Prince of Orange were on one side, the magistracy and admiralty of Amsterdam on the other.

"Skelton had delivered to the States-general a list of the refugees whose residence in the United Provinces caused uneasiness to his master. The States-general, anxious to grant every reasonable request which James could make, sent copies of the list to the provincial authorities. The provincial authorities sent copies to the municipal authorities. The magistrates of all the towns were directed to take such measures as might prevent the proscribed Whigs from molesting the English government. In general, those directions were obeyed. At Rotterdam in particular, where the influence of William was all powerful, such activity was shown as called forth warm acknowledgments from James. But Amsterdam was the chief seat of the emigrants; and the governing body of Amsterdam would see nothing, hear nothing, and know of nothing. The high bailiff of the city, who was himself in daily communication with Ferguson, reported to the Hague that he did not know where to find a single one of the refugees; and with this excuse the federal government was forced to be content. The truth was, that the English exiles were as well known at Amsterdam, and as much stared at in the streets, as if they had been Chinese. A few days later, Skelton received orders from his court, to request that, in consequence of the dangers which threatened his master's throne, the three Scotch regiments in the service of the United Provinces might be sent to Great Britain without delay. He applied to the Prince of Orange; and the prince undertook to manage the matter, but predicted that Amsterdam would raise some difficulty. The prediction proved correct. The deputies of Amsterdam refused to consent, and succeeded in causing some delay. But the question was not one of those on which, by the constitution of the republic, a single city could prevent the wishes of the majority from being carried into effect. The influence of William prevailed, and the troops were embarked with great expedition.

"Skelton was at the same time exerting himself, not indeed very judiciously or temperately, to stop the ships which the English refugees had fitted out. He expostulated in warm terms with the admiralty of Amsterdam. The negligence of that board, he said, had already enabled one band of rebels to invade Britain. For a second error of the same kind, there could be no excuse. He peremptorily demanded, that a large vessel, named the *Hilderenerbergh*, might be detained. It was pretended that this vessel was bound for the Canaries. But, in truth, she had been freighted by Monmouth, carried twenty-six guns, and was loaded with arms and ammunition. The admiralty of Amsterdam replied, that the liberty of trade and navigation was not to be restrained for light reasons, and that the *Hilderenerbergh* could not be stopped without an order from the States-general. Skelton, whose uniform practice seems to have been to begin at the wrong end, now had recourse to the States-general. The States-general gave the necessary orders. Then the admiralty of Amsterdam pretended that there was not a sufficient naval force in the Texel to seize so large a ship as the *Hilderenerbergh*, and suffered Monmouth to sail unmolested." *

We must leave this part of our subject. We have given a specimen of the reviewer's objections. What with such statements as these, and a few doleful complaints, such as that Johnson should be designated "a bigoted Tory;" that Alice Lilse, being the widow of one of Cromwell's peers, should be called "Lady Alice;" that St. Peter's ad Vincula should be spoken of as "St. Peter's Chapel," and that Jeffreys should be introduced as "a consummate bully," a very long article has been written. The talent displayed might have been better directed: for the motive—we may say with Richelieu, "these schemes are glass, the very sun shines through them."

We have always regarded the history of England during the luckless reigns of the Stuarts with peculiar interest. The struggles between the kings and their parliaments, the events which terminated in a change in the dynasty, the grasp of power represented by the "divine right" of the monarchy, and the stride of civilization represented by the voice of the people, the extremes of despotism, and the extremes of anarchy; the spirit which for centuries had been under the domination of the Papacy, and the spirit which had passed from a Wickliffe to a Luther, and from a Luther to a Milton—these cannot be contemplated without interest in their progress, and thankfulness at their glorious termination. The public mind, which, like

* Macaulay, vol. i., page 567.

Demetrius and Lysander, had long been courting the first mistress that came in sight, had at last escaped the intoxication of the elixir—the extremes met—the boundary was fixed—the constitution became the support of the monarchy, and the monarchy the safeguard of the constitution. This part of our history is pregnant with events of vast import. Then were fully established the enactments of Magna Charta, and the principles of the Reformation. True, the former had from time to time for upwards of four centuries been ratified, yet the temporal power was but little altered—true, the latter had been long the theme of every tongue, but the spiritual power was in reality only transferred. The monarch was becoming a Turkish despot as a temporal ruler, and a less venerable Pope as a spiritual guide. This could not last long. The voice which had thundered in the Vatican, was beginning to make itself heard in England. The institution which had been the veneration of ages, had been shaken—was a more ignoble tyranny to be submitted to? “The revolution of 1688,” said Sir James Mackintosh, “has sanctified the theory, if it has not ensured the practice of a free government.” Nay, not only was the kingly power modified, the spiritual domination was subdued. “The sovereignty of man,” as Bacon has said, “lieth hid in knowledge;” and we think that whoever attentively studies the History of England during the seventeenth century, will be convinced, that, amidst all the evils of anarchy, and all the horrors of rebellion, the great march was still going on—knowledge was marching with her giant stride, and knowledge ere long asserted “the sovereignty of man.” To write the history of such a period as this, is not a task for any but a mind of extraordinary vigour and acuteness. For such a task, neither perseverance, learning, genius, nor a spirit of impartiality could be dispensed with. They only can tell who (to borrow Mr. Macaulay’s metaphor), have toiled in the same mine, the difficulty of the task, and the perseverance necessary to its accomplishment. They only can tell the diligence that is required in search of authorities—in sifting the evidence, and in again and again retracing our ground at the appearance of conflicting statements. How great then has been the perseverance of Mr. Macaulay! Nor will a barren knowledge of the subject suffice. The historian must possess learning equally various and profound. Greece with all her burning poetry, Rome with all her glorious records, should enrich his mind, and enkindle his enthusiasm. Yet must he be a scholar, not a pedant; a philosopher, not a dreamer. The squalid hovels of our hewers of wood, and drawers of water, should be no less familiar to him than the intrigues of courts, the conduct of armies, and the mechanism of senates.

He should be acquainted with the genius of a Harvey and a Watt, as well as with that of a Bacon and a Shakspeare. Science, art, and literature must be explored. Nor should a higher theme be untouched. The historian should learn not irreverently, nor ostentatiously, but with humility, and with thankfulness, to point to that Power which regards like a prosperous people and a rocking empire—a peaceful kingdom and a tottering throne. The determination not to see God in history, detracts in no small degree from the value of the great works of Gibbon and of Hume. No such charge can, we think, with any show of reason, be brought against Mr. Macaulay. We do not say that he is sincerely attached to the Anglican form of worship. His imagination may, indeed, seem sometimes to be enlisted on the side of Rome, but there is no holding between two opinions—his conviction is with Presbytery. Like most men whose own principles are fixed, he practices, as well as warmly advocates, toleration. We have purposely said but little on this subject. Some few have, we are aware, expressed a different opinion, chiefly we suppose because our historian has been so just in his estimate of Cranmer—we did not argue the case, but we cannot help saying that, to our thinking, Mr. Macaulay's work breathes a purer spirit, and a higher religion than is to be found in many an archdeacon's pamphlet, and in many a bishop's discourse.

Few people, we think, will dispute that every great historian must be possessed, not only of learning, but of genius. It is not to be misunderstood. We do not consider that Macaulay the very highest degree of imagination, although we could point out passages in his poems not unworthy of the imaginative qualities of Snellley or of Bailey; but we think that his poetical powers are altogether fully equal to those of any writer of the time. His power of association, and his power of retentive memory, are wonderful. His genius being, moreover, essentially dramatic, he breathes life into the sculptured forms of our ancestors, and re-animates the scenes which have passed away. To this may, in a great measure, be attributed his immense popularity. It is this which has caused his history to be read with eager avidity than a new novel by Bulwer, or a new poem by Tennyson. We doubt if any work ever acquired so great a reputation in so short a time. The school-boy has found it in the playground while perusing it—the beauty has read it at her toilet—the statesman has neglected the report of East India's success—the scholar has thrown Herodotus aside, and the most eloquent and popular minister of the established church has quoted it from the pulpit. Mr. Macaulay has been vehemently accused of partiality. All who have read his essays in the "Edinburgh Re-

view" (and who has not?) know him as a zealous Whig, and an opponent to the house of Stuart. His opinions are not changed, but he has mollified his expressions. He does not seek to disguise the virtues, or the vices, either of kings or subjects. We must make one exception. We wish he had been less malevolent against Churchill. But the brightest pages in Marlborough's life are yet to appear. The impression left on the mind after the perusal of Mr. Macaulay's first two volumes, is decidedly in favour of the Whigs, but has the history of the reign of James the Second ever left any other impression? It is not the historian, but the history, which makes us side with the Whigs of the revolution. Mr. Macaulay is a Whig, but he is a wise Whig, and we incline to the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that "a wise Tory and a wise Whig will agree." For ourselves, we could have lived under a republic without worshipping a legislative assembly, and we could have dropped a tear over the grave of Charles, without placing much reliance upon the *Εἰκὼν Βασιλική*. We do not say that there are no evidences of party feeling in Mr. Macaulay's work, but with the exception of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Mills, we shall search in vain for any writer among English historians who can lay claim to greater impartiality. Historians are in some sense the critics of the past, and like the critics of the present, they always have had, and always will have, a bias. We must no longer "fight upon this theme." We had intended to say something of the more peculiar merits of Mr. Macaulay's work—of the felicity of the illustrations, and the splendour of the diction; we had intended to exercise our critical sagacity in pointing out what appear to us to be two or three defects; we had intended to glance at the more prominent characters of the revolution of 1688, and to point out the more prominent advantages which it has secured to us. We had intended to speak of the policy of William, and the perfidy of James, of the most brutal and corrupt of judges, and of the most accomplished of Trimmers. We would willingly say something of him who was afterwards one of the most eminent of constitutional lawyers, and of him who was destined to become one of the most illustrious of warriors. We would say something of the statesmen who still live in the portraits of Kneller, and of the beauties who still enchant us on the canvass of Lely. We would say something of the more impartial administration of justice, and of the blessings of toleration. We would also say something of one of the most glorious of privileges—the privilege of unlicensed printing—the privilege which may ensure for our posterity a philosophy more noble than that of Bacon, and poetry more sublime than that of Milton. But our article has already ex-

ceeded our ordinary limits, and we must await another opportunity of returning to the subject. We cannot, however, conclude without expressing our sincere thanks to Mr. Macaulay for this instalment of his invaluable work, and our fervent wish that health and long life may be spared him to complete it.

V. V.

MOONLIGHT VOWS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"There is an ancient superstition, recording that vows made beneath the moon's light, are always broken."—A. DUDLEY.

OH! speak not in accents so tender and thrilling,
The moonbeams are sleeping on tower and on tree;
I love not the moon—her sad light is too chilling,
Too feeble, too pale, to be welcomed by me.
I would that the lark and the blackbird were singing,
I would the bright flowers would unclothe to my view,
A legend, alas! to my fancy is clinging,
That vows breathed by moonlight are ever untrue.

To-morrow, when warmly the noon-day is glowing,
When birds carol gaily from blossoming bowers,
When fountains are dancing, and breezes are blowing,
And butterflies flit o'er fair clusters of flowers:
To-morrow, when sunbeams the valley have lighted,
When roses are blushing through silvery dew,
Oh! such is the time when Love's vows should be plighted,
And never, I trust, shall those vows prove untrue.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !

Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime !

O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity !

O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !

So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !

It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !

H. W. LONGFELLOW. (*Translation.*)

S W I S S I A N A.

CHAPTER XI.*

PASSAGE OF THE TÊTE-NOIRE.

"Nous allâmes loger à une fameuse hôtellerie dans le quartier de la cour, et deux jours après mes deux compagnons de voyage m'y laissèrent pour s'en retourner chez eux. Nous nous séparâmes, comme cela se pratique, en nous témoignant de part et d'autre beaucoup de regret de nous quitter; et nous nous oubliâmes réciproquement un quart-d'heure après notre séparation."

LE SAGE. "*Estévanille*." Livre III., chap. 3.

We continued our route at an early hour the following morning. The two scientific gentlemen did not accompany us; they were to return home through Servoz and Bonneville: but we had a new companion in an Italian, a drawing-master at Geneva, who was to accompany us as far as Martigny, where both he and the Dutchman would strike off to Villeneuve. As I had a blistered foot, from tight boots and over fatigue, I hired a mule, which the drawing-master joined with. We arranged to ride by turns; when he was mounted, I was to march behind, holding on by the animal's tail; and *vice versa*. The cost of a mule for a day's journey is six francs. If you go a continuous journey, you have to pay the return fare. In our case we had to do this, as well as the cost of a guide with his return; altogether, twenty-four francs. This is dear, but the mules are in such good condition, and the guides are so intelligent, that one does not grudge it. We had also another mule to carry the knapsacks.

We had passed through Chamounix, and I had turned round to give it a parting glance, when some shouts arrested my attention. I bent my eyes along the road, and perceived a man running in all haste towards us. He continued his shouts, and as he approached, we heard that they were for us to halt, which we immediately did. The man arrived breathless, and without a word, directed himself towards the Hollander, who was seated on a knoll of turf by the road-side. But he was as quick as the

* Continued from page 17, vol. lv.

new comer. He darted from his seat, and seized hold of his umbrella which was in the other's hands. He testified his joy and gratification in the most extravagant manner; quite foreign to the usual phlegmatic indifference of his countrymen. We all gathered round and inquired the news. The bearer of the umbrella was the guide whom we had engaged at the Glacier des Bossons. He had a weary and anxious look, which was easily understood when we learned the particulars of the recovery of the umbrella. He would not say a word about it, even when pressed to do so. He replied that he hoped he had now done his duty, that the umbrella was there, and that there could be no occasion for further speech on the matter. The Dutchman held out a reward to him, but he refused it in a somewhat scornful manner. He then bowed, wished us a happy journey, and departed.

When we were again on the march, I guided my mule to the side of our new guide, and remarked that the conduct of his companion was rather inexplicable to my notions.

"Michel Dévuassons is an excellent man," was the reply. "If he has a fault, it is that he is over sensitive: but that won't disgrace him."

"Dévuassons! I have heard the name before. Is he not one of the celebrated guides?"

"He is a good guide, there is not a better; but he is not the man you are thinking of. That's his cousin, Jean-Louis, commonly called the professor. Michel is younger than he is."

"Why did he refuse Mynheer's gift: is he so rich?"

"Michel Dévuassons has a family to support, and he is no richer than his neighbours. Like the rest of us, he gathers in summer his stock for winter, and has not a centime too much. But he has a just pride, he has honour, else he would not be one of the brothers of Chamounix, and a taunt on his duty cuts him sorely. We all heard last night what had taken place with your party on the glacier. We reasoned with Michel, and did all we could to show him that you reflected nothing bad on his conduct; but he would not be convinced. Seeing him resolved, we furnished him with the ice-ladder and ropes, and two of our party accompanied him to the spot. This was about eight o'clock last evening. It was fortunately a fine moonlight, else we should have trembled for the safety of our *confrere*, not to say success. Dévuassons' wife, Marie, was ignorant of his intentions; he did not go near her, knowing that she would put a stop to his enterprise, but took a round over the Glacier des Pélerins, and so reached the Bossons. Arrived at the crevice, he pulled on his fur coat and warm boots, bandaged his head tightly with flannel, attached a rope round his loins, the end of

Which one of his companions held. The other fixed the long ice-ladder, and Michel, with a torch, descended into the blue vault. The danger was not that he should slip, for the rope and ladder prevented that; but the sharp peaks of ice were apt to wound his flesh, and cut the rope. He had, therefore, to use the greatest caution; and his descent, but a few yards, occupied no short time. At the end, his companions shouted to him whether he should be pulled up, but they received no answer. They looked into the chasm, and could not discover Michel. In alarm they pulled up the ladder, and when it reached the surface, Michel was found clinging to it, and almost speechless and stiff with cold. He had, however, gained his prize. Mynheer's umbrella was clasped firmly in his hands. The companions lost no time in laying Dévuassons upon the ground, first spreading out their clothes to receive him. They then took snow, and rubbed his hands, feet, and back, which soon produced a generous glow, and loosened his limbs from their cramped posture. With this he was able to stand up, and swallow a little kirschwasser diluted with snow, and at last walked fairly back by the side of his two friends to Chamounix. He is weak and bruised from the descent, but a few hours' repose, and little nursing at the hands of his sweet Marie, will quite restore him. He has also the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty. Yes! Michel Dévuassons is a brave man!"

Such was the guide's plain and unvarnished statement, which did equal honour to his heart as to that of the *confrere*, he so much lauded. It is refreshing to see this spirit of friendship and goodwill among a community where so much goes by agility and renown; and if there be competition, it is at least unattended with jealousy.

The choice of two roads, both conducting by an equal distance to Martigny, lay now before us. The guide styled them the fair and rough weather routes. The one to which he applied the former designation leads over the Col de Balme, from the summit of which the view is very grand and extensive; but as to enjoy this fair weather is required, the distinction of our guide was not amiss. The passage of the Tête Noire (Black Head) comprises the latter. It is a pass between two enormous mountains, at the base of which roars a torrent, half hid by the pines and masses of granite that line its banks. The road is rather a gallery on the mountain's side, winding according to the disposition of the rocks, and forming one of the most romantic passes in the Alps. It is very beautiful in fair weather, as we this day experience it to be; but the guide assured us that in a storm its grandeur surpassed conception. I can

well believe it. A tempest sweeping over those pines in the bosom of the valley, and agitating that turbid stream which leaps over precipices, and forms the most terrific falls, must be exceedingly grand. The elements would war terribly in that narrow space, where the rocks would reverberate the combat in successive peals for miles and miles. I have often heard of thunder-storms among the Alps, and if there be a spot where I should desire to witness one, it is here. All of us, therefore, concurred in choosing the rough weather route; the passage of the Tête Noire.

Continuing to the left, we ascended a short steep, called the Montets (this name is applied to every upward inclination of the road in Savoy), which commanded a view of the valley of Chamonix. It was not an extensive view, as none of the glaciers beyond the Priory could be seen; but this was fully compensated by the glacier of Argentière, which displayed all its sparkling beauties to our sight. It is well called Argentière, for its peaks resemble silver needles; and if they do not possess that transparent blue which is so remarkable in the Bossons and Mer de Glace, their rich whiteness fully compensates. Indeed, I was more struck with this glacier than with any of the others: in my opinion it is the finest in Savoy. A rapid descent of a couple of miles now followed, bringing us to some scattered cottages, aspiring to the name of the village of Coutraix. We now entered the valley of Zeient, so named from the torrent which rushes through its centre. Another half hour brought us to the commencement of the gallery. "There is a remnant of the last storm," remarked the guide, pointing to a tree cloven to its root, and which wavered over the edge of the precipice. "If the Valsorines don't catch it soon, the Valaisans will, or the next storm will take it out both their grasps."

The trunk seemed to tremble as he spoke, and I expected to see it crash into the yawning gulf below.

"Let us push it over," said Caspar, "it will be capital fun, and will produce a splendid echo. Heads, then, I say, heads!" and he was about to give it a thrust, when the drawing master pulled back his arm.

"Cospetto! do no such thing. You'll spoil the scene. That torn and blasted tree is one of the finest features in the road. It lends additional grandeur to the pass, and harmonises well with the sternness of all around."

"You say true," exclaimed the Indian.

"It would make a grand painting for the next exposition at the Musée Rath. I will sketch it."

Artists and botanists, unless you have something in common with their tastes, are the greatest bores possible as companions

in a pedestrian excursion. They are the most selfish of men : they have no mercy upon you, and they expect that you are to give every encouragement to them. At every moment they turn aside, either to sketch some view, or to inspect and take a note of some rare root. We, therefore, quickened our speed, and the signor, meeting with no encouragement, dropped his pencil and the subject, and caught hold of the mule's tail as before.

Passing under an immense rock, which overhung the road, we came suddenly upon the frontier stone, and entered Switzerland. A sharp descent, broken and difficult in the extreme, brought us to a miserable auberge, built on the edge of the precipice, before which I reined my mule, and following the drawing master, who quitted his hold of the animal's tail when the house of entertainment came in sight, I found myself in a clean little parlour at the back. Being joined by my two countrymen and the Dutchman, we ordered breakfast.

The scenery through the remainder of the pass, wore much the same character as the preceding portion, till we had traversed a small wood, when we had to ascend. Higher and higher we went, and higher yet we saw the road above us. This sorely tried the powers of the party, the Dutchman in particular, for he had no mule like the drawing master and myself. "But with the aid of my good umbrella," exclaimed he, on my tendering him the loan of the mule's tail for a short distance, "with the aid of my trusty friend here, you shall not find me wanting at the top of the mountain." The vapours began to rise from the depths of the valley, and so completely enveloped us, that we found fit occasion for the services of our guide. We kept close together, and in a body attained the summit in safety.

Thus did we reach one of the most trying roads in Switzerland—the descent of the Forclaz. There was little choice of steps here ; the mule, which picked its way in the Tête Noire,

" Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Inviting suspicion, while with sight, smell, touch,
Trying, detecting, where the surface smiled ;
And with deliberate courage sliding down,
Where in his sledge the Laplander half turned
With looks aghast ——"

had now no exercise for its sagacity, but jolted its rider in a way to which, in comparison, the passage of the desert from Cairo is a bed of down.

Lower down we found the view clear, and the whole canton of the Vallais displayed at our feet. There was the long road,

famous in being classed among the *useful* works of the celebrated Corsican, and still more famous as the highway from Northern to Southern Europe, straight as an arrow, and like a thread, of which Sion was a knot in the centre, so great was the distance. The Rhône, too, was like a sister thread in silver, as it wound from side to side, forming a swamp wherever it flowed, to which is attributed, with every reason, the unhealthy state of the inhabitants, the Vallais being a hotbed of disease. In the horizon we saw the snows of Monte Rosa and the Simplon. In the afternoon, we arrived at the ancient town of Martigny, and obtained quarters at the "Grande Maison."

The only remarkable object about Martigny is the cascade of Pissevache, which falls from a lofty hill on the road to Villeneuve. We paid it a visit in the cool of evening, journeying thither in a carriage hired to convey my two friends, the Dutchman and the drawing master, to Villeneuve—the two Englishmen having remained at the hotel, as they would have an opportunity of seeing the Pissevache on their way to Bex, which they were to follow next day. At the cascade, my foreign friends took leave of me, with mutual expressions of regret, and I sauntered quietly back to Martigny, in company with the Chamounix guide. We recrossed the bridge of Trient, where, in May, 1844, was fought a sanguinary battle, between the aristocracy and democracy of the canton of the Vallais, the result of which proved favourable to the former.

To this encounter may be traced the late agitation in Switzerland, which ended in the expulsion of the Jesuits, and to understand which the following particulars are necessary.

The canton of the Vallais, like those of Lucerne, Uri, and Unterwalden, is entirely Catholic; but there exist two rival parties, namely the Haut and Bas Valaisans, which, although of similar religion, are of different language and origin. The former, numerically inferior, have hitherto held the reins of government, and they drew with no sparing hand the curb on their brethren of the lower portion of the canton, who, in 1840, succeeded, after many unsuccessful attempts, to obtain a reform in the constitution. Under the guidance of two brothers of the name of Barman, they effected several beneficial changes in the executive, and were proceeding successfully for the welfare of their country, when they suddenly found themselves opposed in their march of progression by the spiritual advisers of the people—the priests, who, finding that the new reforms clashed with their interests, determined to give them unqualified opposition. The bishop of Sion, who was possessed of an undue share of influence in the senate, was the first to wage war. He opened the campaign in two spots at once; in the executive, by virtue

of his power as president—abroad, in his quality of father of the people.

His first step was to call in the aid of Lucerne, then presiding canton, or Vorort; his second was to preach a crusade against "*la jeune Suisse*," as the reformers were styled, and to thrust without the pale of the church all who gave countenance to that party by reading their political organ, the "*Echo des Alpes*."

The brothers Barman, at the threatening aspect of affairs, relaxed their measures of reform, thinking to introduce them more gradually, as the people became prepared to receive them. But they were undone by the unadvised zeal of some members of their own party, who railed at what they called their inconsistency and fears, and goaded them on to a renewal of their former sweeping measures of reform.

This brought affairs to a crisis. The Jesuits spread themselves over the whole canton, thundering forth their anathemas against the Barmans, whom from their pulpits they denounced as heretics to their religion and traitors to their country. The hold of the clergy in Catholic countries over the minds of the lower orders is well known as all powerful, and the passions of their audience were worked up to such a pitch that they demanded with vehement entreaty to be led out against the foe. In May they were organized into a body at Sion, armed with muskets, and, followed by the prayers of the "ministers of religion," marched towards Martigny.

Several short frays occurred along the route, insufficient to impede their advance, and at the bridge of Trent they came upon the small army commanded by the Barmans. The passage was disputed with an obstinacy that made the stream run blood that day, but, from sheer force of numbers, was effected by the Jesuit party. The brothers Barman, with some few of their friends, succeeded in escaping; but many were left to the mercy of the victors, who had now an opportunity of showing how far they were disciples of the Son who came down among us as a pattern of mercy, and whose terrestrial name they bear. But we reckon without our host. Little quarter was given to the unfortunates who fell into the Jesuits' hands, and the sacrament was denied to the dying of the Barman party, while the priests comforted their own with the assurance that they perished as martyrs for religion.

The month following, when the annual rifle-shooting took place at Bâle, the brothers Barman appeared, and were hailed as patriots by the assembled Swiss, while the representatives of the Haut-Vallais were universally shunned and detested.

Subscriptions were set on foot for the suffering Bas-Valaisans, and at the next convocation of the Diet questions were put to

M. Meyer, president at Lucerne, regarding the instigation of this most unjustifiable war. M. Meyer defended the conduct of his Catholic friends, whereupon the deputies of Argovie and Vaud demanded the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland. The motion was negatived by a large majority; but the seed was sown, and it gradually ripened in the minds of the other cantons. In due time we shall examine with what result.

While the above was passing in my mind I walked slowly back to Martigny, where I sought out the hotel, and slipped quietly to rest.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATHS OF LOUESCHE.

THOMAS.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this bath? I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry-making, hey?

FAG.—Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well: 'tis a good lounge. In the morning we go to the pump room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance —.

When I awoke the following morning, the sun was high in the heavens, so I descended hastily to the breakfast table, where I learned that my two countrymen had taken their departure for Villeneuve a full hour before.

“Have a chaise in readiness to take me to Sierre.”

“*Bien, Monsieur!*”

The drive to Sion was exceedingly hot and tedious, and I found it the more disagreeable from having no companion, but a one-eyed coachman, who preserved the utmost taciturnity, replying to my questions in a manner which would have graced a philosopher, and letting fall from his lips on other occasions nothing but words of abuse on the miserable hack he was present to direct. When I leaned back to escape the dust and glare, my back was bruised like any reed (for the conveyance had no springs); when I sat erect, the sun half singed my hair with his fiery rays. If I turned to either side, my nostrils were regaled with the infectious stream of malaria which rose from the swamps.

The canton of the Vallais has been not inaptly likened to a stage, of which the mountains on either side form the wings. None of them rise to any great height in comparison with those we had lately been among, but they are all picturesque in appearance, and remind me somewhat of the Rhine, especially about St. Goar, with the ruined castles topping the crags, recalling the memory to the days of chivalry, and the ballads of the *trouverès*, *troubadours*, and *minnesänger*. History informs us that these castles, of which we now behold but crumbly ruins, were the strongholds of a clan of marauders, who levied "blackmail" on the peasantry as a consideration for their forbearance in leaving untouched the homes and harvests of the latter, and who stayed even the pilgrim on his journey of penance to the shrine of "Notre Dame des neiges," thinking that the lowly garb might cover but a cardinal's hat, or the wealth of some merchant Jew. The most famous of these lordly thieves were two brothers, one of whom held his conclave in the castle which tops the hill behind Martigny, and which was stormed and rased to the ground by one Supersax.

Sion, the capital of the Vallais, approached it from Martigny as I did, leads one to suppose the neatest and most picturesque of cities, whereas on entering you find it to be the filthiest and the most rickety. It brought to my recollection more than aught else those towns of the Levant, the Greek ones especially, where from an eminence you behold a cluster of dwellings white as the snow, without a particle of smoke curling from the chimnies, and regular from the square roofs, where the orientals love to squat on carpets, and sip bad "café à la Tarque," and which, when you come to the reality, you discover to be anything but what the view from the hill top awakened in your mind. And such is the way with much in this nether sphere! Many that seem sleek and fair in the outer man, are within "ravening wolves, and full of all manner of naughtiness." It requires all the romance ever celebrated in minstrel's verse, to make the tourist pleased with Italy—it requires the most ardent scholar of Isis to pick his way* through the mud and

* Let the reader pause before he censures the slow march of intellect in the British isles. In the month of October, last year, I was travelling *en diligence* to Mantua, which was then strongly fortified and garrisoned by the Croatian and Austrian troops. I had, therefore, no desire to remain in it any longer than was necessary to see Virgil's tomb; so on approaching the gates, I inquired of an Italian lady, who was seated beside me, whether the house in which *Virgilius* was born, was still to be seen. She hesitated for a moment, and then replied:—"Really, sir, I have resided most of my life in Mantua, and am acquainted with all the respectable families in the town, and am sorry I cannot give you the desired information. But, upon my word, I never even heard of a family of the name of Virgil!"

filth of Mantua with anything like delight—it requires an intense appreciation of “Childe Harold,” and an acquaintance with the books of Dr. Wordsworth and Sir E. L. Bulwer, to be at all enthusiastic about Modern Greece—and, in the present instance, it required all the charming stories I had read in my early days of Swiss patriotism, simplicity, and virtue, to prevent me from returning the way I had come, and putting a cross in my note book before Switzerland, as a country to be avoided by all lovers of decency and manly bearing. But I am not naturally a man of hasty conclusions—at least, so I flatter myself, and we have each of us our own opinion of ourselves—I am not naturally one who jumps at conclusions, so I determined not to judge too hastily of Switzerland, but to persevere in the journey I had undertaken. Of the nation whom Montgomery has celebrated in strains which will live as long as the Alps remain, of the country which painters have loved to depict on their fairest canvass, and of the scenes which have inspired so many a musician as a theme for poetry of sound, I felt satisfied there was better to be seen, and that that which so many mouths had praised, must at least be deserving of my echo of applause. But, meantime, I made as brief a halt in Sion as was possible, and immediately the poor horse was pronounced by the one-eyed driver to be sufficiently rested, I set out for Sierre, though not without first visiting the two castles, which, from their altitude and romantic appearance, tend to deceive one so much with regard to the real state of the town they guard.

Sierre, or Siders, is about six miles from Sion. The inhabitants are of a different race and language from those of the inferior part of the canton, being of the Celtic race, and speaking German. The change of tongue was not a little startling.

At Sierre, I dismissed the *voiturier* who had brought me from Martigny, and shouldered my knapsack, and commenced the ascent to Louèche-les-Bains. At the outskirts of the village, I found a path diverging to the left, into which I struck, and, traversing several meadows, rich and laughing with gay flowers, and sparkling with dew, I came upon the borders of a small wood. I passed a gentleman who was lying on the grass, leaning his head against a tree, and contemplating the valley below in silence. I bowed in token of good fellowship, for I saw from a knapsack and *bâton* thrown carelessly beside him, that he was a pedestrian like myself. He returned my salute. In less than five minutes we were seated together, conversing like friends of tried standing.

My new companion was one of those who travel for the real pleasure of the scenery. He informed me that he had made several tours in his native land, that the lake districts of the

north especially were familiar to him, but that the present journey was the first he had undertaken in a foreign land.

"The idea," continued he, "of some folk comparing Scotch scenery to this!"

"Do you think it, then, a preposterous one?"

"Most undoubtedly so."

"We have, 'tis true, nothing to compare with Chamounix, and its ice mountains; but, again, what have the Swiss like the Trosachs, or the Caledonian canal?"

"Or the row from Barmouth to Dolgelly, in Wales, you might add," continued my friend. "No! they have nothing in the style of the two latter, but the Trosachs many parts of Switzerland outvie. The Münster-Thal, for instance, exceeds them in grandeur, and while they may be seen in half-an-hour, it takes a good day even to traverse the valley of Münster."

"I have not seen the Münster-Thal, but purpose doing so on my way to Berne," said I; "still, I think that there are many, in fact a great proportion of, travellers, who run across the Channel in their first leisure moments, to admire Continental scenery, who have never travelled fifty miles from the place of their birth before, and who certainly are not acquainted with the least beautiful portions of their fatherland."

"Very true, sir, very true," remarked the other.

I now inquired of my new companion the road he was to follow, which, when I learned it to be the same as mine, namely to Louèche-les-Bains, I proposed that we should journey together so far.

He was a young man of short stature, dark hair, large, black eyes, irregular features, and pale countenance. His forehead was of ordinary height, but it had a good expanse of breadth, showing that deep thought was no stranger to his mind: indeed, his full, expressive eyes gave sufficient evidence of such. He was a little pedantic in dress; however, it was an assumed pedantry, or, more properly, old-fashionedness. Every word that fell from his lips betokened the old man, whether in the slow, methodical manner in which it was uttered, or the character of the phrase. "In my young days," was a common expression with him, though it was plain that he had seen but little more than twenty summers.

"Come, let us proceed, if you are decided to accompany me," cried he, rising from the grass; "for I am necessitated now to depart."

We had some lovely peeps of alp and glacier, wood and precipice, as we crossed the rich meadows which skirt the road towards the Baths, in the centre of one of which lies the town of Louèche. We made no halt there, as the afternoon was

already well advanced; but, keeping entirely to the beaten track, we sped onwards. The road was singularly wild. Now, it followed the bend of a huge rock, cutting its way on the edge of a precipice; now, it fell suddenly into a gorge, formed by the impetuosity of some mountain torrent; now, it ascended a steep, the summit of which revealed ever novel beauties and wonders to the eye. From one of these we caught the first glimpse of our halting-place, which sight so invigorated our powers that we found ourselves before the principal buildings almost immediately we had grasped their outline with the eye.

In situation, the baths of Louësche may claim to be the most extraordinary in the world. On a mountain higher than any in Great Britain, where winter reigns for half the year, rises a cluster of wooden buildings, surrounded by terraces, to break the course of the avalanches. On the north it is bounded by the Gemmi Pass, which rises so perpendicularly that a flagstaff on the summit cannot be seen from the baths; on the east and west tower mountains almost as lofty and as rugged; the south admits a view of the valley, and the chain of Alps, of which the Monte Rosa is the most conspicuous. Such being the situation of Louësche-les-Bains, it will scarcely be credited without actual observation that twelve boiling springs gushing out of the ground, often covered with snow, give name to the baths. The principal spring is the Lorenzquelle near the hotel, which issues from the foot of a slight hill leading to the promenade. The other springs are more or less scattered among the adjacent meadows, and are not generally used unless prescribed by the physician for some particular complaint.

Louësche has long been celebrated for its thermal baths, the virtue of which in healing the diseases of the human frame was known so early as the fourteenth century, when they were much patronized by the Valaisan nobles, who built towers and intrenchments to protect them from the wolves and bears. The baths were also frequented by the clergy, so much so that the bishop of Sion erected a handsome church, dedicated to Saint Barbe, and attached a convent and monastery. Some enterprising individual whose name has not reached us, likewise established an inn and hostelry, which served more and more to render the baths attractive, for it is hinted that as many young bucks came to test the fame of mine host's tap, and the brightness of his buxom daughter's black eyes, as to drink the hot, murky water of the sources. The baths were now of considerable importance, when, alas! *miserable dictû*, an avalanche descended from the Gemmi, and swept the whole away,—barricades, church, his sanctity the bishop, and mine host of the Falcon.

Before dinner, I went with my friend to see the interior of

the bath-houses, the landlord of the hotel being my guide. The centre was one large sheet of water, round which was a passage wide enough to admit of entrance to the respective dressing-rooms. There was a loud hum of voices, which I soon discovered to proceed from a multitude of heads floating on the surface of the dark waters. There were the soft tones of the delicate female, and the mild accents of the gentleman, the shrill scream of the old lady, long since *passé*, and in vain hoping to procure a further lease of health and beauty in the miraculous properties of the springs, and the tremulous accents of the sensualist. Before each head was attached a floating table, on which were dice, books, coffee, and the newspapers. Now you saw a party of ancients engaged in a rubber of whist, now, one smoking his cigar, and reading an account of the latest revolution at Paris; here were a couple of withered hags imbibing tea and exchanging scandal, and here was a fragile young creature, beautiful even in the wasted features and dull blue eye, but whom a hectic flush betrays as a victim of that slow, insidious disease whose progress no waters, nor the skill of any leech, can ever arrest.

The two sexes bathe together, first remaining two hours in the water, and ending gradually by a whole day. Copies of the regulations to which the bathers are necessarily subject are suspended in each dressing-room, and the penalties which follow an infringement of them are, I believe, strictly enforced. One clause prescribes the "*costume de bain*" as a dark robe, falling to the ankles, and covering the neck and shoulders, of the wearer.

A loud bell now sounded the hour of dinner, so we returned with the landlord to partake of his cheer. At the "*table d'hôte*" we met many of the invalids, but I recognized no compatriots among the number.

THE RETROSPECT.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Ah, old-world time! if time indeed it were,
And not the mockery of some charmed dream,
Given ere the heart knew there was more to bear,
In this our world, than it might welcome deem

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Ah, time of times ! and of all beams the beam
 Brightest and tenderest, redolent of joy,
 That once to me reality did seem,
 For which I have nor name, nor date—so coy
 Of earthly thrall is that which earth would all destroy.

Yet wert thou no illusion ; I can still
 Recal thy sunny nooks by brake and dell ;
 Aye, and the tiniest flower that helped to fill
 Those nooks with gladness,—and my heart as well !
 Bright mirage of life's desert, left to swell
 The meagre list of memories man can prize :
 I thank our God that giveth me to dwell
 Still on thy freshness with faith-gifted eyes,
 And spirit conscious of a bliss that never dies !

Once more I plunge into thy woodland shades
 With the confiding joyousness of old ;
 Once more that subtle fire my soul pervades,
 That changeth all it touches into gold ;
 Not that for which have since been bought and sold
 So much that brings no profit to the heart—
 Ah ! pause awhile, thou sordid life and cold !
 For one that too well knows thee as thou art,
 But whom thou knowest not—I may not long depart.

Out of thy beaten track ! But it is here !
 The old, gnarled oak that knew me many a day ;
 Blessings upon thee, forest king ! so dear
 Few can have held thee since I passed away !
 Here spread thy knotted roots, with moss, like spray
 Lightly begemmed ; and framing quaintly well
 Full many a picture chequered by the ray
 Of leaf-entangled sunshine,—such as fell
 In by-gone time on primrose, violet, harebell.

And the thick, dewy grass,—how fresh to feel !
 How the white pebbles of the brook gleam through
 Its glassy blades, that, gently stirred, reveal
 The glittering water as they wont to do !
 The woodland vistas all around renew
 Half buried memories, each a rich romance ;
 And now they fill with the old shapes I knew,
 And loved to deem realities :—there dance
 Bright nymphs and fairy sprites, and there proud char
 prance.

Aye, gallant knights those quivering boughs have stirred ;
Helmet on head, and lance in hand, have stood
As if irresolute which way, preferred,
Would end the mazy windings of the wood :
Lo! here is one—and by that tiny flood
He spies the maiden with her wreath of flowers :—
“ Ah! gentle child, fear dwelleth with no good ;
Fly not, but say if through these leafy bowers
Any have wandered since the heavy noontide hours ?

“ For here I seek, with saddest heart, to track
The flying steps of one by fear pursued ;
Who, knew she now whose anguish called her back,
Had not thus left me to this solitude ;
Ah! gentle child, hast thou such lady viewed
As never other, with like perfect grace,
Nature and God together so endued,
That but to look upon her beauteous face
Maketh all beauty else unto her own give place ?

“ A robe of spotless white the lady wears ;
A golden fillet binds her brow of snow ;
From whence, a glorious shower, the envied hairs
Shook from her graceful head, float loose below ;
In her small hand she holds an elmen bow ;
A dainty quiver on her arm is strung ;
And in her eyes such living sunbeams glow,
That all around her her own light is flung,
That she may still be known earth’s loveliest among.

“ Has such a vision crossed thy path, oh ! child,
That seeing once is to remember, aye ?”
“ In sooth, sir knight, these forest glades are wild,
And such fair hap has not been mine to-day.
The hours are lonesome in the woods alway,
Save that the changing seasons bring us store
Of well-loved things—companion-birds and flowers,
And gentle winds, and tempests in whose roar
We hear strange words that haunt us evermore.

“ But I have read of other scenes and things,
Brightly set forth in many a goodly book ;
And oft have wished I had a free bird’s wings
To bear me sometimes from this lonely nook ;

On knightly pageant I might never look,
Nor on proud cities, nor on fleeted seas ;
Nor e'en on such as her by whom forsook
Thou wander'st here forlorn—yet ah ! for these
I would awhile give up flowers, birds, and mine own trees

“ And, next to seeing, I full fain would hear
Such wondrous histories as doubtless thou,
Most gentle knight, couldst pour into mine ear,
If for such boon thy courtesies allow
A little space ;—my heart misgives me, now
I ask too boldly, and too much—yet oh !
Should the heart its own wishes disavow,
Or weakly hide, since fate may never throw
Such chance upon its way for that it yearns to know ? ”

And thereupon the knight, most courteously,
Upon the forest sward alighted down ;
And tied his courser to a goodly tree,
And spake on many a theme of high renown,
Such as bards choose, and love and beauty crown,
And kings and warriors have a pride to hear ;
Albeit, often to some maiden's frown
Was traced the source of valour or of fear
That kings could not command—their power all powerless
here !

And the child listened with soul-charged eyes,
And revelled in the gorgeous scenes that came
With each description, as a wild surprise,
Fanning her weaker fancies to a flame,
That lighted up the world ! Ah ! love and fame,
And the brave gallantries that each bedight !
Castle, and court, and king, and regal dame,
And maiden loveliness with its best right
To triumph over all :—why did he speak, that knight !

Now hath he passed upon his way, and dim
Show all the woodland vistas far and wide ;
Sure something moves upon that broad leaf's brim,—
How the light fibres bend from side to side ;
A fairy revel ! now the child must hide,
And stealthily look on, with lips apart ;
Feeling strange joy and fear—so close allied
That neither claim the movements of her heart,
Yet both :—and now the phantoms vanish with a start.

Ah! mine old haunts, and mine old self, I bring
Back to ye both an unchanged hope and heart!
Wild fancies yet within my spirit spring,
Speaking of something nobler than the part
The cold world gives us: in its busy mart
I have exchanged some better things for worse;
But God, that gave, will show me what *thou* art,
Oh! thou incomprehensible, perverse
Essence that oughtest to bless,—nor let thee be a curse!

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.*

THE fashionable world, as well as the world in the city, was much excited by the strange disappearance of Mr. Gostick, who had not been seen or heard of since his departure from Tom's Coffee House on the evening of the 8th of May. The approaching marriage of the merchant, together with his immense wealth, gave an interest to the circumstance which otherwise it would not have possessed. As a man he could not boast of a single friend, and he had voluntarily broken the one tie of affection that remained to him—yet the citizens were loud in their lamentations for the loss of the millionaire; and his courtly acquaintances decided that so *mal appropos* an affair was altogether too bad. Lady Shirley and Alice were amongst the last to learn this new misfortune—for to the former it was one of the first magnitude. A heavier affliction than the ultimate failure of the match upon which she had so much reckoned, came not to her within the range of possibilities. Besides pro-

* Continued from page 31, vol. lv.

viding magnificently for her niece, and securing competence for her brother, it had given promise of opening to herself resources which she had contemplated with much satisfaction. Her own income was insufficient, as she had told her niece, to support the style of life to which she aspired, and her debts were in consequence enormous; and these had been recently swelled on her niece's account. Failure she felt would be, if not ruin, intolerable to her; but surely, to fail was not possible, the old man would turn up somewhere. It was bitter enough to wander amidst the piled heaps of wedding finery, the rich satins, silks and tabinets, the costly laces and embroideries, the gold and silver tissues, the splendid jewellery, with the thought that for all these there *might* be no use, and she combated the idea with all the strength of desperation. With Alice it was another matter. If her consent had involved less of self-sacrifice, if she could have given herself up with a single heart to the one thought of rescuing her father from destitution, with no further feeling on the other hand than the natural repugnance such an union was calculated to excite, she would merely have felt that the news of the merchant's disappearance was either too good or too bad to be true. But as the fact stood, it was a terrible blow to her. If the matter there ended, there was no retrieving the past; she had already incurred all the odium without reaping any of the reward that was to follow her generous annihilation of self. All the repugnance and disgust, the humiliation and despair, the strong sense of outraged delicacy and self respect by which she had been in turn overwhelmed, must henceforth flow back upon her heart, with no prospect of her being able to turn aside the course of the bitter stream. The vindication, if not triumph, which she had promised herself, was become an empty dream; it was as if she had stood upon the verge of a precipice from which there was no turning back; but whence, by one bold leap, she might escape the chasm beneath her, and in the midst of her wild courage and struggling faith the opposite crags had suddenly given way, leaving her trembling over the void. Whatever amount of suffering she had prepared herself to meet and to bear, she knew that in this altered state of things there was yet worse to be encountered; worse in the continued destitution of her father, in the stubborn and unanswerable censure of those before whom she had hoped to stand vindicated, in the threatened storm brooding over her in the inhospitable house of Lady Shirley, in the daily sacrifices of feeling and independence she would be called upon to make; and Alice felt that she was, as yet, only a novice in the mystery of human suffering. There was no possibility of altogether shutting out the world, and one

Of her sternest trials was the being compelled to receive the condolences of those to whose heartless curiosity she was still destined to minister. The fortunes of the rebel's daughter were singular, and people began to speculate upon the probable turn they would take next. To add to her anxiety, a considerable time had elapsed since she received any communication from her father; and Laithway seemed to have forsaken her altogether. Lady Shirley had kept to herself the letters from Sir Thomas, in which he had forbidden the marriage, hoping it would immediately take place, and trusting her own tact to reconcile him to it afterwards. At the end of three weeks no event had broken upon this state of gloom and uncertainty. Alice was conscious of an increase of nervous irritability that was alarming to herself, and Lady Shirley's ill-humour and chagrin were scarcely to be kept within reasonable bounds. At length, one evening during the latter's absence from home, a servant informed Alice, that a messenger who would communicate with no one beside herself, was waiting to see her in the hall below; she understood that it was not Laithway, and her heart trembled with apprehension as she descended the stairs, for she had a presentiment, that the news she was about to receive was evil. It was nearly ten o'clock, and the glare of the lamps in the hall, and the presence there of two or three serving men caused her to recollect herself and to draw back abruptly; and desiring that the messenger might be conducted to Lady Shirley's cabinet, she herself proceeded thither. There was an unmistakeable expression of disgust on the countenance of the richly-liveried lacquey, as he ushered in the stunted and miserably clad urchin, a mere child in years, in whom Alice saw nothing save the bearer of tidings that might be to her life or death. The boy, himself, whose very plain face was rendered repulsively ugly by its premature display of worldly wisdom, seemed rather to enjoy the exhibition of outraged feeling made by the footman; and with some consciousness of his own importance at the moment, he honoured Alice with a knowing wink, as with trembling fingers she fastened the door behind them both.

"You have a letter for me," she said, hurriedly, holding out her hand as she spoke.

"I've a bit o' paper somewhere," said the boy, who drew it forth after several unsuccessful attempts to hit upon the legitimate approach to his ragged pocket. "There it is," he continued, "and the genman as give it me, said I was to put it in your own hands if you was in, and if you wasn't, I was to take it back to him."

Whilst Alice eagerly broke the seal and glanced over the con-

tents of the letter, the boy very coolly seated himself, first in Lady Shirley's easy chair, covered with pale blue velvet, trimmed with silver, then on a corresponding ottoman, a French couch, a music stool; and so continued until he came to the last chair, in which he remained, as if satisfied with this trial of the relative merits of each—a mode of procedure, that had she been aware of it, would have horrified Lady Shirley; but of which, in the present agitation of her mind, Alice took no note.

"You can guide me to the place where you left this gentleman?" she asked, turning upon the boy a face so woful in its expression, and withal of such ghastly whiteness, that, far out of natural feeling as the world had doomed him to wander, he was touched by it. Yes, he said, he could take her safe and sound there and back again. Alice gave him directions to wait for her at a certain spot in the park, and let him depart in the same way that he had entered. Lady Shirley was not expected home until a late hour, and her maid, taking advantage of the opportunity, had also gone out. Taught by adversity to notice and to be grateful for small mercies, Alice thankfully acknowledged that a more fortunate combination of circumstances could scarcely have been to favour her present purpose. Hastily covering her dress with a large cloak, and throwing over her hat a thick veil, she descended the private stairs, and quitted the house without observation. Having joined the boy, he walked some paces in advance, as she directed him, and having quitted the park, they shortly left Westminster Abbey at some distance behind them.

"They don't give us no lights here," remarked the boy, speaking for the first time, and stopping short, so as to allow his companion to come up with him; "they leaves us to grope, as the Pope says everybody must do as can't see, and then they wonders if we goes wrong sometimes. Mind you aren't tripped, for the sewers hereabouts are all above ground, and finds their way to the Thames as well as they can."

It was unusually dark, for there had been a heavy storm during the evening; the rain still fell at intervals, and thunder was rumbling in the distance. Had Alice's feelings been less highly wrought by troubles bordering upon desperation, she would have experienced some terror during her progress amid the dark, unpaved streets, and fœtid alleys through which she was conducted; but as it was, she went boldly on, occupied solely by the one fear in whose presence none other might live. Quitting those localities, the abodes of poverty, the boy led the way along a swampy piece of ground bounded by the river, and for some time they seemed to have left every habitation behind

them; at length a light appeared in the distance, and the boy again spoke:—

“That’s the place as you see yonder; they calls it the Boat House. Shall I run on and tell the gemman you’re here, or will you come along with me?”

“I’ll go with you,” said Alice, who now trembled so as to be scarcely able to support herself: “are there many people in the house?”

“No,” replied the boy, “there warn’t when I left it: I say, what are you doing that for?”

The latter part of this speech was addressed to a man, who, suddenly emerging from a gate that led into the ale-house garden, seized the boy’s ragged cap, and threw it forward to some distance; then whispering to Alice, gently led her through the garden, and so to the back of the house.

“My child!” “My dear father!” was all the man heard, as he closed the door he had just opened, and returned to his seat in the kitchen. In that long embrace, both felt that each had yet much to live for. The love that gives its spirit to life, and its energy to purpose, was beating in their hearts as of old,—shining as a fixed star above the wreck of many hopes. Alice was the first to recover herself and to speak, looking sorrowfully in her father’s altered face:—

“Ah! you have been ill, not slightly, as you said, dear father, but dreadfully ill—and I not with you! why did we ever part?”

“To teach me, Alice, what a treasure I possessed in my child, —to prove to me how impossible it was to live without her. I cannot go back to France alone; it would be better for me to remain here and die. I know not what it is that haunts me,—some terrible idea, Alice, that I cannot put away, and that in your continued absence would madden me. My dreams are haunted by the same images, but it is not by dreams that I am influenced—my waking thoughts are filled with the vague terror that oppresses me. I feel as though some evil threatened us—as though we were about to be parted; not in any ordinary way, but as if for time and for eternity some impassable gulf were about to divide our very souls. You will think this only an imagination; it may be so, but it is not the less insupportable: leave me not again, my child! leave me not again!”

The wild, haggard look of her father, his incoherent manner, and excited speech, filled Alice with a dread only differing in character from his own.

“We will be no longer separated, dear father,” she said, soothingly, “I, too, shall know no happiness until we are united, never to part again. But what brings you here, and where is

Laithwaye? How terrible is the danger to which you are exposed!"

"First answer me one question:—did you receive my letter sent five weeks ago?"

"No; nor any for a long time past, and your silence has made me most unhappy."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, striding hastily across the room; "I knew it would be your aunt's policy to hasten that accursed marriage which I had written to forbid, and which heaven itself has interposed to prevent. I have heard of that man's strange disappearance; but for that you would now have been his wife, and existence would have been hateful to me as to yourself. It was the dread of your being sacrificed that brought me over, Alice;—I was resolved to save you at the risk of my own life: if I have at any time appeared capable of selfishly trifling with your happiness, remember this, and do not utterly condemn me."

"I have never believed this of you, father; why should you think it? Do not disturb your mind with apprehensions of what could never be! But Laithwaye—where is Laithwaye? and does he know that you are here?"

"He knows that I am in England. He is gone to Darren, to fetch the plate I gave into his father's keeping, and which the old man has given up to John Forrest. Laithwaye will get it disposed of, and so raise funds to convey us to France. O! Alice, may I still believe that you can follow your father's fortunes with an undivided heart?—that no regrets will draw you back to what must be left behind—perhaps for ever?"

"No," said Alice, looking the sincerity with which she spoke, "do not believe it! I wish for nothing so much as to leave this place, never to return to it; and by your side, dear father, I can regret nothing, save that you should have known sorrow."

Sir Thomas's countenance brightened: he became more collected—even cheerful. "This is well! and now, Alice, I may tell thee that I have stolen a march upon Laithwaye, from whom, poor, faithful fellow, I may expect a lecture when we meet next. I owe it to him as well as to thee not to run any unnecessary risk; and whilst I can feel that life is worth preserving, depend upon my being careful. But your aunt—how does she bear the disappointment of this match being so strangely broken off?"

"As one who had set her whole heart upon it, and she will not readily give up all hope of its taking place. She thinks, as others do, that Mr. Gostick will make his appearance before long."

"And that is not unlikely," said Sir Thomas, "and therefore it is that I feel no security whilst you are out of my sight. My poor child ! what you must have suffered, and without uttering a complaint ! I was a madman to place you in her power, or to trust to her good offices in any way. Let all this be to us as if it had never been, Alice ; I cannot think of the transactions of the last few months, and of my own part in them, without a self-accusing pang that is intolerable. Let us speak of our mutual deliverance : I am stopping in the house of a worthy Scot at Deptford,—he knows me, and would risk his life to save mine. I have been there three weeks, and but that I was suddenly stricken down by illness, I should have seen thee long ago. When Laithwaye left, he thought I was too feeble to perform such a feat as this of coming here ; and I partly promised him I would remain quiet until his return ; but I was going mad, Alice ; for the strange horror that has been upon me was heightened by something that was ever before my eyes in that hospitable house. I cannot explain here—I am better now ; but now do not hesitate about quitting your aunt—not for a day, if you wish to preserve my reason or my life."

His manner was again wild and excited ; and Alice in her terror : promised to be entirely guided by his wishes.

"What need," he said, "have you to return at all ? why not fly with me even now ? You owe your aunt no debt of gratitude :—were it not for the hope of this man's return, she would thankfully be rid of you. Alice, I feel that our parting this night will be worse to bear than that we submitted to months ago !"

Alice was shocked at the thought of quitting her aunt so abruptly : "let me at least return and ask her consent to my joining you in France : perhaps she may agree to this ; at least it will prepare her ; and, in any case, I promise to join you at once, after having done this."

Sir Thomas reluctantly acquiesced in the propriety of this arrangement :—the next instant, with a wild agitation that it was distressing to combat, he said he could not part from her again ; and so little was he master of himself, that Alice thought it would be unsafe to leave him. When, however, she declared her willingness to go with him at once, with the fickleness consequent upon the unsettled state of his mind, he forbade her doing so ; saying it would be better to gain her aunt's consent to her departure, if she could ; and that on the following night, at the same hour, he would be there to receive her. The risk her father ran of being suspected or recognised, was too great for Alice to comply readily with his proposal ; especially as he was acting without the knowledge or the assistance of Laith-

way. Sir Thomas however protested that there was no present danger, and promised to confide his plans to his host, Christie Fraser, who, he said, would willingly accompany him, and whom he would direct to wait for her between the hours of ten and eleven near her aunt's house. With this understanding they parted, reluctantly, and with such misgiving on both sides as neither dared give utterance to. Sir Thomas commended and rewarded the discretion of the boy to whose care he again confided Alice; but she lingered until her father had re-entered the boat, and then until the darkness and distance hid it from her view. On approaching the Abbey, she dismissed the boy, thinking to find her way alone; but passing on, she was alarmed at finding the street through which her course lay, nearly blocked up with chairs and coaches. Drawing more closely around her the folds of her cloak and veil, she, however, pressed forward. Flambeaux glared in every direction, and lacqueys, impatient of impediment, were vociferating on all sides for room to pass. "Make way there for my lord bishop of London!" "Room for my lord Peterborough's chair!" "Hang that lumbering coach of yours, it takes up the space of a dozen!" "What business have you here at this time of night, blocking up the road for my lady Harleigh's visitors?" asked a smart young page, the attendant on a chair, switching his cane as he spoke, across the broad shoulders of a porter, who was rolling a heavy barrel. "I say, my young master," exclaimed the man, looking up fiercely, "if I'd time, I'd pull that fool's jacket over your ears." "I can wait till your time serves," said the other, saucily, as he passed on. Alice had gone far enough to find it difficult to advance or retreat. Occupied as her thoughts were, she readily became confused, and an advancing chair with its attendants and flambeaux, drove her closely upon the wheels of a passing chariot. "Steady there—mind the young woman!" exclaimed some one; and her arm was seized, and she was dragged rather roughly forward.

"You may be thankful it is no worse: what brings you in such a crowd as this?" asked her deliverer; and Alice looked up, and beheld Colonel Seymour.

"Mrs. Greystock!" he exclaimed, in evident surprise. Alice briefly thanked him for the service he had just rendered her, and passed on.

"It is scarcely proper that you should be out at this hour alone," he said, following her; "will you allow me to see you safe home?"

Alice said something about the distance being short, and declined the proffered courtesy; and the colonel, with a cold bow,

turned on his heel, and left her. How her heart throbbed, as she hurried into the darkness and solitude of the park from the noise and the glitter of that fashionable street! The figure of a man, muffled up, passed her, and she quickened her steps; an instant afterwards she knew that some one was walking behind her, and she turned round in terror,

"I beg your pardon," said the same man she had before observed; "I wish to communicate something to you. I am addressing Mrs. Greystock, I believe?"

Alice briefly answered in the affirmative.

"And to-night you have seen your father? Do not start, or be alarmed: I am no enemy to Sir Thomas or his politics, and I have no wish to see a repetition of those tragedies that have been enacted around us. It was most unwise in your father to return to England. He was recognized at the place where you met, and your conversation was overheard. If he returns to-morrow night, he will be taken. You must contrive in the meantime to give him this information, and let him not lose a moment in getting back to France. You, of course, know where to find him?"

Alice was for a moment incapable of reply; the blood seemed to freeze in her veins, and if the stranger had not supported her she would have fallen.

"I regret being compelled to distress you," he continued; "but the necessity is urgent: not a moment should be lost. My name will be a warrant to you for my sincerity—I am the Earl of Wintoun."

Alice had seen this romantic and somewhat weak-minded young nobleman at Darren, on several occasions; and, re-assured by his identity, she uttered an exclamation of joy.

"By chance," he continued, "I overheard this plot; and I determined to wait for you, knowing that you must pass this way. I understand that Sir Thomas will not quit England without you, and that you are prepared to accompany him—is it so?"

"It is," said Alice, earnestly: "and oh! by the tie of your common faith and sufferings, I beseech you, help my father in this extremity! help me, his daughter, to fly to him, ere it is too late! Alas! they may, even now, be pursuing him. My Lord Wintoun, you are too generous to desert us in this strait. I have no friend, no counsellor, beside yourself. Help me to save him, I beseech you!"

"I will do it, if it cost me my head," answered the enthusiastic earl. "You can quit your aunt's house privately, and at any hour?"

Alice answered in the affirmative.

"Then two hours hence a chair shall be in waiting for you on this spot. There must be no turning back. You must come prepared to go forward to France."

Alice promised to be ready, with much gratitude; and, after a cordial grasp of the hand, they separated. The earl had continued walking by her side as he spoke, and, when he left her, she found herself near her aunt's house. A single lamp was burning over the private entrance; and, turning round, as she again heard a footstep behind her, she once more beheld the face of Colonel Seymour.

"I took the liberty of disobeying your commands," he said, bowing with elaborate politeness. "I was not aware that you were already provided with a protector. Good-night."

Alice possessed none of the unwomanly courage that braves appearances; her native delicacy of mind and purity of heart compelled her to shrink, in the midst of her indignation, and, before she was capable of speech, the colonel was gone. Quickly retreating to the solitude of her own chamber, she strove to collect her thoughts in this, the most bitterly trying hour of her life. Strangely enough, through the dark consciousness of this fresh and unworthy misconception on the part of Colonel Seymour, there shot forth a ray of light that thenceforward found an abiding place in the inner chamber of her heart and thoughts. She felt that, in spite of all that had told so much against her, there was a struggle for him as well as for herself in this determined wrenching asunder of the bonds that, however slightly, had united them. But, from this one gleam of satisfaction, to what abundant trouble she was compelled to turn! Everything to come was so dream-like, and vague, and uncertain: at the same time that everything occurring in the past was so terribly stern, and painful, and humbling in its reality. Weakened in mind and body, she had to prepare herself for coming exploits, scarcely more defined than the shapes in a vision, and appalling in proportion to their indistinctness. It was not that she had not originally possessed true strength of soul and purpose to struggle with difficulty, but that the nature of every difficulty had baffled all her attempts to cope with it. Wheels within wheels of divided interests, and crushing necessities, and sordid exactions, and constructions void of charity, and conclusions jumped at in the wantonness of utter ignorance, had whirled round and confused her, until she was left like unto the Cyclops, groping in sightless darkness round the peril by which she was cooped up. When Lady Shirley at length made her appearance, jaded, and in ill humour, Alice had no longer the power to defer the proposition she intended to make. This was met by a storm of reproaches, and a recapitulation of benefits conferred, and

sacrifices submitted to, until, overcome by her individual mortification and disappointment, Lady Shirley wept. Alice felt so much of what her aunt said to be true, that she stood abashed, confounded, heart-stricken. She forgot that much of what Lady Shirley complained of had been of her own seeking; and, whilst willing to acknowledge more than her own share in it, was painfully conscious of the impotency of such acknowledgment. All this was doubly embittered by the thought of what was before her,—that even thus, under the influence of feelings and events that precluded all communion, and all confidence, they two must—perhaps finally—part. The necessity for immediate action was still more imperative: and, hurried onward by events, Alice once more retreated to her own apartment, and prepared for her flight.

CHAPTER XV.

INEXORABLE, crushing necessity! If from the threshold of existence the young spirit might look onward, beholding thy triumphs, ending in defeat to the victim, and comprehending thy exactions, against which there is no appeal—what a change would come over the dream of life! How the strong will would falter in its course, and the proud purpose pause in its midway career, and the fond trust droop in its eager pursuit of love and happiness! Piece by piece the links of the chain binding us to existence give way, drop by drop the full cup of life's promise is exhausted, and they that outlive both, and naked as they came into the world, stand upon its further shore awaiting the great change, feel that for them a mystery has to be solved beyond that of the soul's bondage with corruption. Much that is hidden must be revealed, much that is dark made light, ere the spirit, bursting finally from every thrall, shall be enabled to enter into that "glorious liberty" of which even the heathen dreamed, when he promised to the good an abiding place in the pure ether of the highest empyrean. "Whom the gods love die early," said they to whom revelation was denied, and we may hold to the saying, not only because Christ loved the young, but because every day experience teaches that the flesh is weakest, where the spirit is strong, and that from the unequal conflict there are few that would not willingly turn

away, praying that the cup might pass from them. Day by day in this conflict are thousands trampled in the dust, and in the hurrying necessity of their individual struggles men take no note, and keep no record of the myriad destinies failing around them,—scarcely pause to consider to what an awful charge, and still more awful reckoning each has been summoned. Wide as are our sympathies, universal as are our hopes, we revolve in a narrow orbit, and even the love in whose light we have moved soon ceases to be conscious of our shadow when the visible presence has departed. And let us bless God that it is so! that to another, and a better, and an abiding life, all our endeavours are tending—there to be enduringly recorded, and to take root by the “living waters” where there is “no sea,” no unbounded, fathomless type of the salt streams unceasingly supplied by human agony.

The Abbey clock had struck two, when Alice descended from her room, and with trembling fingers drew back the bolt of the private door leading into the park. The chair was already waiting, and she entered it without a word. In little more than a quarter of an hour, it stopped in an obscure street in Pimlico, and she heard a knock given, and saw a door open, and the Earl of Wintoun himself led her forward to a room on the ground floor, poorly furnished, and badly lighted, and to an elderly lady who had risen stiffly at her entrance, he introduced her as his aunt. Alice thought the lady bowed coldly, and the scene was altogether an oppressive one. “I have been making inquiries on the river,” said the earl as he placed her a chair, “and I find that we can take passage in a light vessel bound to Deptford, and which sets out at four o’clock from London Docks. I think it safest to go by water, and the master says we shall reach Deptford speedily. Further inquiries we can make lower down the river. As I told you, aunt, this young lady is anxious to join her father in France, and I have pledged my word to give her all the aid in my power.”

As the earl spoke, he gave Alice a look from which, as well as from his words, she understood that beyond this explanation he had not made a confidant of his aunt; and this knowledge, while it in some measure accounted for the lady’s coldness, increased in many ways her own distress.

“Mrs. Greystock will take some refreshment,” said the earl, speaking *at* his aunt rather than to her. “All the household are in bed,” he continued, apologetically, “and we must wait upon ourselves.”

“You might as well have said, that we are pretty well used to waiting upon ourselves,” said the aunt sharply, drawing forth from a cupboard as she spoke some wine and biscuits, without heeding the assertion of Alice that she could take nothing.

"Well," said the earl, good humouredly, "I acknowledge, for myself especially, that I have not only been pretty well used to wait upon myself, but upon others also. When I was on my travels in France, Mrs. Greystock, I served a blacksmith some years as bellows blower and under servant, and should probably have been with him now if I had not heard of the death of my father, upon which I came over to England, and to a poor reception—for they had heard I was dead, and there was nothing but anger and disappointment at my turning up again."*

The earl continued to speak in this rambling manner, perhaps rather to cover the chilling silence of his aunt than for any other purpose; but Alice felt her spirit sink more and more, and she longed to depart. There was no fire in the room, and the lady shivered audibly, besides giving other unequivocal signs of weariness. At length looking at his watch, the earl declared it was time to be gone, upon which Alice and the lady arose at once, and the former, after thanking her inhospitable hostess, briefly expressed her regret, that she should have been the occasion of her being intruded upon during such unseasonable hours.

The lady bowed stiffly, without making any other response; and turning to the Earl, said with some asperity.

"I trust that the circumstances in which the young lady is placed, are such as may justify the step she is taking. For yourself, my lord, if any fresh trouble comes of this knight-errantry, you will do me the justice to acknowledge that I have ever given you my best counsel."

The Earl was already in the passage with Alice, whom he hurried forward, and made no reply. A coach was in waiting at the door, and having placed Alice inside, he himself took his seat by the driver, and so proceeded to the London Docks. It was now very light, and on arriving at the place of their destination, they found many like themselves, already beginning the business of the day. The Earl quitted Alice for a few moments, while he went to make some inquiries, and she gazed with a feeling of interest on the noble ships, most of them lying motionless on the still water. A boat was suddenly moored just below the spot where she stood, and the conversation and laughter of those who had landed, increasing in loudness as the party approached the stairs near her, caused her to look round uneasily for her companion. The Earl appeared at this instant,

* Patten states that during the march of the rebel army in England, the Earl of Wintoun, being slighted in various ways, having frequently no quarters provided for him, diverted himself with any sort of company, by telling the above and other stories of his travels. He accused his grandmother of rapacity, and she seems never to have forgiven him, for being alive when he was reported to be dead. On one occasion, when his wife and two children were nearly starving, his steward sent word he could not raise ten pounds.

and gave her his arm as they descended the stairs, at the bottom of which, before they reached it, stood the party from the boat, consisting of five or six gentlemen, most of whom, to her great terror, Alice found were personally known to her.

"Manners!" exclaimed Lord Royston, dragging back by the skirts of his coat one who had passed up a few steps, "allow the lady to pass first."

As the gentlemen were evidently under the influence of the potations in which they had been indulging, the manners of the most polite amongst them were nothing to boast of. With a ludicrous gravity that had much of impertinence in it, they drew up, hat in hand, on one side; and chancing to block up the way by which Lord Wintoun was proceeding, some confusion ensued, in the midst of which Sir Hildebrand Bayer rudely essayed to pierce the thick folds of the lady's veil.

"Foregad, an old acquaintance, if I don't mistake," he exclaimed: "is it really Mrs. Greystock?"

"I have something here that may satisfy your curiosity," said Lord Wintoun, drawing his sword, and smartly applying its flat surface across the shoulder of the speaker. Sir Hildebrand sported a cane, but wore no sword; with the former weapon, however, he seemed well inclined to approve his valour with one nearly twice his own height; but he was restrained by his friends.

"Hang him! for a fish-wife's companion, and no true gentleman, though he wear a gentleman's weapon," said Mr. Ned Howard.

"Shall we give him a souse in the river, and teach him not to meddle with his betters?" suggested another. The earl meanwhile had advanced to where a boat waited, in which he placed Alice, now trembling with extreme terror, and turning round faced their pursuers.

"If any one here," he said, lowering the cloak by which his face had been partially concealed, and lifting his hat with one hand, "if any one here has the assurance to proclaim himself a gentleman, and assert himself to be aggrieved, there is my gage," throwing down his glove, "and when time serves, some of you know where to find me." With that he leaped into the boat, and ordered the rowers to make all speed.

"My Lord Wintoun, by this light!" exclaimed Mr. Howard.

"Rogues all!" shouted Sir Hildebrand: "another Jacobite plot, as I'm a sinner! Mrs. Greystock, you are treating us very badly!"

These and similar exclamations pursued them until they were out of hearing; and shocked at the misconstructions to which she would again be subjected, as well as alarmed at the turn

this adventure might take, an intense feeling of dismay overwhelmed her, and bitter tears that might not be restrained fell from her bowed face. When arrived on board the vessel, which was about to set sail, Alice earnestly expressed her regret at this rencounter, for the earl's sake, trusting that it would lead to no unpleasant consequences; but he made altogether light of the matter so far as regarded himself. "Sir Hildebrand," he said, "is no fighting man; and if he were I would answer for mastering fifty such, as so many mongrel curs. As to anything more, government knows better than to take further notice of one whose whole possessions would not be worth the picking up." Continuing to converse after his usual desultory manner, the earl did his best to amuse his companion during their passage, which, nevertheless, appeared long enough. A boat speedily conveyed them on shore, and then, according to the directions of Alice, the earl enquired for the residence of the shipwright, Christie Fraser. They found the good man at his work; and on Lord Wintoun inquiring for the gentleman stopping at his house, he spoke cautiously and suspiciously, until Alice, lifting her veil, and first taking him aback by her extreme beauty, and then dispelling his doubts by her resemblance to Sir Thomas, which would have established their relationship anywhere, he uttered an exclamation of pleased astonishment; and desiring them to follow, led the way to the house. Sarah was busily engaged with her household matters, and, being no slattern, she wore the same neat and brisk appearance that even inanimate things assumed about her. Christie's whispered communication engaged all her good offices at once.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "but I'm glad to see you! Do come in here:" and she led the way to the inner room. Clean it was as cleanliness could make it; but it was more than that. In the cheerful half-opened window, overlooking the noble river, were ranged pots of fresh plants, some in full flower, and earthen vessels filled with bouquets of flowers, glorious in scent and hue, lay scattered about—on the mantlepiece, the hobs, and tables; and a splendid hydrangea that had outgrown the tub in which it was planted, amply filled one corner of the room. Pencil drawings, sketched by no unskilful hand, were scattered about the white-washed walls, and some beautiful embroidery lay neatly folded on the centre table. Alice felt her spirits revive; cheerfulness and good will, and more than the beauty peculiar to each, had given her cordial welcome. Sarah let her know at once that Sir Thomas was still sleeping, and, that broken as his health and rest had both been of late, it would be well not to disturb him. Lord Wintoun, who had met with many

a worse berth, was equally pleased with the house and hostess, and made himself at home directly, by professing to superintend the making of the coffee. Sarah in the meantime had disencumbered Alice of her cloak and hat; and Christie wheeled in his easy chair, in which she found a welcome rest; and she could not help contrasting her present reception with that of a few hours back.

"You seem to be fond of these luxuries," she said, glancing round at the flowers, as Sarah laid the white cloth upon the table; "and truly it is a most happy taste. I do not know that I have ever before so fully felt the cheering influence of these beautiful gifts of God."

"Oh, it's not all my doing; though I'm fond of flowers: they are such sweet, innocent things," said Mrs. Fraser. "It's our Jessy that makes us have such a many of them; she makes as much of them as if they were Christians. Christie likes to humour her, and, as he knows the gardener up at Mr. Evelyn's house, we can generally get plenty. These are her drawings, too. I'm no great judge of such things, myself, but we think her very clever."

"Jessy is your daughter, I suppose?"

"O dear no; but I should be proud if she was. Jessy is an orphan, with no relation and no friend beside us. She's had a good education, as you may see," and Sarah exhibited the embroidery which she had just removed from the table. Alice said it was very beautiful, and she meant what she said.

"She is very clever at designing patterns for this work," continued Mrs. Fraser, "and she is well paid for it. Ah, I should like you to see her, for, lady though you are, you would feel quite at home with her. She, too, is a lady in manner, so quiet and gentle."

"Believe me that I feel quite at home with yourself. How could it be otherwise, after the kind welcome you have given me, and all your goodness to my father, of which he has informed me? Pray let me see your Jessy. Is she in the house?"

"Yes, ma'am, upstairs in her room, where she's been at work these two hours. You are very good to express a wish to see her," continued Mrs. Fraser, a slight flush overspreading her face, and her manner becoming suddenly embarrassed: "I am sure she would like it, too; but—but—I may as well tell you, for there's no harm in it: you see, when Sir Thomas first came here, he was taken dreadfully ill, so ill that we did not expect him to live, and for some days he was quite insensible. Jessy attended him, not only when I couldn't, but always, and from choice. She left him neither night nor day; and a good nurse she was, and a thoughtful one in many things that I should never

have remembered. But when the gentleman began to recover, he somehow took a dislike to her; and, dear heart, how it did grieve her! He couldn't bear the sight of her, and told us so; and she has kept out of his way since. But without his knowing anything about it, she's contrived many little comforts for him, for she seemed to take as much to him as he did against her."

Alice was pained and astonished. "I must see her," she said; "it will be impossible for *me* not to love her. Pray let me see her."

Mrs. Fraser was evidently pleased at the request, and, going softly upstairs, presently returned with a young girl, whose exceeding loveliness filled Alice with new astonishment. Jessy's beautiful hair was now curling more luxuriantly than ever, and her complexion was richer and brighter, for there were the glowing hues of health about it. Sarah smiled with a feeling of gratified pride, as she witnessed the sensations of wonder and admiration exhibited by Mrs. Greystock. Her face became suddenly pale, as, rising from her chair with a start, she advanced a few paces, and held out her hand to the girl, who, taking it in both hers, gently bowed her head over it, and then looked up—with admiration too—into Alice's face, so beautiful, and yet so different in character to her own.

"I beg your pardon," said Alice, after the lapse of a few seconds, during which the two girls had gazed intently at each other, "your face brings to my mind one that I was accustomed to behold long ago, though not in life; the resemblance is so exact as to be wonderful. Sit down here beside me. Oh, you make me feel at home, once more, with that old, familiar look."

Mrs. Greystock seemed to be absorbed in the astonishment caused by this resemblance, and an expression, half pleasurable, half painful, lay on the girl's face. The earl, who seemed to have been in his element in the kitchen, now made his appearance, with a coffee-pot, and, having placed it on the table, he resumed his courtly manner, and bowed gracefully to the young girl, whose beauty took him also by surprise. No persuasion could induce Christie or his wife to sit at table with their guests; but Alice, retaining Jessy's hand in her own, would not suffer her to quit her side, and the three breakfasted together, the earl of Wintoun, who was really entertaining, giving some further account of his adventures, during the meal. Alice soon found an opportunity of thanking Jessy for the attention paid to her father, and, on inquiring about Laithwaye, was surprised to find how well he was known to Mrs. Fraser and Jessy, until the former entered into some few explanations respecting their original acquaintance. During this conversation, Lord Wintoun conferred with Christie respecting the possibility of

finding a speedy conveyance to France, the necessity of which he had already explained to him. Christie said that a humble friend of his, bound to the Hague, was to take his departure that afternoon, and he thought Sir Thomas could not do better than go with him. This the earl agreed to, and, after some further conversation, Christie went out in search of his friend, whom he promised to introduce to the party.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Sir Thomas awoke, Sarah informed him that Lord Wintoun was there to wait upon him, and from him the baronet learned the rest. He was only too happy at the prospect of immediately quitting England with his daughter, the magic of whose presence entirely dissipated the gloom by which he had latterly been overshadowed. He acknowledged to having acted unadvisedly and rashly, and in a manner that was likely to bring his kind host into trouble, which he sincerely regretted; but Christie, when he heard this, made too light of the matter to leave room for further argument. Sir Thomas's repugnance to the sight of Jessy Alice now fully understood originated in the exact resemblance she bore to one long dead; and even, whilst wondering that it should not rather have led him to look upon her with added favour, she was herself conscious of a painful emotion for which she could not account. But, after conversing freely with his daughter on the subject, the dislike that he had manifested appeared to vanish. He spoke gratefully of the girl's kind attentions to himself, and admiringly of her beauty and the quiet grace that characterised it; and, after sending Alice as ambassadress, to make explanations and to sue for peace between them, he in person gave her such assurance of his gratitude and good will as drew tears from her full heart. Jessy had indeed not only seemed (as Mrs. Fraser said) to take to Sir Thomas, but had in reality felt such strong interest in him as had rendered her attendance on him a pleasure to herself, and his subsequent and unaccountable aversion a source of poignant regret. Still more towards his daughter did she feel drawn by some sympathetic impulse that it was painful to resist, and yet that she could only encourage to the wringing of her own heart. In the case of Sir Thomas, she had been interested by his pe-

culiar misfortunes, as well as by the helplessness of his condition amongst strangers: in that of Alice there was the added interest of the young in the young; and she knew enough of the present situation of both to understand that affliction was even now teaching them the true value of kind offices from the humblest. But a deep shadow still lay upon the spirit of Jessy. From the caresses of Alice, and the respectful attentions of Lord Wintoun, and the now cordial regards of Sir Thomas, she shrank with an involuntary consciousness that did grievous wrong to her feelings and thoughts, giving her an outward appearance of coldness, amounting to apathy, that would admit of only one interpretation—a want of interest in those around her. This state of unnatural constraint was, however, ended, when Alice, awaking from the brief slumber she had been persuaded to take, exhibited in her heavy eyes and failing limbs a degree of fever and restlessness that ill fitted her for the exertion she would so soon be called upon to make. It was then that all the smothered tenderness of Jessy's nature burst forth, and she formed a resolve that was afterwards put into execution, to the sorrow of some and the great joy of others. Christie's friend, an artisan, who was carrying his labour to Holland, and who seemed intelligent and obliging, gave all the information in his power. The vessel in which he was to proceed was then lying in the London Docks, ready to sail in the evening, and the boat that was to carry him on board would start at one o'clock.

"It is na as if we'd Lance Errington here to get help or advice frae," said Christie, after his friend had departed; "or that sharp lad, Laithwaye, wha'd beat the de'il himsel' at contrivances, an' we maun be circumspec. They've no blate i' their wark that hae a mind for pouching the siller, an' are nae partic'lar how it's coom by." It was clear that some circumspection was necessary in conveying Sir Thomas and his daughter up the river; and after further inquiries made by Christie, it was decided that they should proceed to the docks in the dingy cabin of a barge that sailed in the afternoon. Alice's terror on her father's account became extreme, as the hour of their departure drew near; and, heavily oppressed by illness as she was—so much so that she felt it would be a blessed privilege to be allowed to lie down and die—she yet struggled bravely to bear up; and none, save Jessy, paused to consider that such a struggle must soon end in prostration. There were no selfish memories about her at the moment; grief for her had been swallowed up in grief: regret in regret. She had had little opportunity for brooding over her individual disappointment; and while, unstable as water, the promises of her later life had failed her, her heart was too true, and her nature too

noble, to allow of any failing, in one iota, of the duty that still animated her to live and look onward. It is a poor spirit that can be faithful to only one trust; and in the weak passion, and the froward sorrow that have annihilated thousands—sentimentalisms that have been too idly vaunted in tale and song—there is not only a short-coming of the real agony of worthier trial, but an utter absence and ignorance of all by which trial is exalted—the strong faith and high courage that spring from every conquered difficulty, every sacrificed desire, opening up revelations of the “to be,” that more than compensate the failure of what “has been.” Alice was still capable of forgetting herself in her father, and her devotion had its reward even in the *anticipated* joy of his deliverance.

Jessy’s quiet attentions, and affectionate watchfulness, caused Alice soon to miss her from her side; and when the final moment of separation came, she had quitted the room. Sir Thomas noticed the restless glance of his daughter, frequently turned inquiringly towards the door, and comprehending what she missed in common with himself, he spoke:—

“But where is our kind friend Jessy? we cannot go without once more thanking her;—a poor return for her goodness, but thanks are all we have to give.”

“The puir lassie was greetin’ when she passed me just noo,” said Christie; “she’s sair to see ye gae. Gang up til her,” addressing his wife, “an’ say the leddy ’ll no tak’ it kind to leave her this gate.” Tears strayed down the cheeks of Alice for very sympathy; and, on seeing his daughter’s emotion, Sir Thomas turned away to the window. Jessy soon made her appearance, no longer “greeting,” though traces of tears were on her face: and she was equipped in a hat and cloak, as if for a journey.

“I thought you would not let us part without another word,” said Alice, holding out both her hands.

“No, nor part at all, dear lady, unless it be your own pleasure,” replied Jessy, again bowing her head over the hands she had taken: “Sarah, speak for me.”

“Jessy has set her mind on entering Mrs. Greystock’s service,” said Sarah, addressing herself to Sir Thomas, and fairly taking away her husband’s breath by her proposition, and the coolness with which she made it. “Not to be a burden on her or you,” she continued; “for in France she will be able to earn more than in England; and she has money to pay her passage and all other present expences. The young lady needs attention just now, and none could attend her more faithfully: it will break Jessy’s heart to be refused.”

There was a pleasant light on Alice’s face when she turned it

to her father, that instantly illuminated his own. "You are teaching us something new," he said, "by thus begging leave to confer a favour. You take part with fortune in humbling us, and there is nothing for it but to yield :—the only difference being that in this case we yield willingly."

And so it was decided on the instant that Jessy should go with them, to the infinite joy of the two girls, silently expressed and understood; and to the great delight of Lord Wintoun, whose pleasure in an adventure was enhanced by the variety of incident it afforded, and who in the midst of his eccentricities had a secret satisfaction in doing, and in witnessing any manifestation of, good. Christie, the only disconcerted person present, seeing there was no help for what must be, very philosophically made up his mind to it; but he had his revenge when, on returning home late that evening from the London Docks, Sarah, without waiting for his news, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed out, "O, but it's a desolate house you're come back to, Christie Fraser!"

"Hoot, woman, nonsense!" replied Christie, "it's a puir compliment ye're paying yoursel to say that. Sit down, an' dinna be fashious, but hear til me: I stopped in the vessel to the verra last minute; an' ye'd seen how ill the puir young leddy was, wi' scarcely power to haud up her head, ye'd be thankfu', as I was, that our Jessy was there to help her. An' it isn't as if the bairn was dead, or we'd lost her by anything that was to her discredit; so praised be the Lord it's nae waur, an' gin ye'll help me eat the supper, I'll tell ye all about it."

CHAPTER XVII.

LAITHWAYE OATES, for whom Sir Thomas had left a message with Christie Fraser, to the effect that he was to write to, or join him at the old place in Paris as speedily as possible, arrived in London from his northern expedition on the afternoon of the second day after the departure recorded in the last chapter. There was an expression of unwonted anxiety on his usually happy face, and after lighting from the coach, burdened only with a small, leathern valise, he was turning his steps towards Deptford with much alacrity, when he was abruptly stopped.

"Do you know what has happened yonder?" asked a gaunt, muffled-up woman, as she laid her hand on his arm.

"Hey, mistress! is that you?" exclaimed Laithwaye, "what's in the wind now?"

"I know all that you have sought to keep me in ignorance of—I know that they have left England, and together, he and his daughter, and the girl:—turn back; I must speak with you."

Without further parley, Laithwaye followed the woman, and they together entered the squalid house in which they had before met.

"You have played me false!" said the woman, turning upon him fiercely, after having closed the crazy garret door. "You promised to be fair and open with me; to supply me with information whatever happened:—and behold! until the day before his second flight from England, I knew nothing of Sir Thomas Greystock's return to it; nothing of his being under the same roof with that girl; nothing of your own knowledge of her place of abode—you have altogether deceived me!"

"I don't know about that, mistress," said Laithwaye, in his quiet manner: "I don't remember promising more than I intended to perform, and have performed. I understood that you only interested yourself about Mrs. Greystock, and whatever concerned her alone; especially with regard to the marriage, which I thought I had given you satisfaction about. As for the girl Jessy, you never seemed to like the subject mentioned; and, to tell the truth, I was in hopes you had lost sight of her: and if ever you thought I was the knave to put her in your way again, you were mistaken, that's all. But what's this you were telling me—Sir Thomas and his daughter gone from England! how was it, and when?"

The woman's especial interest in, and watchfulness over, Mrs. Greystock, had made her cognisant of all that had occurred from the night of her interview with her father, and she related to Laithwaye what had taken place.

"That's the best news I've heard for many a day!" said Laithwaye, cutting a caper across the heaped rubbish of the broken wall; "and yet, for you, mistress, if all three had been hanged, you couldn't have been expected to take it worse: hang me, if I know what to make of you."

"I have miscalculated, that's ail," said the woman, exhibiting much irritability of manner, at the same time that she evidently put a strong constraint upon herself. "I've miscalculated, like a short-sighted fool, helping destiny to fight against myself. But I'll go on! there's the *one* revenge yet—I'll go on! I think I've heard you say," she continued, raising her voice that had sank to a low muttering, "that you never knew sorrow?"

"Why, as to that, it's perhaps owing, as they used to say at home, to a want of grace," said Laithwaye, somewhat surprised at the question: "I can't say I've had much on my own account."

"Yet you act with the earnestness of one that has felt, if not endured, much. Human beings need human motives in order to persevere long in any purpose; yet without any apparent one you are capable of strange perseverance. Love and hate can alike achieve wonders; and by neither can you have been greatly influenced. You neither see life in success, nor in defeat, death, yet fortune favours you, and your efforts are crowned with success. The battle is truly not to the strong; and they only are to be defeated that fight against wrong, with all the energy of desperation!"

"It may depend a good deal, mistress, upon whether at the same time people are fighting with, or against God," said Laithwaye. "As to motives, I've had mine, as well as others have had theirs. I don't know that I ever hated anybody, except old Snufflegrace; and him not so much because he did his best to set my father against me, as that I knew him to be a lying hypocrite. I have certainly loved in some degree: I love the Grey-stocks, root and branch,—it's a family attachment, you see,—my father was steward to old Sir Phillip, and my mother was brought up in the family."

"Yes, I know: and *she* knows that."

"Well, I should think she does. And I was accustomed to go up to the old hall from a boy; and Sir Thomas and Mrs. Alice were always too good to me:—above all, they trusted me in their troubles;—this has been the one glory of my life; and I would part with life rather than be thought capable of deceiving, or deserting them."

"I know you to be trustworthy with regard to *them*; I think, also, you would not utter a deliberate falsehood."

"You may think that."

"Have you had any further communication with Sir Richard Steele, or others, respecting the girl yonder?"

"No; I haven't had time."

"You intend it, then?"

"Yes, please the Lord, why shouldn't I?—I've promised."

"True," said the woman, musing; and rocking herself to and fro, she was silent during some seconds. "And he," she asked at length, "is he still destitute? or have any of his class-friends—them of the gentle and noble blood—stepped forward to help him?"

"Why, I can't say he's been overwhelmed with friends of that description," replied Laithwaye; "Sir Thomas is in need of money, there's no denying it; and I think you once made an offer to supply him with a little."

"Not *him*!" cried the woman with sudden energy; "I offered to assist one—only one!"

"If you don't know that Sir Thomas and his daughter are one, *I* do."

"Aye! I too have known it; and through the past I have gloried in the knowledge:" said the woman, an expression of savage joy for an instant lighting up her haggard face: "I glory in it still; I would not have it otherwise! I would not give up this certainty for all the wide world contains:—and yet *he* shall never profit by money of mine!"

"Well, you're a strange customer," said Laithwaye, feeling more uneasiness than he cared to show. "Methinks you have not set me the example of acting openly; and they that work in the dark themselves, can expect little confidence from others."

"Confidence!" repeated the woman, "I have had no confidences, save with the past. But fear not that my secret shall die with me; I have only waited the fit time to divulge it,—and events have baffled me. Now go; we have no longer any motive for meeting together here; you shall hear of me again—perhaps sooner than you wish."

Thus summarily dismissed, Laithwaye, not unwillingly, prepared to depart; but he lingered for a moment: "I would yet exchange a few words with you," he said: "you are old, and seem to be friendless in this overgrown place; and I should like to give you a piece of good advice, which you can follow, or not, as you like."

"Be brief, then," answered the woman; "for I am old, as you say; and I have had warnings that time may be quickly over with me;—and all my work is yet to do:—be brief."

"This is what I have to say—(and as you are conscious that time may be short, I hope you don't forget that eternity must be long)—if you have anything on your conscience respecting that girl, Jessy, try to make reparation before the opportunity passes. Sir Richard Steele, who has been a good friend to *her*, would be no enemy to *you*, if you gave him the explanation he wants, and has a right to."

"I know all that," said the woman, speaking with a strange calmness that was oppressively in contrast with her previous excitement; "I will divulge everything, though not to him, nor, just yet, to any one. Leave me now, I wish to be alone."

Once more in the street, Laithwaye paused to consider what he should do next.

"Before I cross the water," he soliloquised, "I should like to see Sir Richard, but I don't want to waste any time about it. Let me see, where is it possible I may meet with him,—at Will's, or the Turk's Head? or perhaps at White's Chocolate House, where, if I don't find him, I may fall in with Mr. Burton."

It was a difficult matter to meet with Sir Richard Steele on many accounts. Leaving out of the question his political and literary engagements, the jovial spirit of his younger years had not yet deserted him, and by it he was often drawn into irregularities that ill suited the gravity of the character he had assumed in his writings; and being at all times overwhelmed by debts, he found it conducive to his personal comfort to keep as far, and for as long a period as possible, out of the way of his creditors. Poor Steele was too universal a favourite not to have many aiders and abettors even in his delinquencies. Not a waiter at any of the numerous places of his resort but would have denied him to the death to any suspected inquirer; and Laithwaye was too far initiated into these mysteries to make use of Steele's own name as a passport to his presence. Like Haroun Alraschid, he had many incognita appellations, known only to his friends, and under one of these he now inquired for him.

"Yes, he's within; but too much engaged just now to be seen: if you'll step this way, I'll show you where you can wait."

Laithwaye followed his conductor down several passages, and into a large, square room, the gloomy appearance of which was accounted for by the fact of the single window being overlooked by a wall that at six paces beyond it rose to the height of forty feet. As he passed along, Laithwaye was made aware, by the loud noise of angry voices, and the clash of weapons, that a quarrel was in progress amongst the visitors.

"Who are the brawlers?" he asked, before the waiter quitted him.

"One of them is a fool," he answered; "I know nothing of the other."

"And he," meaning Sir Richard, "is trying to keep them quiet, I suppose."

"He!" said the waiter, "he's doing his best to keep up the fun, for it's not likely to end in anything else."

Caring little for the fracas one way or the other, Laithwaye was glad, after his long journey, to find a resting-place in one of the arm-chairs, in which he very shortly fell fast asleep. From this welcome repose he was at length roused by the clashing of swords close beside him; and the darkness, which had served to conceal himself, only just revealed to his startled vision two figures so ludicrously ill-matched—one being of herculean height and girth, whilst the other, considerably under five feet, was more than proportionally spare and slender—that he was for a moment at a loss whether to interfere, or merely enjoy the amusement.

The small gentleman had evidently a large soul; he handled his rapier with good will, and applied his thrusts so dexterously, and with such rapidity, that the legs of his huge adversary, the

only part of him that appeared to be in the way of danger, had to keep up a pretty brisk exercise in order to avoid them. In the heat of the combat, lights appeared in the passage; and the door being locked inside, was quickly forced open, and a number of gentlemen entered. At the very instant, by luck or cool design, the giant had pinned the pigmy to the wainscoat by passing his rapier through his shirt-sleeve, just under the shoulder, and as his own hand was dropping with blood, it could not be said that the giant had altogether the best of it.

"Yield thee, sir knight, or count upon being made mincemeat on the spot," exclaimed the latter, in mock-heroic style. But the little gentleman had fairly fought himself out of breath, and in lieu of speech struggled with a most determined show of resistance.

"I take upon me to say that my friend, Sir Hildebrand Boyer, yields," said one of the gentlemen present, whereupon Sir Hildebrand was instantly released, and laid hold of by several who knew from his excited manner that he would renew the combat, if not prevented.

"I protest against all interference," gasped Sir Hildebrand; "I said I'd have satisfaction from him or his friend, and I'll have it."

His antagonist, meanwhile, had coolly returned his rapier to its sheath.

"I don't know," he said, smiling, "what the gentleman calls satisfaction. He has drawn blood," holding out his hand as he spoke, "which, I believe, I have not. Now, as I am advised to submit to a periodical blood-letting, and as he has, for this turn, saved me the charges of a surgeon, I propose that he allow me to stand treat, and so conclude the evening merrily."

This proposal was met by loud shouts of approbation; but the wrath of Sir Hildebrand would not admit of so amicable a termination of the dispute, and he was forcibly borne from the room by his friends.

"Being a stranger to all of us, except in name," said Sir Richard Steele, stepping forward, and addressing the wounded gentleman, "I willingly bear my testimony to the good temper and fairness with which you have conducted yourself in this disagreeable affair. Allow me to bind up your hand, for it bleeds freely."

"Oh, a mere nothing," said the gentleman, carelessly twisting his handkerchief round it. "I am your debtor, Sir Richard, for this frank avowal, and shall be proud to meet you under more agreeable circumstances. I trust that my friend, Lord Wintoun, stands equally free from all share of blame."

This was allowed unanimously.

"And take with you my particular thanks for the trouble you have been at to correct a puppy," added Mr. Henry Burton.

The company retreated from the room at once; but Sir Richard, taking a candle from one of the waiters, and closing the door, advanced to where Laithwaye stood, leaning upon the back of the chair from which he had arisen.

"You see I had not overlooked you, my fine spark," he said. "Some more of your fine doings, these; and it is vain to waste advice on you, as you seem determined to run your neck into a halter."

"Upon my word, Sir Richard, I don't understand you."

"I knew you to be a fool, all along, but never before suspected you for a liar," replied Steele.

"If you suspect me of having been concerned in whatever has happened during the last ten days," said Laithwaye, "you do me injustice. I have been into Lancashire, and only returned this afternoon."

"Do you mean to say you don't know that Sir Thomas Greystock has been in England, nor that his daughter has gone back with him to France?"

"I knew that Sir Thomas was in England. I left him at Deptford, when I went; but I knew nothing about his or Mrs. Greystock's departure until I was told of it two or three hours ago."

"And don't you think you're a pretty fellow to mix yourself up continually with these disgraceful matters, rendering yourself liable to punishment, and me, too, by listening to your bare-faced disclosures?"

"You may lay to the fault of your own example a good deal of what you disapprove, Sir Richard," said Laithwaye, with *naïve* modesty. "From a boy upwards I have been an humble imitator of yourself, striving to do service wherever I could, without questioning people's deserts, or bringing my own advantage into consideration."

"Gad! you don't mean to tell me I've more sins to answer for than I know of!" cried Sir Richard, desperately applying both hands to either side of his wig. "And what brings you here, to-night?"

"I have seen both Jessy and her grandmother, and both have promised to explain the secret that is between them, before long."

"Where is Jessy?"

"That's just what I've promised not to tell," replied Laithwaye. "I met with her by chance, and she seemed distressed as well as glad to see me. She inquired directly about you, and, when I told her what I believed you had felt, she wept

bitterly, and said, when I saw you again, I must pray for her that you would not judge too harshly, until you heard what she had to say : and that she would shortly write to you and explain everything. If you have not heard from her already, I think you will hear before long."

"Well, that's something like news at last, and I'm glad to hear it," said Sir Richard. "She has not written yet; but I've no doubt that she'll perform her promise, and I can make more excuses for her than she is aware of, for I partly suspect what her disclosures will be. And now about yourself. Is it a fair question to ask what you are doing, just now?"

"I have no secrets of my own, Sir Richard, but I have those of others in keeping, and I am sure you would be the last man in the world to ask me to betray trust."

"Well, if you ever become your own master, which is a question, let me know. I have given you much of that cheap commodity, good advice; but, after serving me, I wish to repay the debt more substantially; and I should like to see you settle to something or other."

Laithwaye, gratified beyond measure by every manifestation of the continued confidence and good will of one to whom he was strongly attached, returned suitable thanks, and once more directed his steps towards Deptford.

ITALY AND HER PROSPECTS.

EVERY cultivated mind feels a warm and peculiar interest in the fortunes of Greece and Italy, associated as these countries are with so many glorious recollections, and with the birth of those arts and sciences which at once promote and adorn civilization. The first has taught all ages, that genius and freedom can exalt a petty state to a pitch of greatness, compared with which the glory of a mighty empire is paltry and evanescent. The Athenian democracy inscribed upon the page of history in indelible characters the great truth, that intellect is superior to force, and that a country derives more honour from her poets and philosophers than from them who extend her dominions to the extremities of the globe. Alexander is a mighty name *et præterea nihil*; but to the last hour of time, man-

kind will reap delight and instruction from the pages of a Homer and a Plato. The Macedonian conqueror subdued nation after nation, and sighed for new worlds upon which to impose his yoke: what now is known of his mighty empire, its limits, or its laws! But the internal struggles, the internal triumph and defeats, which Athens experienced, are to us interesting and instructive, as to those who, two thousand years ago, shared in them. The hordes of slaves which kneeled before the conqueror, have passed away, leaving no trace of their existence; but the contests in which the humblest Athenian citizens were engaged, are still objects of investigation and discussion to the historian and the statesman. In the history of civilization and freedom, that of Athens is the starting point; and its minutest details are, therefore, more interesting and important than the successive revolutions which gave to Assyria, Persia, and Macedonia, the empire of the world. Still, with all its glories, Greece belongs to the past: between Greece which lives immortal in the memory of man, and Greece of which Otho is the king, there exists an impassable gulf which can never be bridged over.

But with Italy, the case is different. Her metropolis is the eternal city, which, since she first became mistress of the world, has never relinquished her claim upon the obedience of mankind. Pagan hordes have trampled her under foot, Christian soldiers have laid her waste with fire and sword; but again and again has she started into new life and vigour, attracting the admiration, and demanding the homage of the world. While, however, her capitol exercised spiritual supremacy over the countries of Europe, Italy herself was the battle-field of nations, and her fairest princes became the appendages of foreign states. But Italy was never conquered—she still remained united with the past by tradition and sympathy, while in literature she rivalled, and in art far surpassed even republican or imperial Rome. Her poets, her historians, all her noblest sons, cherished and diffused that spirit of nationality, which must be rooted out before a great people can become submissive to a foreign yoke. This spirit has at all times, more or less, pervaded Italy, from the Alps to the Straits of Messina, and has opposed a stubborn resistance, alike to French ardour and Austrian obstinacy. Rome herself, while engrossed with higher aims, has always adhered to the cause of Italian independence, deeming it more glorious to become the capital of Italy, than to remain the metropolis of Christendom. Italy has been the dupe and the victim in successive European revolutions; but her disappointments have never crushed her spirit, or extorted a willing submission to her conqueror. To all foreign powers,

then, Italian provinces have ever been a precarious possession; and to all who speculated upon the future, the image of Italy, regenerated and united, always stood in the foreground of the picture. Situation, language, religion, everything which gives strength and unity to a nation, concurred in establishing the claim of Italy to a separate and an independent existence.

It was, therefore, only to be expected that the French revolution of 1848, should be followed by a general movement throughout Italy, having for its object the realisation of that dream of unity and independence in which her patriots had long indulged. It may, indeed, be asserted that Italy gave, instead of following the revolutionary signal; and that Pope Pius first roused that spirit which now burns so fiercely throughout the peninsula. The fact of a reforming Pope appealed to many of the most cherished feelings in the Italian mind, and seemed to render practicable the scheme of establishing a central power at Rome, of which the spiritual chief of Italy should be the head and protector. How far the Pope himself understood or sympathised with these feelings, it is difficult to say, although his conduct towards Austria seemed to prove that he did both. Nothing, indeed, could have been more at variance with the most honoured traditions of the Papacy, than that its chief should be hostile or even indifferent to the independence of Italy. Papal subserviency to Austria had been for a time a matter of self-imposed necessity, for the Popes could not dispense with the assistance of that power, while they maintained the abuses which disgraced their internal administration. When Pius the 9th commenced a career of internal reform, it was a virtual proclamation of war against Austria; for it implied that he was resolved no longer to permit her interference, or to rely upon her protection. Austria took up a position hostile to the new Pope, not so much because his principles of government were opposed to her own, as because by acting upon them he left himself at liberty to follow the natural bent of every Italian ruler, that of openly or tacitly reuniting the incorporation of any part of Italy with a foreign state. In its best days, the Papacy had always acted upon the principle of establishing a kind of balance of power, which, so far as possible, should prevent or limit foreign interference in the internal affairs of Italy. But Austria, not content with her own possessions, had long exercised a kind of supremacy over Italy, considering herself entitled to control the native powers when their proceedings seemed to be at variance with her own opinions or interests. Austria had thus become an object of abhorrence to every patriotic Italian, not so much on account of her Italian territories as from her unceasing endeavours to keep Italy

divided and powerless. Italians and Germans, indeed, were not calculated to amalgamate together, and their enforced intercourse only added to their mutual repugnance. But still the great source of irritation and discontent was, that in Italy Austria was everything, and Sardinia, Rome, or Naples, nothing. Every Italian ruler and his subjects felt that they were only nominally independent, and that the smallest exercise of free power would expose them to the interference and vengeance of Austria.

The early proceedings of the Pope were, therefore, hailed with a transport of joy, confined to no part of Italy. The Pontiff, in deeds, if not in words, defied Austria to exercise herself assumed supremacy. That power was, indeed, more than willing to do so; but she felt herself placed in a back position, since the Pope became every day more popular and powerful, and was encouraged not only by the sympathies of Italy, but by those of every free nation in Europe. He could call no armies into the field, but he wielded a moral and religious influence, great at all times, but irresistible when combined with the mass of liberal political opinion, diffused throughout Europe. It appeared to all that the battle of Italian independence could never be maintained so successfully as by a Pope, idolized in his own territories, and an object of reverence even to the subjects of that power with which he contended. It is, indeed, possible, and even likely, that Pope Pius acted much more from the impulse of the moment than with any deliberate intention of expelling Austria from Italy, or founding a new power, national in its character and extent. But whatever might be his own views or plans, he soon found himself compelled to follow a movement, of which, for a time, he had been the leader. The expulsion of the Austrian troops from Milan, the rebellion of the Venetians, and finally the open interference of Charles Albert, filled all Italy with exultation, and seemed to bring within her reach the long cherished object of her ambition—an Italian confederation, with a central seat of authority, sending representatives to other nations, and, when necessary, summoning all parts of the peninsula to assist in repelling the foreign invader. Not only to Italians, but also to foreign countries, this appeared an object worthy of a great struggle, since its attainment would not only preserve Europe from those contentions which Italian questions had always engendered, but also place upon a firm basis that balance of power between her different states, which is the best security for general peace. Austria, torn with internal dissensions, had become almost prepared to relinquish her Lombardian provinces, and with them all pretences for interfering in the internal affairs of Italy. England

and France were strongly favourable to some such arrangements, and, short of proceeding to actual hostilities, were ready to do their utmost to carry it into effect. England might naturally dread an armed intervention on the part of France, and deem that the most effectual means for preventing it would be the erection of a strong power in the north-west of Italy, which might be disposed to seek in the alliance of England, a rampart against any possible attack of republican ambition. Thus, in the beginning of summer, everything seemed to promise fair for the interests and independence of Italy. Charles Albert was at the head of a great army, Lombardy was ready to place herself under his government, and it appeared likely that by his own resources, he would be able to accomplish his objects, without finding it necessary to appeal to France for her promised intervention.

But gradually a vast change took place in the condition and prospects of Italy. Radetsky, in spite of the universal confusion, which seemed to be hurrying the Austrian empire to destruction, exhibited no indication of an intention to relinquish his hold of Italy; on the contrary, he was making diligent preparations to retrace his lost ground. It became every day more evident, that there was a principle of vitality in Italy, which, in spite of all her distractions, emboldened her to attempt the enforcement of her claims, even over those dependencies which were most anxious to cast off her yoke. Indeed, the various nationalities, whose contending claims appeared to threaten her existence, were so far unfit to her, that, when it served her own purpose, she could turn them against one another.

Thus, when Radetsky again took the field, his prospects every day improved, while those of Charles Albert became first doubtful, then gloomy. The Austrian troops were faithful, highly disciplined, and burning to avenge the dishonour which their expulsion from Milan had cast upon their military renown. Their leader, in spite of his great age, seemed to have lost none of his skill or energy; and every step which he took only proved that he had nicely calculated his means to his end, and that he was resolved not to be taken by surprise a second time. No doubt, Charles Albert possessed many advantages to the struggle in which he was about to be engaged. His army was zealous and brave, and he himself, if deficient in the qualities of a great general, was distinguished by that personal courage which does so much, when displayed by their leaders, to animate armies, and to secure their success. Besides, the country was universally favourable to the Sardinian monarch, and hostile to the Austrian marshal, as all classes of the people had to dread the consequences which would result from the triumph of the latter.

But in spite of all this, it soon became evident that the heroic, ambitious king was no match for the octogenarian marshal. The contest, indeed, long appeared doubtful ; but the Austrians were constantly gaining some new point of importance, while their adversaries found that even partial victories did not improve their position. Indeed, on their part, the struggle became a retreat, and it was clear that without foreign interference their bold enterprise would be effectually blasted. But France was neither in a condition nor a temper to engage in an Italian war : she was slowly emerging from a social abyss, in which she had feared every moment to be engulfed ; and her finances were in such a state of disorder, that a declaration of war would have been equivalent to an act of national bankruptcy. A thoroughly revolutionary government could, indeed, have made light of such difficulties, deeming a foreign war the best means for getting rid of them ; but the insurrection of June, and its signal defeat, had rendered revolutionary principles and tactics hateful to all but desperate men. In that, General Cavaignac only obeyed the instincts, or rather the necessities of his position, when he declined to send a French army across the Alps. Nor did the Sardinian monarch experience a much better reception when he appealed to their new subjects, in whose cause he had expended so much blood and treasure. The risen hero, when at the head of a triumphant army, fought the battle of the Milanese, leaving them to organize a government, and to issue pompous proclamations. But when he began to lose ground, and find it necessary to demand from them the sacrifices which were indispensable if they hoped to prolong the contest, or to save themselves from the dreaded foe, the face of affairs was completely changed. In the city, where he had been hailed as king of Italy, he was now denounced as a traitor. He found that success in his arduous enterprise was now hopeless, but he was anxious at least to extricate himself from it in a manner consistent with his own honour, and the safety of those who had implored his assistance. He entered Milan, prepared to share with her citizens all their dangers, and all their misfortunes. But he soon saw that without reference to his open enemies, Milan was no safe refuge for him, and that no good, but great and irreparable evil, would be the result of any attempt to defend that city. He forsook his Lombard capital, and with it all hopes of the iron crown, while the destitute state of Europe, and of their own dominions, led the Austrians to grant him a favourable armistice, instead of following him into his native dominions.

Thus terminated for a time a contest which had created so much interest and sympathy in Europe, and such ardent hopes

in Italy. There is, indeed, a talk of a congress, and of some kind of mediation between Austria and Lombardy; but in the mean time Radetsky remains master of Milan, raising large contributions, and adopting every means to strengthen his present position and to guard against future dangers. While Charles Albert held possession of Lombardy a mediation would have been practicable and expedient, and might have secured the cause of Italian independence; but now the reverse is the fact, and, without absolutely rejecting the mediation of England and France, Austria pursues her own course, asserting her established rights, and intimating in no ambiguous terms her resolution to maintain the integrity of her empire. Indeed, the time seems past for mediation, and it would require no slight degree of confidence to ask a state to relinquish a territory which for centuries has owned her sway, and of which she retains firm possession. To Austria time is everything, since it enables her to judge better of her true position, and to overcome the difficulties which assail her on different sides. In a moment of accumulated disasters, Austria exhibited some kind of willingness to resign her Italian provinces; but those who neglected to avail themselves of that opportunity cannot be surprised if they find that their intervention is now too late.

As was to be expected, the subjugation of Lombardy exercised a most discouraging effect upon the moderate Italian party, who hoped to place Italian independence upon a firm and constitutional basis. On the one hand, Austria has resumed her ancient authority, and will soon find some pretence for interfering in the general affairs of the peninsula. But perhaps the greater and more immediate evil which results from the existing state of affairs is the zeal and vigour which it has infused into the republican party, which is to be found in all the Italian states. With the people, success is the great test of merit; and the misfortunes of Charles Albert have deprived his name of that *prestige* which formerly attached to it. Republican principles are traditionally popular in Italy; and it must be confessed that the general character of the Italian princes has not done much to reconcile her to monarchy. A federal republic, having its seat of power at Rome, has long been the favourite idea of young Italy, and there is little doubt that a strenuous effort will be made to carry it into execution. In proportion as the difficulties in the way of a peaceful settlement are multiplied, the republican party will avail itself of the uncertainty and general discontent to urge its opinions upon the people. But in the same proportion Austria will enjoy better opportunities of promoting her peculiar views, since many who might otherwise have opposed her pretensions will prefer her rule to that of a

revolutionary party, compelled by necessity to adopt one extreme measure after another. The best chance for Italy would have been a firm combination of her native rulers, so as to exclude all foreign states from the peninsula: such a combination as Austria, triumphant as she is, could not resist, and its existence would have probably induced her to come to some kind of compromise, of which the natural result would be her exclusion from Italy.

But the recent events in Sardinia, Tuscany, and especially in Rome, seem to threaten Italy with universal disorder, approaching to anarchy, and, with its certain result, the re-establishment of Austrian supremacy. The events at Rome are more than anything else calculated to exercise a disastrous effect upon the future prospects of Italy. Throughout that country, and indeed Europe, the pope's name was a tower of strength, enlisting in favour of Italian independence many sympathies which would have been refused to any mere political cause. A movement at the head of which the pope was placed was to Austria peculiarly formidable; and to her nothing can be more propitious than the flight of the pope from Rome. The retention of the pope at the head of the Italian movement was of vital moment to its success, and the loss of this advantage is almost sufficient to ensure its defeat. The Roman patriots seem to have acted with extraordinary want of discretion when they adopted measures which compelled the pope to forsake his capital, and to seek refuge with a monarch by no means friendly to the Italian cause. It seems difficult to believe that any Italian politician, possessing the smallest share of capacity and foresight, should not have discerned that scarcely any sacrifice could be too great to conciliate the pope, and to induce him to retain the position which he had assumed,—that of maintaining his own independence as a temporal prince, and thereby virtually vindicating the independence of Italy. No man could dream that it would be an easy task to wrest the peninsula from the grasp of Austria, vastly supported as she was by the king of Naples. This was true, even when Charles Albert was at the head of a large army: how much more when he had been compelled to retire within his own limits, and when Austria was gradually recovering from the internal confusions which seemed to threaten her very existence. In these altered circumstances the pope might be said to have been the last hope of Italy, since he rallied in her favour a vast amount of catholic feeling throughout Christendom, and much of that liberal sympathy which his early proceedings had created. That those whose darling object was the attainment of Italian independence, should have thrown into the ranks of its enemies a pope universally respected

on account of his personal qualities, and, from his spiritual character, an object of profound veneration to millions, seems to be an act of infatuation wholly incomprehensible. The name of Pope Pius ix. was of more value to Italy than an army, and with him on her side her hopes could never be completely blighted. But when the pope has been driven to assume a position adverse to the liberal party in his own states, the prospects of Italy are more gloomy than they were ten years ago. Instead of the general sympathy which it called forth in every Catholic country, the struggle of Italy for independence is now associated with the misfortunes of the pope, and those who are engaged in it have become objects of execration. But even throwing out of view religious considerations, a heavy blow has been inflicted upon the popularity of the Italian cause by the apparent ingratitude with which its earliest and most distinguished champion has been treated. To the mass of men the pope is the man who appears to have recalled Italy to political life, and to have awakened in their heart hopes which had been well-nigh extinguished. His conduct seemed to indicate such a noble sincerity, and so much indifference to merely selfish considerations, that he had become the hero of Europe as much as of Italy. It creates a general disgust to see a man so admired, or rather adored, cast aside like a tool which had served its purpose, and deprived of that temporal power which he had exercised with so much moderation, and in a manner so beneficial to his subjects. Besides, independent of all such considerations, the popular leaders seem to have acted with such want of consideration for the future, that they are regarded as utterly destitute of that sober judgment and prudent foresight without which constitutions may be destroyed, but can never be established.

It is, however, only fair to admit that the subjects of the pope were placed in a peculiar position, and that it required more than ordinary forbearance and good sense to deal with the practical difficulties of their situation. The Romans, like their neighbours, wanted a free constitution, and did not very nicely investigate how far that was compatible with the spiritual power and pretensions of their chief. The pope had done much for the country; but his successor might undo all, unless the people enjoyed some better security for good government than the personal character of their prince. It seemed reasonable to believe that a pontiff like Pius would gladly concede to his subjects those political rights without which their liberties would rest upon no permanent basis. But the difficulty was that the pope was placed in a position which imposed upon him duties clashing with each other, and not easily reconciled. A poten-

tate who claimed in person spiritual jurisdiction could scarcely formally permit limitations upon his temporal authority, since he who is able to guide the universal church should surely be competent to administer the temporal affairs of a state. It became obvious that as soon as a constitution was demanded, the pope found himself placed in a dilemma from which he could scarcely extricate himself without sacrificing his popularity, or, what, no doubt, was far dearer to him, his spiritual claims. As a temporal prince, the pope might act justly, mildly, and even, in some sense, under the advice of others ; but to constitute a power co-equal with and independent of his own, seemed to strike at the root of that ecclesiastical authority which he exercised. In a word, a pope might be an enlightened despot, but not a constitutional monarch. Constitutional checks and balances are out of place in a state of which the head claims infallible authority, and assumes to act as the vicar of God. It could not, indeed, be expected that the inhabitants of a state containing nearly three millions of people should relinquish their civil rights because their prince was a great spiritual potentate. But since that prince had of his own accord done so much for his subjects, it was reasonable to require from them a due regard to the objects which prevented him from at once granting all their wishes. To Rome the residence of the pope was attended with many advantages, and any measures which might impair the general revenue paid to his office would also operate against her interests. In settling the future government of the Papal States, the greatest caution was necessary, and in the existing state of Italy it would have been prudent to postpone the many intricate questions which were involved in it. But the popular party at Rome proceeded with headlong hate, and, without imputing to it any share in so atrocious a crime, the murder of Belfi was without doubt the result of the political agitation which it had created. That the pope should have confounded that murder with the revolution of which it was the signal, is not to be wondered at, and in doing so he must have felt that his flight was not so much a matter of policy as of necessity.

It cannot, therefore, be denied that 1849 opens very inauspiciously for the prospects of Italy. Extreme popular opinions are indeed triumphant in Sardinia, Tuscany, and Rome ; but in all these states, matters are tending to anarchy, not to the establishment of a strong, able government, capable of securing internal peace, and of grappling with the external foe. For, in north western and in central Italy, authority has become the representative and organ of a senseless clamour, which calls for the accomplishment of certain objects, without calculating the means by which alone they can be attained or permanently secured.

The Sardinian government is madly bent upon renewing the war, although its all but inevitable result would be the invasion of Piedmont. Calm, practical men are superseded in favour of wild demagogues, who, excited by the possession and responsibilities of power, are hurried on by an impulse which leaves them no alternative but to advance or to be trampled under foot. That union between the different orders of society which is the best means for at once establishing and securing free institutions, is for the moment crushed in Italy, and all the natural consequences of the rupture will soon become apparent. If the prejudices and interests of the higher classes act as a drag upon the political machine, they will preserve it from the headlong speed which too often sweeps it into the abyss. The masses of the people who, more than any other class, depend for prosperity upon the maintenance of peace and good order, are always eager for sweeping and instantaneous changes, that they may, as soon as possible, realize the practical benefits which they anticipate from them. It is no doubt, also, true that in cases where they imagine their own interests to be concerned, the higher and middle ranks exhibit a reckless disregard of future consequences; but the substantial stake which they possess in the maintenance of social security renders them sensitively alive to anything which shakes it, and little inclined to concur in those rash measures which endanger everything for the chance of obtaining some great advantage. In all political movements the great secret for procuring permanent success is to combine the various classes of society in the pursuit of a common object. The caution and timidity of those who have much to lose, guide and restrain the ardour and recklessness of men who have, or seem to have, everything to hope, and nothing to fear, from great political or social changes. The prejudices of the one and the passions of the other counteract each other, so that enlightened, practical men are able to establish between them that combination and co-operation which are essential to the progress of civilization and good government.

If those who are sincerely anxious to promote the welfare of the people, by means of political and social changes, attended more to these truths, the popular cause would not be so often ruined by the follies and crimes of its too zealous friends. But, unfortunately, in all popular movements there are found those who never know when to pause, until the proper moment for doing so has passed away, and who, while cheered on by multitudes, are deaf to the dictates of prudence and the lessons of experience. To them, popularity is an intoxicating cup, of which they will never cease to drink until it is dashed from their lips, leaving them to lament the calamities which their

extravagant vanity has entailed upon their country and the world. As long as they retain the power of doing so, they urge the people from one excess to another, partly, because they share their passions, but, still more, because by creating them they hope to raise themselves to an elevation which they could never otherwise attain. France has barely escaped, if she has yet escaped, from the ruin and anarchy which never fail to ensue when such men exercise a predominant influence over the masses of the people. But Italy has entered upon that fatal career, to which there is no termination but in submission to a domestic tyrant or a foreign invader. There, the more enlightened classes of the people view with alarm and disgust each successive change extorted by popular clamour; while the mob to-day adores, and to-morrow tramples upon, the creatures whom its caprice elevates to supreme power. But, ere long, the masses themselves will grow weary of making and unmaking governments. Sick of changes from which they derive no material benefit, they will at last submit to that despotism which undertakes to relieve their physical miseries. Had Italy calmly and cautiously availed herself of the many circumstances which concurred in her favour, she could scarcely have failed to achieve her independence, and to bind together her separate states, so as to take a high place among the nations of Europe. But she has preferred vain glittering dreams to sober, practical realities, and when she awakes from them it will be to find Austria restored to her ancient predominance, and the Italian cause associated with so many follies and crimes, that its defeat will be matter of congratulation, and not of sorrow, to those who were once its warmest friends.

THE SECRETARY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK,"—"GUARDS, HUSSARS, AND
INFANTRY,"—"THE BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.*

"You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE agitation and anxiety which Emily Beecher suffered on her uncle's account were speedily converted into joy, when, having descended from the carriage, his well-known step was heard in the hall; and truly grateful did she express herself in favour of the person whose timely interference had rescued from imminent peril, him whom she had always loved as a father. And with sincere pleasure she heard, that on the following morning an opportunity would offer of thanking him in person for his friendly assistance.

The family physician being summoned, fully approved of all Dr. Glitzom had effected; and rest and quiet being considered of the first importance, the marquis was conveyed to his own apartments; and Emily retired to her boudoir for the remainder of the evening.

This arrangement chanced to coincide most opportunely with Lord Dropmore's engagements, since, had his cousin remained in the drawing or music room, he well knew that, however important the business might be which demanded his attendance elsewhere, as long as the form of the fair enchantress remained in sight, so long would he sacrifice all things, rather than debar himself the gratification of enjoying her society, even if it were but for a second.

* Continued from page 333, vol. liv.

Now it so chanced, that Lord Dropmore generally contrived to have himself entangled in one or more affairs, to carry which through without detection and with impunity, necessarily entailed considerable trouble, and consumed no small portion of his time. With a strange feeling, therefore, between reluctance to depart, and conviction of the necessity of going, he wished his father good night; and pressing the small hand of his cousin to his lips, sprang into his cab; and putting the horse to his speed, in brief time reached his destination, the house of his bosom friend, Sir George Elms, in Green-street.

"Ah, Dropmore," cried the baronet, as his guest entered the room, "right glad to see you; though, to confess truth, none of the party expected you would come. Eight was the hour named, and now I fancy at least two hours have passed since that chime struck; but never mind, soon have dinner up again, and judging from your fagged and tired appearance, I should imagine the gross desire to satisfy hunger, holds possession of no inconsiderable portion of your present prevailing propensities." And pulling the cord appended to his easy chair, dinner was desired to be laid forthwith, in an adjoining apartment.

Meanwhile, in excuse for his late appearance,—with which appearance, by the bye, it had never been his intention to have favoured his friends, had he been permitted to have remained *tête-a-tête* with his cousin,—Lord Dropmore detailed the accident that had occurred to his father; and concluded with a panegyric upon the handsome countenance and courageous conduct of the apothecary's son, who so gallantly stepped forward in the marquis's behalf.

"Why, Dropmore," interrupted one of the party, "from your animated description, I should imagine that the person you have for so long a time extolled, had been a fair and lovely damsel, and you yourself the knight errant, who rushed to her relief, and saved her from the claws of some more powerful monster, instead of the case having rested simply between your father, who was attacked by ruffians, and the sturdy shop-boy who, like a true bull-dog Englishman, sided, as is usual, with the weaker party."

"It may be so," replied Lord Dropmore, laughing; "but I still maintain, that a handsomer man, or better figure, than I this evening beheld, in the person of this shop-boy, or shop-man, or by what other appellation Handstop may please to call him, I never remember to have seen."

"Nay, now, Dropmore," interposed the colonel, "the fates forfend, I should say aught against or bestow any improper designation on your new Pylades; I merely took the story from yourself; and if you have had the good fortune to find so com-

plete a paragon of manly beauty and accomplishments, all we can do is, to hurry to the spot, and take example by the perfection we may there witness;" and raising his glass to his mouth, Lord Dropmore fancied he perceived a smile, as if in derision of himself, pass between the colonel and their host.

No one could possibly have had a better opinion of his own merits, or been more lenient to his own faults, than Lord Dropmore; and the view which he took of his discrimination, as regarded all matters submitted to his judgment, was certainly fully as favourable as that entertained by others. It was therefore with small patience that he listened to the sneering tone in which the before detailed remarks were uttered: but there were reasons, and no trivial ones either, that compelled him on that evening to check any untoward ebullition of temper, and act according to the more judicious promptings of prudence: and the servant entering at the moment to announce his repast being ready, afforded an excellent opportunity for retiring without enlarging further on the subject.

The party assembled at Sir George Elms' comfortable bachelor's table consisted of Colonel Handstop, a person at that time well known about town; the Honourable Mark Cooley, a gentleman whom in his youth his friends thought proper to dispatch to India, though much against his inclination, but who in due course of time returned, to be fawned on and ran after by the very persons who were formerly but too glad to ship him off like a bale of bad goods, in the fervent and christian hope that they might never meet again:—Mr. Vernon, a pompous, fat, and extremely rich alderman and merchant, who had been brought there for reasons best known to the inviter:—and Lucian Travers, an officer in the Lancers, and a relation of the baronet.

"If it is a fair question," half whispered Colonel Handstop, when the door closed on the hungry noble, "if it is a fair question, What in the name of all that's rational could the old marquis want at so late an hour, prowling about the vicinity of the Bench?"

"Impossible to say," replied Sir George, replenishing his glass, "but certain it is that latterly he has been continually riding near that neighbourhood; but what matters it to us? all old gentlemen are eccentric."

"Indeed they are," joined in Mr. Cooley, "eccentric enough, and not the only creatures that are so. By the Great Mogul, sir," he continued, addressing the alderman, who at that moment suffered the most excruciating agony in his attempts to swallow the best part of a pine-apple whole:—"by the Great Mogul, sir, when I was last at Poonah, there was a tigress, which having lost all her cubs, used to walk into the tent of my

friend, Major Bedar, and suckle all the children in the compound nightly. Now don't you think that eccentric? eh?"

"What!" exclaimed the alderman, "a tigress nourish the children!! Is it possible, sir?"

"Possible—aye, and what is there extraordinary in that, eh? Why, now up the country I've seen more tigers together in one spot than you can count horses in Hyde Park of a Sunday."

"That must have been rather a dangerous neighbourhood to have dwelt in," ventured the Lancer.

"Dangerous, sir," instantly replied the traveller, nothing daunted, "not a whit, sir, by the great Mogul! I've clenched more tigers in one week than any two guns have killed grouse on the moors in a season."

"Oh!" cried the alderman, the pineapple still resisting all attempts to make it vanish, and his face approaching an apoplectic hue.

"Why, do you see anything so very extraordinary in that, Mr. Vernon?" demanded the excited oriental.

"Nothing whatever," interposed Sir George Elms. "But the point on which we wished to be enlightened was simply what might be meant by "*clenching tigers*."

"Meaning! my dear friend, why it speaks for itself—clench tigers, ah! many a one. But as you appear ignorant of the mode, I will explain. Well, having discovered a jungle where the tiger you wish to capture has taken up his abode, you provide yourself with a wooden shield, which you hang after the fashion of the ancients, on your left arm, but you must remember to carry a hammer in your right hand—thus accoutred, you approach the spot where your enemy is known to have concealed himself, and from whence, when hard pressed, he is sure to fly at his tormentors: well, sir, the force with which the brute comes at you is amply sufficient to drive his talons through the deal shield, which of course you raise as a protection, and thus . . . his nails pierce to the inner side of the board."

"Well, what then?" inquired Sir George.

"What then," said the Indian gentleman, "why, what would you do but take the hammer and clench them."

"Oh! Oh!" again came from the throat of the alderman, in so horrid a tone that Lucian Travers immediately offered five to three in hundreds, the demise of the civic functionary would afford a vacancy in his ward within twenty minutes.

"Well done, Cooley," exclaimed Colonel Handstop, "I should think all Leadenhall Street would be unable to outrun you in miracles."

"Outrun me indeed, not likely; but by the great Mogul, every word is true—and talking of running, I pledge you my

word I saw a very eminent physician in Bombay get out of his window one night, and run ten miles on the top of a grove of cocoa-nut trees, to visit a patient horridly seized with the cholera—now that I saw.”

“Oh! Oh!” again groaned Mr. Vernon, “why didn’t he come down stairs, and pass along the road, as I presume that would have afforded an easier mode of travelling?”

“Because he had no time to waste,” was the reply of Mr. Cooley, whose mouth closed, on the door being re-opened by Lord Dropmore.

The conversation now became more general, every one adding his quota to enliven the scene. Much mirth and amusement were derived from the recital of the marvellous stories which Mr. Cooley related, and they were neither few in number, nor deficient in originality, yet it was strange that men like Lord Dropmore and Sir George Elms, habituated to the enjoyment of the best society, could find anything entertaining or agreeable in the conversation of Mr. Vernon; but yet it was evident that his jokes created the greatest laughter, his stories received the most profound attention, and in fact his will appeared predominant, and his opinion, law.

Some hidden motive certainly existed, whereby to account for the extreme deference with which he was treated. And all the party, excepting the young lancer and Mr. Cooley, tendered their homage at his shrine; and possibly the omission on the part of these two gentlemen, arose from their utter unconsciousness of the purpose for which the man of obesity had been brought there.

About eleven o’clock, Lucian Travers, not finding the society quite so amusing as at first, pleaded the necessity for early withdrawal, since he was imperatively obliged to be at Hounslow with his regiment, early on the following day; and as no one impeded his departure, he found himself in a few minutes comfortably seated at the Opera, instead of wending his way along the west-road on the urgent duty he had just described. The oriental gentleman proceeded up stairs to enjoy, undisturbed, the placid luxury of his hookah, leaving Colonel Handstop, the alderman, Sir George Elms, and Lord Dropmore to the undisputed possession of the room.

“It is a very long time, my lord,” commenced the stout citizen, “since I had the honour of seeing your lordship, indeed not since our last feast, for which I enclosed you tickets for your lordship’s use, but never heard more on the matter.”

“I have many apologies to make to you, Mr. Vernon, on that account,” was the answer. “And nothing but the most urgent

business should have prevented my taking advantage of your kindness ; but I grieve to say my absence was unavoidable, and consequently, I trust, pardonable."

"Oh certainly, my lord, certainly, sorry for it ; however, you lost a splendid sight, and we the honour of your lordship's company."

"That must have been a brilliant assembly truly," simpered the colonel, who had no idea of dropping his acquaintance, without elucidating some further particulars. "I trust when the next feast takes place, I may crave the same indulgence which you bestowed on Lord Dropmore, and honour me with an invitation likewise."

"With the greatest delight, sir, he replied," when pulling forth his watch, he declared it was high time to depart, and begged leave to summon his carriage. Whereupon Colonel Handstop, in the most gentlemanlike cadence, offered to save him the trouble, since he should be too happy in executing his wishes in person ; and having received suitable thanks for his urbanity, the colonel quietly proceeded to join Mr. Cooley, without giving himself more trouble about Mr. Vernon's carriage, than if the existence of such a vehicle had never come to his knowledge.

"By the by," commenced Sir George again, passing the bottle towards the citizen, "as we three are now by ourselves, Mr. Vernon, I am sure my friend Lord Dropmore must feel anxious to seize the opportunity of speaking on the subject which so engrossed our attention, when last we had the pleasure of meeting you."

"Why yes, certainly," said his lordship, with the air and tone of a man who, feeling imperatively obliged to go through some peculiarly disagreeable business, finally makes up his mind to the infliction, and patiently awaits the result.

"As for that," answered Mr. Vernon, "business never comes amiss to me, gentlemen, except it be after dinner, and at so late an hour as this, when I invariably defer it till the morning."

"A most excellent plan, my dear sir, when practicable," interrupted Sir George, "but not at all feasible in this case, for possibly no such excellent opportunity for calmly discussing the matter may again present itself."

"Very well, Sir George, as you please then—so if business must be the order of the night, to business let us go."

"Admirably determined, Mr. Vernon ; therefore, now Dropmore, open the budget and commence."

"That task is easily done," replied his lordship. "No difficulty in satisfactorily proving the empty state of the exchequer, and to Mr. Vernon I must look for supplies."

"His lordship has summoned up his wants and wishes in a truly concise form, as you must allow," remarked their host. "But to be more explicit, Lord Dropmore when abroad was much, and often indebted to your kindness for pecuniary aid, which for many reasons, he preferred borrowing rather than apply to his father. Those necessities which compelled my friend to request assistance at your hands, I regret to say, still exist; and although, you must have fully satisfied yourself, that the sum now owing could immediately be liquidated by application to the marquis, yet I lament, that no persuasion of mine can induce Lord Dropmore to have recourse to that by far the most judicious mode of proceeding."

"You are very kind and considerate in his lordship's behalf," uttered Mr. Vernon, with an accent somewhat approaching to a sneer—for in truth the rich plebeian had a strong presentiment, that the disinterested baronet had profited in no slight degree, by the indiscretions of his more youthful associate.

"Such, however, is the fact, Mr. Vernon," said Lord Dropmore, on witnessing the old citizen's expression, "and often and urgently has Sir George Elms exerted his best powers of persuasion to induce me to take the step he has just named; but let it suffice, there are reasons, and to my judgment good and sufficient reasons, against the measure; consequently, I am again anxious to become your debtor, and thereby add to the obligation I acknowledge myself now under."

"What may be the amount of the sum at present required?" asked the cautious citizen.

"Ten thousand pounds," was the reply.

"To be followed by a demand in a few weeks for ten thousand again?" inquiringly interrogated Mr. Vernon.

"Possibly," said Lord Dropmore.

"But not at all probably," exclaimed Sir George, who highly disapproved of the turn the affair appeared likely to take.

"Perhaps no, and perhaps yes, sir," coolly replied the man of wealth; "but that is neither here nor there, Sir George," continued Mr. Vernon, drawing his chair close towards the baronet, and speaking in a lower and more confidential tone. "Do you remember, Sir George, the conversation that last passed between us on this subject?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, my good sir," instantly responded the other. "But——"

"Nay, Sir George," pertinaciously interrupted his friend, "give me no *buts*, let us transact business as men of business should transact it—you *would* commence to-night, therefore let us proceed. Did you communicate my determination to his lordship?"

"Sir George did so, Mr. Vernon," replied Lord Dropmore, feeling himself called on to take part in the discussion. "Your message was faithfully delivered, but I trusted that the idea was merely a passing frolic of your own invention for mere amusement."

"I never invent for amusement, my lord," gravely said the other. "Neither do I see what there may be extraordinary in a man disposing of his own property, in the way he may judge most advisable. And if I fancy to barter my gold for——"

"For what, indeed, Mr. Vernon?" exclaimed the baronet, suddenly interrupting the alderman, "truly may you ask for what? why, for nothing. Far better will it be to possess a deed, a bond, something tangible, than throw away so much money for the gratification of a mere whim."

"Never mind what it may be called, sir," was the answer. "If I choose to expend my money for the gratification of any peculiar fancy or whim, as you are pleased to call it, who shall say me, no; and on this subject I am fixed. But, gentlemen, mark me. I am no man to thrust my family into any other house against the will of both parties—my determination is simply this."

"Exactly so," again interrupted the baronet; "your final determination or proposition is the very thing we wish to arrive at; therefore, if you will at once clearly and definitively state what you desire, it may perhaps save much misunderstanding."

Painfully did Lord Dropmore wince during this conversation; but as it could not now be averted, he filled his glass as a preparatory measure for defying evil, and betook himself to listen with the best grace he could assume.

"Then thus stands the case," said the alderman, "my Lord Dropmore owes me much money, and wishes to owe me more; the latter I am willing to agree to, as also to cancel the whole debt; and moreover again, double or treble the sum in his favour, provided," here his lordship swallowed the contents of his glass, and replenished it forthwith, "provided my daughter becomes Lady Dropmore."

"But, my dear sir," said Sir George.

"But, my dear sir," repeated Mr. Vernon, "pardon me for one moment; it was not Lady Elms, that I wished my daughter to become, or possibly the obstacles might not seem so insurmountable; but Lady Dropmore, and such is my final decision. Now, gentlemen, having thus unreservedly explained myself, perhaps you will allow me to send a second time for my carriage, and permit me to bid you good night."

"I am aware, my lord," he continued, with more delicacy

than could have been expected from him, "I am fully aware that this is no common mercantile matter, to be settled on the spot—nor should I wish it. Time, my lord, may do much; and all things must have a beginning. And since you have never honoured my humble abode with your presence, perhaps, your lordship and Sir George," bowing to the latter, "will condescend to join our party to-morrow at dinner, when we shall feel highly gratified by the visit."

Lord Dropmore, and Sir George, having accepted the invitation, which came so unexpectedly as to prevent their furnishing an excuse, the alderman entered his carriage, leaving the two gentlemen far from satisfied with the result of their manoeuvres.

"What on earth is to be done now, Dropmore?" was Sir George's question, which first broke the silence.

"I know not," replied the other. "Think you nothing can induce that load of vulgarity to lend the money without compliance with his disgusting terms? By heaven!" he continued, as the beautiful form of his cousin arose to his mind, in comparison with the short, dowdy piece of deformity in which his imagination readily incased the spirit of the alderman's daughter, "by heaven, Elms, I had rather owe the money I do, ten times over, than sacrifice myself for life, merely for his paltry gold—never, never, anything but that. What, sell myself? No, no." And to wash away his fit of virtuous indignation, his lordship poured about half the contents of a claret bottle down his throat.

During this ebullition of feeling, Sir George sat patiently and silently, viewing the few decaying embers in the grate, as though he expected to discover from that source, some mode of evading the difficulties then surrounding his friend, and consequently involving himself. Not a syllable further did he utter, until finding his companion somewhat more temperate, he calmly inquired by what other means Lord Dropmore proposed to liquidate those debts of honour, which at that moment embarrassed him in no trifling degree."

"Talk no more about it, Elms, peevishly answered his lordship," unless you have anything to propose better calculated to help us than your last scheme—a pretty affair that has turned out, a likely project truly, sacrifice myself for ever, for a small portion of the miser's gold—nay, if nothing better suggests itself to your mind, we may as well drop the conversation."

"As you please," remarked the other. "And pity it is that we cannot as easily drop the claims so urgently pressed on you; but if you are satisfied, Dropmore, what right have I to be otherwise?" And with a most admirable appearance of suppressed

regret at his friend's wilfulness, Sir George proposed adjourning to the drawing-room.

This, however, was not at all the wish of the other, as indeed the baronet well knew; and in truth, Lord Dropmore, however petulant and irritable he might be for a short period, easily regained his self-control, when his interest demanded his attention.

"This will never do, Elms," he exclaimed, intercepting his friend's progress towards the door, "you must make allowances for my irritability, for you well know how I have been pestered and annoyed of late. But now sit down, I pray you, and let us fix on something feasible to carry into instant execution."

Thus adjured, the two reseated themselves; and were soon deeply engaged in the intricacies involved in the subject under discussion.

The case of Lord Dropmore was far from dissimilar with that of many a young nobleman of his age. It was an old story, even acted up to in the present day, when the ideas of father and son happen to run in diametrically opposite channels, regarding the appropriation of certain monies in the funds, and the diminution of the family acres.

The Marquis of Blanchard was by no means a harsh or tyrannical parent; but having during his son's absence abroad, supplied him with what he considered as an ample allowance, and having moreover largely increased the amount since his return home, the old peer would have been in no small degree astonished, had he been made aware of the numerous other, and far greater sums which were nevertheless owing from his son.

No one could have given a better account of the mode in which the money had been expended, than Sir George Elms; and none could have exerted himself more to procure a continuation of the obligation under which Lord Dropmore then suffered. In fact, the baronet having a very small purse, and still smaller store of principle, discovered in his aristocratic schoolfellow, the very thing he had so long and ardently sighed for, viz., a young nobleman who, if not already possessed of much money, had at all events the means of procuring it, and whose suspicion if roused, might easily be allayed by a judicious application of flattery and deference to his always admitted superior wisdom.

The agreeable conversation and willing deference to Lord Dropmore's opinion speedily gained upon the latter; and in a short time Sir George found himself installed as the constant associate, and chief adviser of the young nobleman, and readily he availed himself of whatever advantages might accrue there-

from. Pleasure was of course the prime mainstay by which to labour, and to command that, money was indispensably necessary. In this emergency the superior experience of the baronet brought about an introduction with Mr. Vernon, and from him various sums were from time to time extracted, to be hereafter liquidated by Lord Dropmore.

To do Sir George justice however, he had never contemplated the possibility of such an offer as that propounded by the citizen, nor indeed was he aware of the existence of his daughter. Had he been apprized of it, it is more than probable that the game he was now playing might have been replaced some time back by another with far different moves. As the case stood, however, there was nothing to be done save to persevere; money must be obtained—but how?

A very large sum was already owing to Mr. Vernon; and his willingness to comply with the demands hitherto made on him, puzzled even the ingenuity of the baronet, who in vain taxed his utmost to discover what object the merchant could possibly wish to grasp, and for which he so readily paid so exorbitant a price.

The mystery was now solved; and the only difficulty lay in persuading his friend to conform to the old citizen's wish. The sudden attachment which his companion had evinced for his cousin, had not escaped the penetrating eye of Sir George; and from his determined, and perhaps somewhat obstinate character, it might have been expected that no trifling persuasion would be necessary to overcome his cousin's repugnance to the match.

On the other hand blazed forth in all its alluring temptations, the luxury of freedom from pecuniary difficulties, and moreover, a handsome fortune at his immediate disposal, and the certainty of a still more ample one hereafter.

Had it been Sir George who was called upon to offer up the sacrifice in his own person, no unnecessary demur, or frivolous objection would for an instant have interfered with the arrangement, but as the wealthy alderman had that very night informed him it was Lady Dropmore, and not Lady Elms, that he desired his daughter to become, the case was not so readily to be dismissed at his option. Still something must be done, and as the lady was not to be his wife, and as the advantage of his friend—to say nothing of his own—was to be gained by her union with him, the baronet secretly determined to leave nothing undone which could tend to bring about the match.

This however was not exactly the period at which to press the matter too closely. And as his lordship evidently shrunk with considerable abhorrence from the suggested union, his wily friend judiciously deferred dwelling longer on the subject:—first, be-

cause he wished the idea to become more familiarized to Lord Dropmore's imagination:—and next, because he deemed some consideration necessary to enable him the better to mature his plans.

Prior to their leaving the room, it was finally arranged that the dinner engagement should be kept, and Sir George having promised to offer a reward to any person who could the next evening guide them to the unknown regions of Gracechurch Street, the two worthy gentlemen ascended to the drawing-room, from whence the occasional sound of "seven's the main," and "eleven's the nick," gave indication that at all events, the whole of the baronet's well-regulated household was not asleep.

THE COMEDY OF DEVOTION.

A HISTORICAL REMEMBRANCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS LURINE.

In the year 1789, the theatrical gossip during eight days ran upon an unhappy passion that the police had inspired in the comedy; in other words, the tender devotion of Mlle. Lange to M. Shivour de Crosne, lieutenant-general of the Parisian police. Truth to tell, in 1789 M. de Crosne had other business than listening to the lamentations and sighs of a little *comédienne*. He had to justify the confidence of the court, of nobility, and of royalty, who had charged him *to prevent the French revolution!*

It happened, nevertheless, that the revolution came to pass one fine day, in spite of the police; and the friends of Louis xvi. accused M. de Crosne of having allowed himself to be vanquished by the revolutionary spirit.

Such a crime was unpardonable. What! the Parisian police not to be able to stop, tie, and gag the revolution!—a few

agents, spies, and soldiers, not to be sufficient to prevent the attempt of a principle, and to put an end to the audacity of an idea!—the chief of the police not to be stronger, more audacious, wiser than all the world!—the lieutenant-general not to be wary enough to conduct liberty to the Conciergerie, and equality to the Madelonnettes!

The police at this time were content with merely making observations, in order to submit what they saw or heard to the ministers and to the king. At this epoch, the sympathies, the hatreds, the opinions of the public, betrayed themselves in the theatre with a pitiless malice. The spectators rent away the illusions of the dramatists, and tragedy itself lent characters to the comedians of the pit, which was but the repertory of political comedy.

The people more than once stole from Racine, the dramatist of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, arms to use against Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Athalie very often carried the crown of the Queen of France, and the spectators went out of the saloon cursing the fair Austrian.

Though he already feared many dangers and misfortunes for royalty, M. de Crosne was far from anticipating death on the scaffold for a king and queen of France. He knew what value the hearts and imaginations of the people placed upon the single word liberty; he knew what hatred the masses entertained towards privileges and the privileged; but the poor lieutenant of police had never, through his observations and his terrors, caught a single glimpse of the scaffold of the 21st of January, 1793.

M. de Crosne, who exercised his functions so well in the theatres, little suspected, during the representations of the "*Mariage de Figaro*," that he would one day be linked in most intimate and sorrowful relations with the *artistes* of the *Comédie Française*.

11.

An old lieutenant-general of the monarchical police, could not fail to be arrested as a suspicious person in 1793.

One morning, a few days before his arrest, M. de Crosne received a singular visit—a visit from an old lady, who had all the appearances of distinction and nobility. This old lady resembled an amiable dowager drawn in crayons, who had been detached from her golden frame, to be endued with sight, speech, and motion. The aristocratical eighteenth century pervaded the whole of her venerable person. She was attired in a robe of precious stuff, worthy of Madame de Pompadour; she took Spanish snuff in a Ravanel box; she elegantly handled a Vanloo fan; she exhibited at her pleasure, unheeding the

danger of so much display, all the pretty trifles, and luxuries, and impertinence of the *ancien regime*.

In 1793, it was a kind of disguise that required much audacity.

"Monseigneur," commenced the dowager, saluting the old lieutenant-general, "sit upon this couch, near me, and speak low, very low, if you please. Since the violent death of the eighteenth century,—the century of false confidences,—couches and sofas are no more indiscreet."

M. de Crosne, to his great surprise, allowed himself to be softly conducted to the place intended for him by the dowager.

"Monseigneur," resumed the old lady in a low voice, "on my forefathers' side, I descend from the *noblesse-d'epée*; from the *noblesse de robe*, by my female ancestors, and am widow of a Pré-Fleury into the bargain. Your father, the counsellor, did good service to one of the members of my family, and I come to pay the debt of gratitude."

She opened her snuff box and continued:—

"For a year I have concealed myself in this horrible Paris, and, by my faith! I am tired of living thus in hiding places, in garrets, in holes. Thanks to secret friends, who have obliged Fouquier-Tinville to forget me, I can go out of the town to-morrow night without fearing the consequences, in the disguise of a street singer. I understand the revolutionary repertory; I have learnt the horrid provincial accent from a poor woman of Marseilles, and I shall prevail upon my mouth to sing this spicy song, that they call *la Marseillaise*: if needful, I shall stink of garlic, monseigneur! Well, will it please you to follow me, to disguise yourself, to sing and to beg with me? I have two little children, that I have hired for my own use; they will be of service for our respectability. I have studied, in the school of a gipsy, who formerly told me my fortune, the great art of appearing hungry while having plenty to eat, of suffering when in perfect health, of fainting at will, of limping with good legs; every one will have pity upon our sufferings, upon our old age, upon our misery, and we shall afterwards find a secret pleasure in relating to each other the tricks that we have played upon our enemies. I wait for your answer, monseigneur."

M. de Crosne, who had observed with the most uneasy attention this mysterious dowager of Pré-Fleury, smilingly replied:—

"Madame, you have, it seems to me, a fancy and a talent for disguises."

"What do you mean, monseigneur?" cried the dowager, turning pale under her rouge.

"Come, come," said M. de Crosne, "I have not been in the police for nothing! Take up this pretty handkerchief that you have let fall; wipe away quickly this red and white, of which doubtless you have no need; efface all these frightful wrinkles, which have caused you to look ugly without the power of making you appear old; become young again at your ease; frankly give yourself your real name, and do not play thus with the life of an honest man, who expects nothing more but death. If it is to Fouquier-Tinville that I owe your cruel visit, I pardon you. You can tell him that I remain at home, at the orders of the people, and under the hand of the executioner."

The dowager began to disappear as by enchantment. The enamelled box, the Vanloo fan, the embroidered handkerchief, and the indiscreet jewels, fell to the ground at the feet of M. de Crosne; the patches and powder of the *ancien régime* were thrown out of the window; there remained nothing more in the room, upon the couch, but a young woman, who began to weep.

"Why do you weep?" asked M. de Crosne.

"Because you think that I deceive you on the part of Fouquier-Tinville."

"Who are you? what is your name?"

"I am named Lange."

"Lange—wait—you are——"

"Nothing, monseigneur, or very little—a little *comédienne* whom they would have thrown into the dungeon of For-Sévègne; it is five years ago; you saved me, monseigneur, in exchange for a kiss that I very quickly gave you, and which you have never returned."

M. de Crosne, blushing, hung his head. He remembered the deplorable time when monarchical society was left to lull itself to sleep in its cradle, by the sound of stories and songs.

"But seriously, what did you come to do with me?" murmured M. de Crosne, looking at the *comédienne*.

"I came to persuade you to fly with me, to rely upon my dexterity, and to live."

"You are then very adroit?"

"Adroit!" said Mlle. Lange, wiping away her tears; "I am a woman; I am a *comédienne*; I am a coquette; I am in love—judge!"

M. de Crosne was for an instant about to yield to her prayers, he believed in the sincerity of this mysterious devotion, that willed to save him. Mlle. Lange had dispelled from the thoughts of the proscribed man, the distrusts, suspicions, and fears with which every person, and all the world inspired him. Unfortunately, he remembered the proud and lofty dignity,

which he had formerly lent to the magistracy of the police; he aroused the terrors of his conscience, by proving to it that a magistrate, a gentleman of the robe, had no right to avail himself of the hand of a pretty woman, even to leap over an abyss; he talked folly so well for an hour, that his conscience took alarm, and Mlle. Lange was pitilessly repulsed.

M. de Crosne, at the moment of taking leave of the *comédienne*, opened in haste a precious coffer that he owed to the generous kindness of the Princess of Lamballe. He took from it a handful of pieces of gold and jewels, with the intention of giving them to the actress. But the actress gently knelt at the feet of M. de Crosne, and said to him in a trembling voice:

"Keep your gold, monseigneur. You have always had many poor people—but you shall owe me more than this, perhaps."

Let us do justice to the inflexible magistrate: he found a regret in his heart, a tear in his eye, and a kiss on the brink of his lips; he stooped down to embrace Mlle. Lange, and to return to her that which he had owed her for five years.

The next day the old lieutenant-general of police was entered in the jailer's book, in the prison of the Madelonettes, where were also confined the ex-minister Fleury, General Lanone, Admiral Destaing, Tour du Pin, Saint Prix, Boulainvilliers, several *ci-devant* counsellors of parliament, and the most celebrated *artistes* of the *Comédie-Française*.

The *artistes* had been arrested after the representation of a suspected play, on the night of the third of September, by the order of the corporation, and upon the denunciation of the society of the Jacobins.

The poor comedians of the *Théâtre Français* had committed a great crime of circumstances: they had represented a wicked piece, entitled "Paméla," and Callot d'Herbois wished to efface with blood the heresies of this composition, which allowed a glimpse, under the costume of the heroine, of the *fleur-de-lis*-embroidered robe of nobility and royalty.

The *dossiers* of the unrevolutionary comedians, addressed by Callot d'Herbois to Fouquier Tinville, were catalogued in red ink; this list only consisted of one of these three letters,—G.—D.—R.; but each of these letters implied the result of a judgment. The R. demanded of the public accuser a reference or acquittal; the D. signified transportation; the G. was simply the first letter of the word *guillotine*. M. M. d'Agincourt, Vanhove, and Fleury, Mesdames Louise Contat, Emilie Contat, and Rancourt, were already guillotined by the red-ink in the official indications of Callot d'Herbois.

Mlle. Lange had refused in "Paméla" a slight character, *unworthy of her talent*; she owed to an excess of vanity, to a

caprice, the not being obliged to accompany her companions to the prison of the Madelonettes.

III.

The comedians of the *Théâtre Français* introduced to the Madelonettes a species of comedy of liberty; which they played with their companions in misfortune, in the chambers, in the *chauffoir*, and even in the corridors of the prison. They comprehended perfectly, proudly, perhaps, that celebrated actors, proscribed by a revolution, were not altogether simple individuals, who got imprisoned, persecuted, and killed. They felt the strength and power of a society of the *élite*, of a literary corporation, that belonged to the most charming, the most poetical, the most popular history of ancient France.

They well knew that they were not victims that people ought to abandon or forget when no longer in sight. The imprisoned comedians had yet a pit, upon which they somewhat reckoned, to drive away the executioner by the sound of whistles. Ought not the people still to love them, to admire them, to applaud them from afar? The *Comédie Française*, though suspected, persuaded itself that the republic would not dare to guillotine comedians, for fear of depriving the crowd of its most innocent, most lively, and sweetest illusions.

This opinion, these sentiments, this hope, this pride, are expressed with much happiness, in a few pages of the "*Mémoires de Fleury*."

The comedians began then to live as if they were not to die upon the scaffold the next day. They commenced making joinery, tapistry, and machinery, to try to throw an appearance of ornament over the miserable reality of prison walls; Agamemnon himself, if one may believe Fleury, deigned to cleanse with an awkward majesty the Augean stables, that spread their poisonous stench over the Madelonettes.

In the morning, each artist of the *Théâtre Français* devoted his time and his trouble to the general interest. They were an example to all the suspected persons, and the most illustrious prisoners became no more than servants. Often, Admiral Destaing prepared the breakfast, de Crosne set the table, Tour du Pin boiled the coffee, the ministers powdered the wigs, the parliament counsellors piled up the logs, General Lanone turned his sword into a kitchen knife, and the sceptre of Saint Prix, the sceptre of the *king of kings*, represented an humble broom.

At mid-day, all "the friends of Death," as they laughingly termed themselves, paid mutual visits; they played, they joked, they took coffee, they talked scandal; they discoursed upon

everything,—upon love, poetry, glory, upon the theatre, upon government, and even upon politics.

In these sovereign *réunions*, at which they acted, from morning till evening, the comedy of life and death, M. de Crosne distinguished himself by a *ton*, a *sang froid*, an elegance, a dignity, a nobility, which had in it something both of the admirable and the dreadful. He seemed to perceive nothing of the sorrows and miseries of proscription; he yet lived in thought in the year 1789, before the taking of the Bastille; he never forgot, in receiving or paying visits, to dress, to adorn, to powder himself, just as if he had been about to repair to an audience with the king.

While these poor prisoners prepared to die with *éclat*,—the great business of the times,—two free citizens resolved at the same time, without knowing it or having concerted together, to save the prisoners of the Madelonettes; the one for love of the comedians of the *Théâtre Française*, the other for love of M. de Crosne.

One of these two generous citizens was an old actor, a fool, a *jocrisse* of the little theatre *Mareux*; he was named Labussière; the other was an actress of the *Comédie Française*; she was named Mademoiselle Lange. The actor and the actress had planned, on either side, with admirable courage, address, and self-abnegation, a secret attack upon Callot d'Herbois and Fouquier-Tinville. Mademoiselle Lange was compelled, for the accomplishment of her purpose, to lay aside her feminine character; she disguised herself in her best manner; she despoiled herself of womanly graces, she calumniated her feminine attractions, she found the difficult means of re-forming herself in the image of a man.

And now in her place appears one who runs, agitates, and struggles to obtain an under post in the office of the *pièces accusatrices*. This office was the general emporium of all the *dossiers*, of all the individual notes, of all the denunciations, of all the mandates of arrest, that could serve as materials, proofs, and pretexts, for the requisitions of the public accuser.

One fine morning, the clerks of the office of the *pièces accusatrices* beheld the arrival of a new comrade, a new colleague, who allowed nothing to appear of the grace and beauty of Mademoiselle Lange. He called himself Jacques; but he seemed so young, and was so little, that the clerks immediately surnamed him Jacquot.

No later than the next day, upon the order of the representatives, Couthon and Callot, a new clerk, a new patriot, was installed in the office of the *dérenus*, and Jacquot, to his great regret, found himself seated close by a man who took immense

pains to look dismal ; an honest man with whom you are already acquainted—the actor Labussière.

From this moment, Labussière and Jacquot divided between them, unknown to each other, the honours and perils of a sublime devotion ; it was which of these devoted conspirators should conceal the most *dossiers*, and save the most heads ; which should find the best means of deceiving the vigilance of the clerks and overlookers, while they secretly searched the drawers, selected documents, effaced notes, withdrew denunciations,—in a word, abridged the task of the revolutionary tribunal.

Dossiers disappeared so quickly, and accusations proceeded so slowly, that Fouquier-Tinville officially complained of the royalists and aristocrats, of whom the office of the *detenus* was composed. At the time when the public accuser expressed his complaints in a somewhat violent reprimand, the office of the *detenus* had already lost eight hundred *dossiers*.

IV.

Unfortunately, Labussière and Jacquot opposed and hindered each other in their secret researches.

Sad to say, they distrusted each other ; they each wondered at the strange zeal that nailed the other to his desk at those hours when the rest of the clerks were no longer busy, and no one remained in the offices. This distrust, natural, legitimate, inevitable, cost, without doubt, the lives of many suspected, of many innocent persons.

More than once, Jacquot was tempted to ask of Labussière, “ Why do you come to the *Correspondance* almost before daylight ? Why do you only cease to work at night ? Do you never sleep ? Do you never eat ? What is it that you lock up in your desk, carefully watching the eye of your neighbour ? What mean those little balls of paper that you slip into your pockets ? ”

Labussière might have asked his comrade the same questions that Jacquot was frequently tempted to address to him.

One Sunday morning, two men were seated upon the water-side, close to the Vigiers baths ; each of them believing himself quite alone and invisible, drew out of his pocket some paper pellets, which he dipped carelessly into the water, in order to subdivide and reduce them. Each afterwards threw them in morsels—in scraps, in crumbs, in pulp—into the running stream.

At last, however, Jacquot, who was hidden by a rope, full of linen hung out to dry in the sunbeam, perceived his comrade, his suspicious friend of the *Office de la Correspondance*.

He was confounded ; he trembled,—he feared, but he soon began to change his mind. An idea, a conjecture, a presentment, a sweet hope, restored all his courage ; he ran towards Labussière, who in his turn grew pale, and trembled.

“ Citizen !” cried Jacquot, in a faltering voice, “ I no longer know whether I wake or sleep—in short, it appears to me that I am in a delightful dream ;—you are an honest man !”

“ And a good patriot !” stammered poor Labussière, still trembling.

There was a moment of silence.

“ Citizen !” resumed Jacquot, “ we, perhaps, are the only two in France who dare to have opinions of our own: What do you say ?”

“ I say,” murmured Labussière, “ that my opinions are known.”

“ You speak falsely,” replied Jacquot ; “ and I dare you to deceive me ! No, no, you are not known, God be thanked. You are the most hypocritical patriot, the most faithless servant, the most ungrateful clerk, the cleverest aristocrat that I know. You are an admirable man !”

The end of this sentence, which commenced so badly, struck to the very heart and conscience of Labussière. He reeled like a drunken man ; he laughed and wept ; he looked at Jacquot with a questioning air ; at last, he said, in a voice choked with tears—

“ If you approve of me, let us embrace !—if you deceive me, strangle me !”

And the two new friends embraced.

“ Let us see, have you done a good morning’s work ? How many proscribed ? How many heads ?” asked Jacquot, of Labussière.

“ I have saved fifty suspected persons this morning ; and amongst them some comrades, some very dear friends, the *artistes* of the *Comédie Française*. See, they are gone, the last quarter of an hour, under the appearance of little pieces of paper—all along—along—along the river—along the river !”

Labussière while trilling this refrain, laughed and skipped like a child.

“ Are your pockets empty ?” said Jacquot ; “ have you delivered to all your poor world, the key of the fields—I mistake, the key of the waters ?”

“ Yes !”

“ My pockets are yet occupied. I have men, women, and children. Come, and help me to embark them.”

“ To embark them ?”

“ Upon the Seine—in the hands of God !”

The two clerks knelt down again upon the shore of the river, and Jacquot emptied his pockets; they crumbled the *dossiers* of five or six families, and the running stream carried away the red paper of Callot d'Herbois.

Labussière said to Jacquot, as they parted upon the Pont Neuf:—

“Now that I have saved, without doubt, my comrades of the *Comédie Française*, I am entirely at the service of your comrades and friends. This morning, I had resolved to resign my situation in the *Office de la Correspondance*; but I ask nothing better than to keep my place, if you have need of an accomplice to do good.”

“Listen,” replied Jacquot, “there is in the prison of the Madelonnettes, along with the *artistes* of the *Théâtre Français*, an aristocrat whom the executioner has long menaced. I speak to you of M. de Crosne. I have had a long search in the funereal emporium of the *pièces accusatrices*; I have not yet found the *dossier* of the old lieutenant of the police. Well! I must have, at any price, the life of this man, to return it to him. I have promised my conscience and my heart to save M. de Crosne, and I have need of thy courage, of thy devotion, to perform my honest promise. All mankind exists for me in one single name—M. de Crosne! M. de Crosne! M. de Crosne! Remember this person, remember this name, and God protect us!”

Labussière was happier than Jacquot; he had saved the comedians, and Mademoiselle Lange had *not* saved M. de Crosne.

v.

On the 27th April, 1794, M. de Crosne, just as he awoke, perceived upon the floor in the middle of his chamber, a species of projectile, that some one had dexterously thrown through the grating of a little window.

The prisoner took up the projectile, which was simply a *décime*; he unfolded the morsel of paper that enveloped the piece of money, and started as he read the following lines:—
“God has not willed my devotion; you are going to die! Chance alone has come to my aid to spare you an extreme sorrow; in seeking uselessly to save you, I have saved your mother. Adieu, Monseigneur, until we meet again—I say, until we meet again, because doubtless, the other world is not made for nothing.”
“LANGE.”

Several hours passed slowly away. M. de Crosne, who was playing at trictrac with M. de la Tour du Pin, heard a well-

known voice fling his name to the echoes of the prison; the condemned man replied from afar to this terrible voice, that caused all his companions in captivity to tremble:—"I am ready!"

He laughed with Fleury, he played with Tour du Pin, he thought of his poor mother, he addressed a compliment to Mademoiselle Contat, he regretted the mysterious affection of Mademoiselle Lange; but, he was ready to die!

"Adieu, Messieurs," said he to his friends, saluting them with all the dignity of parliamentary politeness, "I thank you for your wit and for your attentions, they have solaced my last moments. I remember that I formerly contributed to the restoration, and I die upon a scaffold! I go to astonish M. de Voltaire!"

Meanwhile, notwithstanding his courage, and strength of mind, M. de Crosne wished to take all necessary precautions against the weakness of the physical man; he asked for a slice of bread and a cup of coffee, so much did he dread a failure on the part of the body, a feebleness of the flesh that might render him unequal to the exigencies of the heroic and sovereign part which he had to play, and which obliged him to die with credit.

Besides, the revolution imparted courage to souls the most fearful and irresolute; even those who had not enough virtue and strength of mind to learn to live well, acquired elevation and bravery at the hour of death. Children were no longer young, virgins no longer timid, women no longer feeble, when it was needful to mount the revolutionary scaffold. A secret enthusiasm dissipated all the terrors of trembling humanity; they died laughing, they died singing, they died shouting *Vive la France!*

If M. de Crosne had required it, the Revolution would have given him that which it seldom refused to any one, something of sublimity which one might denominate the genius of death.

When the French comedians, forgotten, thanks to the disappearance of their *dossiers*, by the revolutionary tribunal, had quitted the prison of the Madelonettes, Vanhove presented himself before Mademoiselle Lange, and remitted into her hands a precious legacy, a remembrance of M. de Crosne. It was a watch enriched by pearls, and its case enclosed a tiny billet, addressed by the old lieutenant-general of police to the fair *comedienne*.

Strange to say, in daily expectation of dying upon a scaffold, M. de Crosne played with a name, with an accent, in order to send to Mademoiselle Lange the following madrigal:—

" Du bout de ma plume j'arrange
 Votre nom qui fut mal écrit,
 Afin de mieux adorer l'ange
 Qui me salut, et me sourit."

From this moment, Mademoiselle Lange wrote her
 with an accent, "L'Ange."

TO MY NEPHEW.

Thou small unknown—a sister's child—
 To me thou art most dear ;
 Thy chubby cheek, thine eye so mild,
 I dream I see them here.

How strange to thee this world of ours !
 How little dost thou know
 Its weary way, its hidden powers,
 Its rapture, and its woe !

To wake and sleep, to sleep and wake,
 Such is thy little life ;
 Thou dost not care for things that make
 It one continued strife.

We talk of railroads and of shares,
 Of furious Whigs and Tories ;
 To thy small head all these affairs
 Are but old women's stories.

What's to be done with Mr. Shore?—
 With Ireland?—can you tell ?
 Such matters trouble you no more
 Than a Montr'al rebel.

Is Poland never to be free ?
 Will Oudinot take Rome ?
 Will Kossuth still a victor be ?
 Will gallant Ross come home ?

You do not care ? Well, little man,
 Live on in quiet yet,
 Take all the pleasure that you can,
 Without man's vain regret.

Temptation, trials, hidden snares,
 These wait thy coming years;
 Passion may bind thee unawares,
 Thou may'st turn weak with fears.

Yet, still the loving heart shall win
 Of life its golden dower;
 And still shall truth in every scene
 Be a prevailing power.

Be thine youth's glee, and manhood's strength,
 Thy life a love of right;
 A pathway that shall end at length
 In God's own peace and light.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

RAMBLES.

BY WALTER E. CASTELLI.

No. III.

SORRENTO—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF TASSO—AND "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN."

WITHOUT being at all learned or even curious in geology, we always regard with peculiar interest the discoveries of footprints in the stone, pressed there ages ago, perhaps, when that solid rock was soft and ductile as the sand on the sea-shore, whereon each ripple may trace its sportive fancies, yet now fresh and perfect as ever. All around changed with the changing time, but it, so frail and unheeded then, alone unaltered, uneffaced, and become the centre of attraction to the learned and speculative of remote ages. And so it is with the haunts of genius,—the birth-place of the child we see "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," the scene of his boyish "*escapades*" and rambles,

are as little to us as the dust on which we tread, until, perchance, he is gathered to his rest, his name inscribed within "the roll of mighty poets," in Apollo's hand, and then we crowd thither, some from curiosity, and a few from reverence and love. Well, it must be so; but it is sad to think that death's is the hand which stamps in the sand the mark which nor time nor tide can thenceforth obliterate.

There are many places in sunny Italy more renowned, many more visited, but few more beautiful, than Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso. In beauty, as in everything else in this world, we are conventional, and to turn the current of public admiration into any new and unhackneyed channel is an undertaking grave and serious as to attempt the rooting up of Chinese prejudice or Irish murpheyism. And so, year after year, your pilgrims hie to their Italian Brightons and Margates, with the same blind unbelief in anything at all habitable elsewhere in this presuming world. There are some, however, who are borne thus far upon the ebbing tide, and happy are they.

Sorrento is set on the very brink of a precipice of tufa, that rises nobly up from the beautiful Mediterranean; and a man of war might float with its broadside touching the base of the cliff on which Tasso was born; and behind it the fertile "*Piano*" stretches to the foot of the mountains of Pico and Masso, that shelter it from the colder land winds which sometimes sweep over the surface of the bay. Tasso's house is seated on the extreme verge of the cliffs, which there rise a hundred and fifty feet above the sea. It forms two sides of a square, which enclose a court, in which is a beautiful marble fountain. From hence the palazzo is entered by a flight of steps truly magnificent, and through a long suite of fine, lofty rooms we come to a terrace overhanging the water, protected by massive carved balustrades, which commands one of the finest views in the world. Almost directly beneath it are the ruins of a temple of Neptune, visible through the clear tide. It is a birth-place worthy of a poet, with everything poetical and lovely about it—earth, sea, and sky—and is, in very truth, "*un pezzo di cielo caduto in terra*," a little piece of heaven fallen upon earth.

But to loiter amongst the works of the mason is somewhat too material, so let us ramble across the *Piano* and over the hills, with their well-trimmed orchards, and fragrant hedgerows, meeting ever the gentle-hearted peasants, who smile their good-morrow to you with genial frankness. There is a gay band of dark-eyed maidens wending towards their silken labours, with their bright dresses shining through the trees, and their merry voices ringing on the breeze. He with the white shirt, loose trousers, ending at the knee, and the red Phrygian cap, is one

of the fishermen, probably strolling from his work to catch a glimpse of his *inamorata*. Well, good-luck go with him.

Upon the *Capo di Monte* sit we down, for in such a clime, with the blue heavens bright and sunny above you, and the air light as the breath of a lady's fan, one soon gets into the *dolce far niente* way of life. But, after all, stillness and repose in a lovely scene is the acme of rambling, especially where you have, gathered into one, the beauties of fifty landscapes, and quietly lying on the sward, you make eyes do the work of legs, and slowly stray from object to object with an ease and enjoyment truly Elysian. Here you possess the advantage in perfection, for those who have not tested it in person have no conception of the enchantment thrown around this summer land. In England we fancy we see the sky; but it is a delusion from which we only awake on coming to Italy. There we behold the unveiled loveliness, which formerly we only pictured to ourselves through a cloud; and the air is so clear and untainted that distant scenes are distinct and vivid, as though they lay at our feet. Look across that glorious bay, and, though the space between us is some eighteen miles or more, you see Naples and St. Elmo so distinctly that you are almost prepared to hear the peal of its bells wafted to you on the breeze. The only sky which can compete with that of Italy is the Egyptian, and that certainly is wonderful—so blue and refulgent—and, through the rarified air of the desert, the very planets cast a broad shadow on the sandy waste, as you move along.

Oh! what a heavenly scene this is! and how replete with classical associations! not an object meeting the eye which is not enwound with a chain of romantic and poetical interest. If we carry the eye along from the sea that fades away on the extreme west, we come to Ischia, with its dark, volcanic peaks, and its mountain faces, covered with country houses and verdant groves, in whose little roadstead is one of the most charming and Italian landscapes imaginable: rocks rising fantastically up, crowned by picturesque old castles as ever painter could have wished, and softened down by the vegetation around them till they are perfectly fairy-like. Next we come to Procida, and onward to the continent, with the rugged heights of Mycenum fronting it, and overhanging the Elysian fields of Virgil, now, alas! only a tangled waste; and the *Mare Morte*, the dismal Styx, across which the hoary Charon will continue to ply so long as time endures. The charming *Baïæ* is marked by that fine pile of ruins on the hill-side, and near it is the Lucrine Lake, and the famed Avernus, looking deep and horrible as the entrance to hell should,—an idea that is well supported by the lonely and deserted shores that rise so wildly around it, with

the ruined temple of Pluto pranked amid their solitude. Near, also, is the Grotto of Pausilippo, the Sibyl's cave, and the "Hundred Chambers," with many a fine ruin of former magnificence scattered about in vast profusion. Then there extends a broad plain, which is none other than the Felicia Campania, with Capua amid it, and skirted by the noble Apennines, with their dim outlines melting softly into the horizon, and their crests sometimes refulgent with the reflection of the sun from their stainless snow. And in the foreground towers Vesuvius, sending its faint cloud of smoke into the azure air, bared by its glittering row of white buildings, that stand in bold contrast with its own dusky sides. Further on, a mound of fleecy ashes indicates the site of the buried Pompeii.

Then immediately beneath us is the beautiful *Piano*, studded over with villas, whose white roofs shine brightly from amid the dark foliage that waves about them; and around are sunny hills luxuriantly clad with verdant forests, and gemmed here and there with little hamlets. In the bay floats many a little bark, with its snowy sails mirrored in the bluest tide that ever washed a keel, and on the sand groups of sporting children, and women with their brilliant costumes flaunting on the breeze, complete a scene fair as sense could imagine. A short way along the coast, too, beneath the heights of St. Agata, we see some rocky islets, circled with a wreath of white foam, by the waves that play about them. Those are the rocks of the syrens, whose tuneful voices would have seduced the wise Ulysses to his destruction. But every inch of ground is classical, and recalls pleasant memories. Ah! it is indeed a bit of paradise. Who can doubt that we find here the germ of Tasso's enchanted gardens, which are so passing beautiful, and transport us, as it were, to some fairer sphere. What a school for a poet, where from childhood's earliest days he would draw sweet draughts of beauty from the breast of nature, and store his mind with all lovely images and associations, inhaling poetry with the very air he breathed, until in it he lived, and moved, and had his being!

Tasso was not so happy as to live and die here, but mixed with the world, and was whirled along in its troublous vortex, but still he bore away from it, as part of himself, the memory of its loveliness and peace. Once he fled thither, sick at heart, to seek safety and repose amid its seclusion. He came disguised as a shepherd, and in that character presented himself to his sister Cornelia, as a messenger from her unfortunate brother, whose danger and sufferings he described in such glowing colours, that the tender woman's heart melted within her, and she swooned. It must have been some consolation to him in his misfortunes, to find one loving heart true to him, and here

he lingered many a month, wandering with her amid the woods, and fair scenes of his nativity.

Great is the influence of woman on mankind in general, but greater still on the poet's soul. And this is easily accounted for. The world is all action and enterprise, but the poet is the very reverse. His life is not one of action, but of thought, whence springs all action. And so he is cast about on the stream like a powerless swimmer, and buffeted by those whose strength is for the struggle after the things of this life, but who in mind are, compared with him, weak as the fibres of the undressed flax.

With these, then, he cannot have much sympathy, but to woman, in whom all the moral and passive qualities are most exquisitely developed, he is drawn by a secret and irresistible attraction. In her placid and gentle character he finds those pure and generous impulses, which, when grafted on to man's more powerful mind, constitute true nobility and poetry. So there is a natural affinity between them.

Tasso was supremely indebted to women, and his intercourse with them gave him a delicacy and refinement rarely to be met with in the works of the olden poets. His portraits of women are exquisitely graceful and lovely, and tinted with a sweetness and gentleness which nothing but a heart deeply impregnated with their tenderness could have taught. His mother was a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and during the exile of her husband, who was forced to flee his country a few years after the birth of Torquato, she consoled herself by attention to the education of her children, and thus was his budding imagination first trained. His sister Cornelia was a fitting companion for the young poet. Richly endowed with her mother's loveliness of person, she seems to have shared with him that fine sensibility which is so easily impressed with the traces of the beautiful, and thus was capable of fostering his dawning perceptions of poetry, bringing a woman's taste and tact to aid man's strength of fancy.

His love for the Princess Eleonora D'Este, though, from the conventionalities of society, it was hopeless, was one of the truest and purest affections that ever dignified this earth. It was more truly the love of a poet than even that of Petrarch for his Laura. He must have felt—

“It were all one
That *he should* love some bright particular star
And think to wed it, *she was* so above him.”

But still he loved on, content with “the dear happiness of loving.” It seemed more the love of an ideal being, of a poetical creation embodying all that his mind could picture of the

good and beautiful, than the worship of a human reality. But from the portraits handed down to us, it is pleasant to believe she was worthy of his admiration, both in person and character. She is described as a sweet, gentle woman, with small, chiselled features, and fair complexion, blue eyes, and a mouth peculiarly lovely and expressive. Tasso says it was the most charming feature in her face, and compares it to a crimson shell enshrining snowy pearls.

"Purpurea conca, in cui si nutre
Candor di perle elette e pellegrine."

She was, moreover, adorned with that artless demeanour which renders beauty doubly beautiful. Her disposition was modest, retiring, and studious, with a deep love of literature and poetry, and she, and her sister, Lucretia, were the first critics of the "Gerusalemme," Tasso reading it to them as it was composed. She was also passionately fond of music, and sang beautifully. And to the low, soft voice, which is such "an excellent thing in woman," she added a natural eloquence, and sweetness of expression, that irresistibly touched the heart, and gained her such reputation, that the inhabitants of Ferrara, in their confidence in her goodness and intercession, attributed the safety of their city from an inundation which destroyed several of the neighbouring villages, to her prayers alone. Tasso has drawn a beautiful portrait of her, under the assumed name of Sophronia, in an episode introduced into the second canto of his great poem. We extract it from Wiffen's translation, though it most poorly conveys the poetical sense of the original:—

"Of generous thoughts and principles sublime,
Amongst them in the city lived a maid;
The flower of virgins, in her ripest prime,
Supremely beautiful! but that she made
Never her care, or beauty only weighed
In worth with virtue; and her worth acquired
A deeper charm from blooming in the shade.
Lovers she shunned, nor loved to be admired,
But from their praises turned, and lived a life retired.
* * * * *

Alone amidst the crowd the maid proceeds,
Nor seeks to hide her beauty, nor display;
Downcast her eyes, close veiled in simple weeds,
With coy and graceful steps she wins her way;
So negligently neat, one scarce can say
If she her charms disdains, or would improve,—
If chance or taste disposes her array;
Neglects like hers, if artifices, prove
Arts of the friendly heavens, of nature, and of love."

In his sonnets he has added a thousand lovely tints to this picture, and framed it with the musical out-pourings of his own tender and constant devotion. There can be no doubt that in Olindo, the lover of Sophronia,—

“Who feared much, hoped little, and in naught presumed,”

he imaged forth himself, and the joy his passion felt in the idea of dying for her sake. The story is beautiful exceedingly.

In his “*Conclusioni Amoroſi*,” he maintains, “*Nessuna amata eſſere, o poter eſſere, ingrata*,”—that no woman really loved is, or can be, ungrateful. Nor do we think the apophthegm proved fallacious in his own case. The Princess Eleonora, a daughter of one of the first and proudest houses in Europe, was no mate for the poor poet, noble in mind, and of good descent, though he was. But she certainly felt and appreciated the love he displayed towards her—so exquisitely tender and refined in its character,—and with all a woman’s sweetness and tact she manifested her sympathy and respect for her humble admirer. Whether she entertained for him still warmer feelings, none can know; but the fanciful and romantic may weave many a sweet mesh from the fact that, though sought by many a lordly suitor, she repulsed them all, and died unmarried. By some she has been accused of ingratitude and coldheartedness in permitting the unfortunate Tasso to languish so long in imprisonment; but never, we think, did accusation rest on such frail grounds. Who can tell the intercessions she may have made on his behalf? Who can raise the veil of state policy, and declare that the very interest she, the avowed object of his love, exhibited towards him, may not have made his confinement more rigorous, being coupled in a suspicious mind with her steady rejection of all suitors? Who can say that his removal to a less gloomy prison only a few weeks before her death did not proceed from renewed entreaties, which the approach of death rendered more successful? Yes: her whole demeanour previously had been so gentle and womanly that it is sheer calumny to believe she could so suddenly have changed to the very reverse.

In the second year of his captivity Eleonora died of a premature decay, after having been passionately loved for more than seventeen years.

There was another Leonora, the young Countess of Scandiano, to whom he addressed some beautiful verses, and publicly professed admiration. But, though eminently lovely and graceful, and with a pouting under-lip which set all the gallants of Ferrara on a flame, and seemed to rival that of his own mistress, she could not make him waver in his constancy to her, and he

saw her droop away with illness, while the charms of her rival were only ripening, without one errant thought. The countess ever remembered him with kindness, and in his misfortunes gave him what consolation she could: as did also Lucretia d'Este, who had long been his friend, and to whose society he was indebted for much that was elegant and refined in his tastes. We ourselves are fondly credulous that the affection of the young poet was secretly returned, and, granting it, most beautiful, though sad, is the story of Tasso and Leonora.

St. Bruno was a man of taste, and the dream which directed him to place the convents of the *Camaldole* on heights was surely a poetic vision. Some of them possessed views which must have kindled rapture and devotion in the heart of a block. These convents are now chiefly destroyed, but their ruins still stand as monuments of the founder's taste. There is one beautifully situated on that mountain which separates the *Piano* of Sorrento from that of Vico, and the prospect thence is glorious.

Apropos—there are some fine fellows amongst the monks still, maugre their modern asceticism. Some ladies, friends of ours, lately travelling through Italy, came to a monastery which they wished to inspect. "No: ladies not admitted." Could they not have a short peep? "No!" Could they not see one of the monks? and forth sallied a jolly old friar, laughing, "Oh, you want to see a monk, do you? Well, here's one," patting his capacious paunch, "and a good fat one, too!" Bravo, padre, you should certainly have been one of "the monks of old." There's hope of the race yet.

There is nothing more lovely in this world than a moonlight night here. The moon absolutely seems to float in mid air, and her rays are brilliant to a dazzling degree. Through their sheen we can easily perceive, from where we now sit, the fume of Vesuvius across that splendidly luminous tide, and the reflection from the white rocks and terraces beneath us is almost painful from its intensity.

But let us descend now, by paths lined with myrtles in full blossom, and orange trees showering scent upon us as we pass, and take our accustomed dip in the baths of the temple of Neptune, where, centuries ago, many a togaed Roman congregated for the same purpose, and later, perhaps, Tasso himself. They are hewn out of caverns in the cliffs, through which the tide flows at will, and paven with the most silvery of sand. All the daughters of Triton might envy the spot, so cool and quiet it is, with the melancholy ripple of the waves murmuring through it, which with every stir reflect a delicious turquoise tint that is singular and most beautiful. But again, in earth, air, and water, all around this scene is enchantment.

A PLEA FOR VOLUNTARY EDUCATION.

At a dinner recently held in London, in aid of the Hospital for Consumption, Guizot is reported to have said, "The voluntary principle has replaced, almost everywhere, the permanent and perpetual reverence. You confide in good-will, as your forefathers confided in the stability of things. And now every generation—and, I ought almost to say, every man—becomes anew every year the founder of all the public institutions and charity in England—and that sympathy never fails. The life of this institution has never been shortened and never endangered by so precarious a condition. That is the wonderful result of a charity as enlightened as it is fervent; that is one of the most striking and miraculous evidences of the moral and public character of your country. I trust that the voluntary principle—that is, liberty and charity—will continue to display its immense power for doing good under the security given to it by the support of a solid government, in the glorious sympathy for all the miseries, for all the moral and material wants of mankind, and in firmness against all the bad passions and follies of mankind. These are the two conditions by which you will ensure the permanent triumph of civilization over destruction, the triumph of social life over moral death." Such is the language of a statesman and a philosopher—of one to whom adversity has taught salutary lessons—of one who, while in public life, and conducting the government of a great nation, had carried out the opposite principle, and had fallen a victim with the master he had served, to the re-action that necessarily arose. He has now been long enough amongst us to more than doubt the correctness of his former views.

It strikes us, that in this extract Guizot has clearly marked out the path of our social economy, with which no government has a right to interfere. Men are not machines, and they cannot be treated as such; they possess, more or less, principles, reasons, passions, from us. They may be convinced by argument, excited by appeal; their energies may be roused into action, their enthusiasm may be set on fire, but these things are to be done by weapons which government cannot wield; government is but a machine, a great system of police, a power

whose final appeal is not to the spiritual part of man, but the contrary; a power that rests, not on the strength of its logic, but the strength of its sword. Man's personal responsibility is the great principle of Christianity, and the glorious characteristic of modern society. That principle is sufficient for all the works of charity that are required. It has covered our land with hospitals, it has planted schools in almost every village. It is a principle, of the power of which every religious sect is a triumphant testimony. It is a principle for which churchmen now begin to be as clamorous as the most rabid dissenter. What means the following extract from Archdeacon Conybeare's Spring Visitation Charge, delivered at Llandaff, so recently as the first of May, if it means not that the voluntary principle should be resorted to by churchmen themselves. "It is," says he, "both the wisdom and duty of every incumbent of a large parish calmly and prayerfully to consider what the wants of his parish are, and to originate at once a scheme for providing churches, schools, and pastors, to supply, not a part, but the whole of their wants—to *appeal upon the high grounds of duty to the Christian laity for their liberal assistance, and never to rest satisfied till the whole want be supplied—the parish cultivated, and the wilderness converted into the garden of the Lord.*" This seems to us the only right mode of action in these matters. No man can divest himself of his personal responsibility: if he see his brother naked, he is to clothe him—hungry, he is to feed him—and equally so is it his duty to see that education be within the reach of the ignorant and the poor. If this principle already has done so much, may we not believe that when fully and fairly carried out, it is capable of doing much more? This year has been a year of great pecuniary distress, and yet, according to the *Record* newspaper, the funds of most of our great religious societies have not been less, but more! This last year alone, the British and Foreign School Society have opened an hundred and three new schools, thus providing accommodation for upwards of 10,000 children, besides the assistance they had rendered to the schools in the colonies and foreign parts. We may imagine that the National School Society has done as much, and many of the dissenting sects have schools they exclusively support. Our opinion—an opinion arrived at by a pretty accurate acquaintance with many parts of England and Wales—is that the supply of education is more accordant to the demand for it than is generally supposed. As regards England, Mr. Baines, of Leeds, has most thoroughly settled that question; and as regards Wales, the report published by the late commission was so evidently one-sided—so evidently over-strained to make out a case for government in-

terference—so evidently false, that in Wales, amongst those best acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, it is universally despised. We are glad to find that Sir Thomas Phillips has recently come forward to vindicate his countrymen's fair fame. We refer to the work he has recently published on Wales. We know many parts of England where the schools that offer ample accommodation, and a good education, are miserably attended, simply because the labour of the children could be turned to good account by their parents. We speak not now of manufacturing, but of agricultural districts. The voluntary principle is equal to any demand that can be made upon it—it is an irresistible power. The advocates of government education have drawn a picture of the real condition of the people as regards education, which we believe is far from correct.

If the state should educate the people, it should educate them all—it should train the rich as well as the poor—are they not equally influential? is it not equally dangerous to leave them by themselves? if so, Owen's plan were the best, the children should be separated from their parents, and should be reared on one uniform plan. Thus acted Lycurgus—thus did Plato model his republic—of this did Sir Thomas More dream in his *Utopia*—for this did Hobbes contend in his *Seniathan*—and were man a mere machine, such would not be an undesirable plan.

Most of the continental states educate the people—one of the foremost in that work was France. The late monarch put himself at the head of the instructors of his people, and in the memorable law of June 26, 1833, he demanded the presentation of a report to himself personally, of all these elementary schools. In the return offered by M. Villemain, we find the following particulars:—Thirty-three thousand and ninety communes, out of the whole number of thirty-seven thousand two hundred and ninety-five, have now these primary schools. The children admitted to them, amount to 3,000,000. During the past five years, £1,200,000 have been spent in building or purchasing school-rooms. There are also many classes for adults. These include 68,500 persons, who repair to them in the evenings, after daily labour, and on the Sabbath. Each commune must for itself, or in conjunction with others, form one of these primary schools. The admission is gratuitous to those who cannot afford to pay. The teachers' salary is about £25. per annum. There are higher schools. The Roman Catholic religion, as that of the majority, is taught. Special schools exist for Protestants, in which there is declared the fullest liberty, save that there is the same inspection of them by the prefects, who, generally holding the popular faith, can scarcely be welcome visitants, or impartial judges. One provision is certainly

liberal. Each school is under the maire, a municipal council of twelve, the cure, the common magistrate, and the Protestant pastor, if there be any. These are subject to the control of a similar body of the arrondissement, and these to the department. This is superintended by the representative of the king. The funds for these schools is compulsory, but only according to need. The communes are to avail themselves of any local revenue, and of any donations or bequests for that end. The attendance is voluntary. The consciences of the people are consulted in all that regards the religious education of their children. Villemain says, in his report, "that this subject has given rise to no serious difficulty. The *mixed* schools—namely, those made up of pupils of various denominations, have answered well, and separate schools have been specially maintained for the legally recognized dissenting minority of a community, where proper reasons have been shown for it, and when there were means to do so. Thus, in 1840, while there were 28,818 schools for Roman Catholics, there were also 677 for Protestants, 31 for Jews, and 2,059 of a mixed character. The simultaneous method of tuition is at present the favourite, to the rapid abandonment of the individual and mutual. The adult schools depend most strictly upon voluntary support, none are taxed for them. They are countenanced by government, but are directed by that class of persons who possess better lay and ecclesiastical character—the *sœurs* and the *frères*. It is supposed that these schools are all registered, and placed under general supervision. The teachers of the elementary schools are 62,859. They are all examined in their qualifications, whether stipendiary or not; and are not suffered to hold the station without *brevet d' instruction*. The model schools are seventy-nine, in which the more proficient children, intended to be teachers, are received from the primary ones, and are kept three years. The discipline is very severe, and if any of these in didactic training are careless and negligent, they are quickly dismissed. It is impossible to see such a system in operation, whatever we may think of its basis, without admiring its arrangement, and acknowledging its influence. To this apparatus may be added a higher order of education—in forty-six royal colleges, having 18,697 students—in 287 communal colleges, with 26,854 students—while £80,000. were paid in 1842, toward their expenses. It is calculated, however, that at present a third of the population can neither read nor write. *

Such was the munificent provision made for education in France, and yet a man as well acquainted with the state of that

* Hamilton's Institutes of Popular Education.

country as any man could be—the late author of a most valuable work on “France, her Governmental Administrative, and Social Organization exposed,”—thus shows how its effects were of the most prejudicial character. “There is not a country in Europe that presents a more striking example of the evil of state interference than France at this moment. This interference exercises a paralyzing influence on the mind of the nation, individual energy is annihilated by it. For as the *State measures our religion and education*, and as its espionage is over every meeting and association of every kind, the people have sunk into complete apathy as to moral and social improvement, and the numerous beneficent, and other means in operation for these ends in Britain, are not thought of in France. The true evils of this mode of education are, that it interferes with liberty, and that it deteriorates the national character. By his praise of the voluntary principle, we may believe that Guizot has come at length to see the fallacy of a system of which he was such an advocate and friend. But Guizot in office differs from Guizot out, as an English Whig in the same predicament. The author whom we have already quoted, states a fact that fully explains a minister’s zeal for education. “There is a part of the prerogative of the Minister of Public Instruction which is particularly calculated to establish and extend his influence, and of which Mr. Guizot has made large use. In all the royal colleges there are foundations, *bourses*, paid either by the state or by the departments, for the education of the children of poor families, who are admitted on the appointment of the minister. Some of these bourses are for the whole amount of the charge of boarding and instruction; some for three months, and some for the half of it. The number of these foundations is about 2,000. M. Guizot, and after him his successors, have generally disposed of them in favour of electors or of deputies of their party. You will find that more than two hundred deputies have their sons and nephews so educated at the public expense! The total amount of these foundations, is 600,000 francs.” The whole system, in short, was one secret, complicated machine for enslaving the masses, and when it reached a certain point, the reaction that commenced last February was the natural result. How justly did Edward Baines describe the system! “Look,” he wrote, “at the effects, direct and indirect, in France. There are not less than eighty thousand professors, schoolmasters, inspectors, censors, provisors, and other functionaries connected with education, planted in the centres of influence, and at the fountains of opinion throughout France, the whole of whom are directly or indirectly appointed by, and dependent on the minister, subject to dismissal or promotion by him, and even

looking to him for direction ! How vast the influence which this must give the government in a country where the whole number of electors is only 180,000. I do not mean that many of the schoolmasters are electors, but that the patronage resulting from this source alone, where there is one school functionary to about ten electors—where the masters change very rapidly, and where of course the number of expectants for such employments must be very great, is so vast as to menace the independence of the Chambers. Not only the primary schools, and the secondary schools, but all the colleges, all the faculties (of the belles lettres, the sciences, even theology and medicine,) and all the normal schools, are under the control of the Minister of Public Instruction. Thus a net-work of scholastic influence, as well as of patronage, is spread over France. The minister has the prescribing of all books used in the schools, as well as by the students in their leisure hours.”* No wonder that at length the French rose up against so monstrous a system. Equally worthy of condemnation are the other systems of education developed on the continent. Mr. Laing says of Prussia :—“This is the government of functionarism and despotism united, endeavouring to perpetuate itself by turning the education of the people, and the means of living of a great body of civic functionaries placed over them, into a machinery for its own support.” The testimony of other travellers is equally condemnatory, and equally severe.

These testimonies should not be lost upon us. It is lawful to gather from them lessons, by which our course may be guided ; from the rocks on which other nations have struck, let us be warned. The duties devolving on every living man according to his ability, he cannot suffer the state to perform by proxy. The father should seek to educate his child—the rich should see to it, that the poor in their neighbourhood have education placed within their reach. Where religious convictions are deep—where sectarian ribaldry prevails, as it does in England, any government will find it impossible to bring forward a plan of universal education, which will be just to all. The weak will be slighted, or else the strong will complain of unfair play. The failures of all attempts of this kind, strongly testify to this. Were it possible to carry out a general plan of education, it would not be, could not be a fair, honest one—it would be an education only to a certain point—it would reach the government level, and stop there. That this is the case even in America, it will not be difficult to prove. “Here,” referring to the established schools, says the superintendent of the county of Westbrough, in his report contained in the Abstract of the Massachusetts School Returns for 1843-44—“Here, the children

* Baines's Letters on State Education.

form those *republican habits*, and imbibe those *republican sentiments and feelings*, which we deem *absolutely necessary* to the existence of a free government, free institutions, and a free people." Education by the state, binds the people—it is a dead weight upon their progress—it is incompatible with independence—it must destroy all self-reliance. "It allays," as the late Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, forcibly said,— "It allays discontent, but it is by stopping all progress—it is the gain of slavish supineness at the loss of immortal craving. You, for the sake of the citizen, forego the man. The pendulum does not describe an arc of more unvarying measurements, nor sweep a succession of more tiresome vibrations."

Let it not be understood that we are opposed to educating the people—it is a work that must be done, and for which none are more eager than ourselves. We believe, not merely that it can be done, but that it will be done by the people, and that it will be better done by them than it can be by the best of governments whatever. The voluntary principle—the principle that has given our country so proud a pre-eminence amongst the nations of the earth,—is equal to any emergency, and is far superior to the compulsory mode of maintenance, as is the labour of a free man to that of a slave. "The pecuniary ability of a nation," says Mr. Baines, "to build and support schools, must of course be greater when the contributions flow spontaneously, and directly from the donors, to their local objects, like rills watering each its native meadow, than when the money is forced through circuitous and leading channels, by the machinery of the tax-gatherer, and the exchequer. Government has no funds which it did not derive from the people. And as to the power of the nation to provide for its largest educational wants, it will appear idle to doubt it, when we remember that the increase of the inhabitants of England and Wales alone approaches two hundred millions sterling per annum."

Our boast is that we are free—never may that boast be a mockery and a lie—distant be the day when the teachers of our youth shall look to government for patronage and place—when what has regularly failed of any good purpose in foreign lauds, shall be tried in our own.

It is liberty that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume.
And we are weeds without it. *All constraint,*
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil—*hurts the faculties*, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discovery; and begets
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial—a meagre intellect."

MEMORY'S MUSIC.

Sister ! thou lingerest by the streams for ever onward flowing,
 And thou listenest to the gentle sound of summer breezes blowing ;
 Sister ! no step of joy is thine,—no trace of beauty's bloom—
 I marvel much if life hath been to thee a happy doom.

Art thinking ever as thou roam'st by bright and flowing streams
 Of parted friends—the lost—the dead—good angels of thy dreams ?
 Or hast thou known a parent's pride, and to the will of heaven
 Resigned the precious, priceless gift to thine embraces given ?

Sister ! hath deeper grief than this flung shadows o'er thy way—
 Hath the blight of every human hope crushed thine affection's stay ?
 In widowed desolation dost thou walk the earth alone,
 A pilgrim wending calmly on to join the sainted one ?

I wander by the river's depths, and o'er th' eternal hills,—
 I seek the solemn forest glades, and woo th' enchanted rills ;
 To the free wild woods—to birds and flowers—to solitude—I fly—
 Away—away—from all worldly haunts,—'neath stars of the midnight sky.

'Tis not that of early friends bereft, I mourn their untimely doom,—
 Though I've lived to weep o'er the well beloved in their forgotten tomb ;
 I have not pressed to my throbbing heart a babe I might call mine own—
 Thus the depth of a mother's anguish—*bereavement*, I've never known.

I walk not in mourning on the earth, in a desolate widowed state,
 For the holy vows are binding still—I clasp them early and late,—

The love of woman's heart is strong as the ivy clings to the
oak—

While memory's music thrills the chords as though not a chord
were broke.

This hallowed music is soft and sad—and wailing breezes sweep
O'er woodland dells, and gardens fair,—and graves, where belo-
ved ones sleep—

A genii breathes, as he floateth past, o'er the mystic harp of
sighs,—

When the chords are stirred with thrilling sounds of unearthly
melodies.

C. A. M. W.

CONTRASTS.

Summer clouds and fleeting shadows o'er the waters swift and
clear,

Spreading oaks of hundred seasons, park-like groups of stately
deer;

The queenly swan, in all her glory, 'mid the greenwood gliding
by,

Weeping willows kissing her; and breezes wafting melody.

Now bear me to a tangled copse, where elder and where privet
blows,

Where hateful rue and dandelion, and the deadly nightshade
grows;

There see a pool, not long or broad, but still, and black, and
foul,

Where loathsome toads their orgies keep, and satyrs nightly
howl.

By sunny sea, light colonnades, with festooned roses twined
around;

Grecian temples, silver founts, adorning distant, broken ground;

Bands of sylph-like aerial forms, floating mid the myrtle bowers.
To the sound of harp and lute, pass the perfumed evening
hours.

Now take me to a crowded city, where the plague is raging
hot,
Where poverty, disease, and woe, 'mid dens of squalid misery
rot;
In discord hear the shrill-pitched voice of the blear-eyed, scold-
ing wife,
The whine and piteous, hungry cry of childhood 'mid the drun-
ken strife.

Holy air we now are breathing—hush! the evening hymn they
sing;
Eyes are beaming love divine, thoughts are borne on seraph
wing:
'Tis the sacred hour of prayer in a peaceful cottage home,
Sweeter far than incense rising from beneath a sculptured
dome.

Envious looks and empty words in the glittering ball-room seek;
The bold and heartless force their way; shrinking, view the true
and meek;
Faded flowers and gaudy tinsel, painted cheeks and misery.
Have these creatures souls immortal? Are these idlers fit to
die?

MODERN FRENCH NOVELISTS. — GEORGE
SAND.

Œuvres Complètes de George Sand. Brussels and Paris, 1846.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND could not get the place of secretary to Lord Halifax, when that nobleman held the seals, because of his ignorance of French. His name was high as a writer, and, though his works are now neglected, he was superior to his age. His dramas and novels were admired, and his poems, with exceptions, were quoted. He filled some important situations; but he failed to get the Secretary's clerkship, because of his ignorance of French. In our days how different is the case! We have no poets or dramatists, save those venerable men who are the *silent* memorials to us of the great age that has passed away; while the novelists who fill their places do not compensate us for the loss of them. Hardly any of our imaginative writers are superior to the age. There is scarcely even a Cumberland among them; but all know French.

The proofs of this, in thefts, translations, and adaptations, have increased so much of late, and French novels, in various dresses, are so current, that we intend to pass our opinion on some of their authors. We have long thought of doing so, but have hesitated, and should still hesitate, knowing what the task of breaking up this ground will be; we think, however, that we cannot safely hesitate any more. We look forward, as is our wont; we see the tone of our imaginative literature daily sinking; and we cannot see how the consequence should be the elevation of the minds which take in little besides. We trust our readers will be induced by our observations to assist us, as far as England is concerned, in stopping the circulation of books which, should they continue to circulate, must do much harm, directly or indirectly, to our literature, and through it to our morals and religion.

We shall speak in the present article of George Sand only, because we have some preliminary remarks to offer on French novels generally. We might easily have brought all the other authors into court, had we chosen; in that case, however, we must have sentenced them on very scanty evidence. We do not intend to review all the works of any of them. Dumas himself, we believe, cannot supply a list of his tales, nor can the

July, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXIX.

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executors of Soulié. Kock and Balzac, if not equally voluminous, have individually written more than our James, or Mrs. Bore. We might therefore just as well review the privates in our standing army, one by one, as these people's books, one by one. We shall state our motives for noticing any of them, and for discountenancing the circulation among us of the works of one and all of them.

An idea has lately got abroad that the condemnation with which French novels are spoken of, as a collective body of books, is unjust. A number of authors, it is said, cannot fairly be included in one category. This idea is quite wrong. If some characteristics distinguish every individual; if an individual cannot become popular without those characteristics; it is quite just to judge a number of those who have become popular on the characteristics. For this reason, we beg to give in our adherence to those who entirely disapprove of French novels; but, as many who disapprove have no grounds whatever for their opinion, we beg also to state why *we* disapprove.

The society in which French novelists are brought up, in which they move, and which they describe, is not so far advanced as ours. In religion and morality it is far behind ours. The history of beings in a lower state of civilization (for civilization is highest where morality is highest, not where the manners are most polished) is not so instructive as that of beings in a higher. We should be foolish if we sought our precedents of morality from the daily life of the inhabitants of Manilla, or our doctrines of liberty from the practice of the kings of Congo. In science and art the state of society has less influence. There, all humanity is alike. Abstract pursuits have no connexion with social passions; they stand apart, and are judged of apart, from all social passions. Benevenuto Cellini, the artist, might become world-famous, and give birth to schools of art, though Benevenuto Cellini, the man, was a liar, immoral, and often an outlaw. Below the standard of mankind in all things else, the artist and the philosopher may be above the standard in this. It is not so with the novelist. He lives in society, and paints society.

The life which French novelists paint is one whose atmosphere, uncleared by revolutionary storms, is thick and noisome with impurity. The society of single young women is virtually shut against men. Marriages of convenience obtain. Weary of the solitude of their boudoirs, or irritated by the galling supervision of their chaperones, girls are eager to be allowed unfettered intercourse with the men whom they see, but may not know. A proposal is made. If suitable in monetary and other artificial senses, it is accepted. The chain is broken; and the

young creature escapes to a new life and a stranger's home. Ignorant alike of her responsibilities and duties, she bounds on the garish stage as soon as the scene-door is opened ; she looks around, and everywhere sees untried pleasures waiting her enjoyment. No one bids her to pause. She is allowed intercourse with men. She is, ere long, persuaded that her husband is not the most attentive, perhaps not the best, of men. Others are more fascinating. She sees that society is not severe, that it winks at vice, so long as it can be practised under the name of gallantry. She is tempted ; she succumbs ; restraint is virtually thrown away, and to enjoy becomes the synonyme of to live.

Hideous as this seems, the French novelist grows accustomed to it. He finds life around him wearing a certain aspect, and he draws it with that aspect. He may forage in other countries for his scenery, for his places, and for his names ; he may even go to distant times for his events ; but the society which he sees about him stamps its morality upon his inventions. An English novelist acts in precisely the same way. Brought up under a French sky, and among French society, he would write just as the French novelist writes ; he would not be a painter of life if he did not ; but, having been trained in a more virtuous country, and among a higher class of social beings, he has no inclination to make his heroes scoundrels, and his heroines Messalinas. He has no idea that life exists in its French form till continued pictures of it, from French pens, make it familiar. He finds that in England, bread-and-butter maidens fall in love with bread-and-butter youths ; that they court, and become thoroughly acquainted, before they marry ; that if their tempers do not grow in unison they mutually agree to part ; and that they are rarely or never bound in the indissoluble traces till their minds are quite made up upon their chances of a happy journey. His novel, therefore, generally treats of the course of true love, ending either with the marriage or the decease of the lovers. A Frenchman, on the other hand, rarely commences his novel till after marriage,—that is, when the passion which is known beyond Channel by the outraged name of love is his theme ; or, perhaps, he makes no mention of marriage at all. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the passion he portrays is guilty ; it would be strange if it were innocent. For one Eugénie Grandet there are a myriad Lélidas.

The question, then, with us is, why should minute pictures of a social life like this be countenanced among us ? Can such pictures be safely admitted to our households ? We know the natural tendency of mankind, especially the younger part of it, to the indulgence of those passions which are the tempters of

mankind; can we expect the subjugation of such passions, when inflammatory food is poured into the minds of those least able to bear it, and who form the majority of novel readers? Can we hope that the gunpowder will not ignite, when torch after torch is tossed among it? We have wholesome social laws here, as regards one sex, at least. If these laws are wrong, let them be repealed; but, if they are not to be repealed, and if our children are not to become criminals under them, let all the dazzling and licentious memorials of a vicious society, where those laws obtain only in name, be banished sternly and without exception.

We know that certain parties will hold up the hands here, and cry, "Illiberal!" We know that there are abundance of noodles who will not help to put down what is wrong, though they think it so, because they would "tolerate everything." "Tolerated themselves, they would tolerate in return." Many would not raise a hand against the very Goddess of Reason, so long as the novelty of the sight of her bare limbs did not cause any obstruction in the thoroughfares. We cannot, however, heed such people; there is nothing noble about *them*. Luther would have gone aside, and worshipped God in his own way in private, if he had been of their mind. He would have shrunk from the illiberality of agitating against the sale of absolution tickets. He would have tolerated all those hideous fooleries which the Roman church called saving ordinances. He would not have raised his voice in Worms. The men who are over zealous for toleration are not great men; for the great man, when he sees an error, rests not till he has conquered it, or till he has been conquered by it. The doctrine of our religion is, "first pure, *then* peaceable."

We see, therefore, no reason, in this popular clacking about toleration, to induce us to desist from our purpose of unmasking evil. These French novels are a mass of evil, and we will unmask it. We know, however, that our remarks must be unpalatable to some French readers, and we must give our reasons for not heeding whether they are or not. We are not the guides of the French public, but of the English. Our remarks cannot influence the French taste, we wish they could. The French people, and the authors who write for it, are mostly as ignorant of our language, as Cumberland was of theirs. Eugène Sue speaks of Shakspeare as the great Williams. Saintine makes an Englishman describe a peer of England as "a very great mylord." Dumas is too clever to commit such verbal blunders, but unhappily, in his "*Robe de Noce*," he plants a cottage, overgrown with woodbine, and surrounded by well-foliaged trees, under which the "dandys" walk—in the

middle of Piccadilly! Victor Hugo, also, opens his "Marie Tudor," by a scene at Gravesend, "the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey being seen in the distance." As this is the case, English opinions cannot surely be much heeded, if they are understood, in France, and therefore we may pass our opinions on their novels without, at all events, offending many of their prejudices. If, however, we should do so, our duty is too high for us to consider this. Our readers of novels number by tens of thousands; and we cannot believe that their morals will improve when pictures of everything that can deprave man, are dished up for them. Our literature is at a low state, and the penny wise are daily assisting it to decline, by the encouragement of absurdly cheap books, which cannot remunerate the writers of them,—and, to add to the misfortune, the garbage of the French press is now let loose on it, and floods round and among it, bearing corruption and taint to all it touches. This must be checked before it shall be too late. We cannot reasonably hope for wheat on the field of letters, when so many enemies are busied in sowing, and so many pretended friends are busied in transplanting tares.

The life of Madame Dudevant has been as varied as it has been vicious. Perhaps much of what has come across the channel has grown in travelling; the main facts, however, are unalterable. We look at her with the same calm eyes with which posterity will look at her, and we find in her case that distance lends no enchantment. We need say no more than that, while she lived with her husband her conduct was at least extraordinary; that since the separation, it has been notorious. Genius is generally eccentric, and eccentricity among weak-eyed people often looks like genius, but gross indecency cannot be excused even by a great genius—we doubt if it would be practised by one. The most profligate of our actresses would never have dared, in a military town, to do what she has done in the heart of Paris, and at broad day. Her name is a by-word and a scandal to all who are only moralists; how can such an one teach modesty?

Her *nom de guerre*, without ceasing to be indelicate, has become absurd. All the world knows that George Sand is a woman. In answer to her absurdly botched account of Fauchette, the legal man and the mayor, in defending themselves, addressed her, "Madame," in the public prints. Her persistence in the attempt of deception, therefore, is mere folly. It is like that of the ass, who continued to hamper himself with the lion's hide, after the bray had betrayed him. It is like that of the chemist's shopman, who served customers in the Cherokee costume, with which he made a fool of himself at last night's

masquerade. These things are managed better among us, when no question, but that of an anonyme, is concerned,—Boz melting into Dickens, and Brown becoming Moore. With Sand, however, there is a higher question. She put aside her sex, in dress as well as in name; and when discovered, persisted in the cheat, from sheer obstinacy. No reader can respect, and no reader can consent to learn from a foolish hypocrite like this, who practically avows that she is ashamed of the sex which God has given her.

The learning, however, which she has to impart, is very scanty. Her style is admirably adapted for concealing her wisdom. Sentences occasionally occur in her writings which seem to be full of meaning, pregnant with thought; but in the same manner, a feather-bed, though it seems to be full, is found on examination to be only full—of feathers. Her wisdom is not her main support; and even the perfection, if she possessed it, which she does not, would prove but a broken reed. She depends on two far stronger crutches—blasphemy and indecency; strike them away, and she would fall flat. She has little or no knowledge of the human heart. With her, men and women are mere chess-pieces, unless they are young, and open to sensual temptations, when, appetite being aroused in them, they become mere cattle. Her “regulars” are as insipid as champagne that has stood for a week in a tumbler. Her Bozzas might be Bianchinis: her Valerio’s might be Francescos. Any one of her *dramatis personæ* might speak the speeches set down for the others. When, in one of the interminable dialogues of her longer novels, the authoress occasionally omits the name of the speaker, we are at a loss to know who should have delivered the sentences. Change the names, and Bianca and Alezia, Rose and Blanche, would be indistinguishable. In point of character, or want of character, all are alike. She has no skill in the construction of a plot; her books consisting, like Lord Byron’s minor tales, of individual scenes rudely strung together. There is no order of proceeding, or coherence of parts. Valiant men are valiant for a scene, and then are valiant no more. Villainous men are villainous for a scene, and, if necessary, are good Christians in the next. Accident seems to influence the characters in all they do, and to influence the conduct of the story. The most touching appeals, or the most convincing proofs, fail to get the acquittal of prisoners, who are at the proper time released or condemned, as the new accidents of the tale require, without any more appeals or proofs whatever. In fact, we do not believe that the authoress ever had a settled scheme in her head for the beginning, middle,

and end of her stories, before she began them. They appear to be without plan and without object.

There is one point, however, in which Sand occasionally excels, we mean in regard to style. The music of her periods is sometimes broad and melodious, like the song of nightingales. It carries the reader along in a sort of ecstasy; it transports him for a moment from the subject treated of; it makes him forget the prosaic, arithmetic-like character of the French tongue. We say sometimes, we should have said that those times are when voluptuous themes are under treatment. When the singer has Bianca in his arms on the stairs, or in the boat; in the bower scene in *Lélia*; when Valentine's husband is locked out of room all night, but—the window is *not* locked, the power and beauty of the language can hardly be surpassed. As Lord Brougham said of Rousseau's *Confessions*, "the nasty revelations are so surrounded with the blaze of talent, that the dazzled eye scarcely notes the mire which fills the road." Occasionally, too, when a sunset, or a landscape, or a sleeping lake is to be described, her style becomes poetical, almost enchanting; but these instances are very rare, her beauties of style being chiefly reserved for the scenes where passion is the theme. When she deals with ordinary life, her style is not only loose and ungraceful, it is verbose to tediousness. She seems then to want the common power of moving on. She has no interest in innocent life, and can communicate none. She toils and labours awkwardly, like the ship in the storm at the Cyclorama, when the scenery was new.

We must glance at two or three of the works, that we may show cause for our strong opinions about them. We shall not be very lavish of extracts, for various reasons; and in those that we give, we shall zealously guard against what may offend the tastes of our readers, farther than we think they should be offended.

The story of "*La Dernière Aldini*," which is the least impure of Sand's impure works, lies in a nutshell. A man loved mother Aldini, in his youth, and she loved him. He abstained from evil doing, notwithstanding her wishes and many occasions, all of which are *minutely* noticed; and in after life he refused either to seduce or to marry her daughter, though she positively flung herself at him, and pestered him with her love, because he had loved and been loved by her mother. The manner in which this tale is told, is tedious in the extreme. There is not a consistent character in it. The following are some of the contradictory and Sandean descriptions of the character of the mother Aldini, gleaned from adjoining pages.

"She was goodness, gentleness, charity, descended upon earth. She had a quantity of good sense, which kept her from being ridiculous; and, for her want of instruction, the unaffected modesty which it occasioned (query, can ignorance occasion modesty?) was but a charm the more. Her character offered nothing of asperity, her goodness no imputation; at the same time, active as evangelical devotion, and listless as Venetian luxury, she never passed more than two hours of the day in the same place. In her palace she was constantly (in her evangelical devotion) lying on a sofa; out of it, she always (in her activity) reclined in her gondola."

A popular author could hardly have been suspected of such egregious foolery as this, if Diderot's advice to Jean Jacques, who is her model, was not on record. This paragon of women, however, had one or two characteristics beside these. She was a widow, and was solicited in marriage by many; she would not, however, contract any new ties. But;

"Notwithstanding, she felt the want of love, and permitted the attentions of Count Lanfranchi, apparently refusing him (in her goodness and evangelical devotion) nothing but the indissoluble vow of matrimony."

Others followed the Count, and the gondolier, the hero of the story, followed them. Over the ensuing scenes we must draw a veil. Years afterward, when the second part of the novel is dated, the gondolier, who had become a singer, was enamoured of her daughter, *la dernière Aldini*, who was then under the name of Grimani. A scene occurs, detailing a "meet." After many weary pages of meaningless chat, she proposes to the singer that he should run away with her. He declines, for reasons—one of which is, that he has a mistress travelling with him. She presses him. She tells him the story of her life. She gives him a minute account of the parting of her mother and a favourite gondolier, one midnight, when she had been young. He discovers that she is Alezia Aldini. He remembers that he had loved her mother.

"The remembrance of her charming grace and amiability had remained fresh and pure in my soul; had followed me everywhere *as a Providence*; had rendered me honourable towards women (!) She had made no sacrifice for me, because I would not allow it; but if I would have yielded to her wishes, she would have immolated all for me—family, fortune, honour, religion—what a sacred debt had I contracted towards her! Could I see her again without danger? At this thought my heart beat so violently that I felt how impossible it was to be *either* the husband or the lover of her daughter."

This is the whole burden or moral of the tale; and a most

revolting tale it is ; the morality of it might accord with the morality of a bagnio. We can hardly believe in the existence of a *woman's* mind that could, after having even conceived so impure a tale, dare to publish the conception. Can a mind like this be fit to conceive the glories of a true religion—can it be fit to write what would be fit for our sons and daughters to read ?

We will only give the arguments, in brief, of two other of her works ; and then after saying a word about her blasphemy, or, as she would call it, her religion, we will close. "*Mauprat*," though not so flat as the "*Maîtres Mosaïstes*," is still a miracle of dulness. M. Mauprat is one of a family of *coupe jarrets*, who have a stronghold where they commit all crimes. A Mdle. Mauprat, their cousin, falls into their hands ; but Mauprat, better than his kith, abstains from harming her, and escapes with her from the stronghold, as some convenient soldiers storm and take it. He loves, and he rides away with her. She educates and reforms him. He suddenly conceives that she does not love him, and thereon goes to America. He hears that she is pining for him ; he returns, and proposes. She refuses him ; flirts with him, rides with him, *tutoyers* him. One day in a forest, he loses his self-control, and insults her. She orders him to leave her, and, like a whipped hound, he slinks off. He has just done so, when a gunshot is heard, and returning, he finds her wounded. He is arrested, and is about to be condemned for assassinating her, though she witnesses at the trial in excellent health ; when, after masses of evidence have been sifted and re-sifted, and the patient reader has got thoroughly sick of the business, a Mauprat, who had escaped when the stronghold was captured, turns up, and is discovered to be the culprit. M. and Mdle. are reconciled in the next chapter, made happy in the last, and so "*Mauprat*" ends. Detail of criticism on such a tissue of nonsense would be out of reason ; reprehension of the crimes hinted at and attempted—of the immorality of nearly all the actors—would be more fitting ; but fortunately, the book is too long and silly to be read so attentively as that any principles should be imbibed from it : we need not, therefore, stay to reprehend. We doubt if even the publishers of our old Minerva novels would have risked capital on "*Mauprat*."

"*Spiridion*" consists of the history of a youth, who is reared in a convent—who professes christianity, and who suffers himself to be made the trustee of a new belief. Spiridion himself was a monk. He had a book which was filled with blank paper ; but from which, by one of our author's usual absurd contrivances, he read precepts and doctrines. From its unsoiled leaves, he brewed his new faith, which was so strong and powerful that though it was to regenerate mankind, he did not spread

it, but rather retained his place and honour as a christian. He confided this wonderful and india rubber faith to a brother monk; commanded that the blank book should be interred with him; died, and was buried. His ghost appeared to our young friend; the brother shaveling took this as a sign, and communicated some of the secrets to him. Together they dug up Spiridion's book. Shaveling obtained full powers; committed them to our young christian, and then he died also. We now expected some explanation of this wonderful faith, of which but a few common place trivialities had been vouchsafed to us; but George Sand never raises curiosity without disappointing it. The volume was near its end, and its long passages, like those in the house of Gray's aunt, were to "lead to nothing." The metaphysical drama was to end in blue fire, like a melodrama. A sudden and midnight attack on the convent by more convenient soldiers; a little shrieking, and abundance of sabreing and firing; the deaths of monks, and, above all, the death of our young friend, and consequently of the faith of which he was sole executor and apostle, finished the matter. The curtain was suddenly rung down in the very place where a judicious dramatist would *not* have had it rung down; and the new faith, like an ill started rocket, blazed and smothered on the earth instead of mounting up. The author had bad taste and irreligion enough for the conception of a new "Evangel"—she had not genius enough to carry out her conception. Surely the "tom-fool" style of literature has rarely been carried farther than in this stupid "Spiridion, by George Sand."

These instances are enough to illustrate, first, the indecency; secondly, the dullness; and, thirdly, the feebleness of this writer's works. We have not chosen the worst specimens. She has indulged in indecencies more nasty than those of "Aldini;" dullnesses more terrible than those of "Mauprat;" weaknesses more helpless than those of "Spiridion." We have not laid any stress on the blasphemy of the last work; we may, however, say that christianity is but rarely named in it, and when named, only for the purpose of ridicule. She has advanced opinions on religion, however, in more places than this. We do not know any one of her novels in which there are not either some sneers or attacks on revealed religion.

In the piece called "Fauchette," already alluded to, occurs this passage, which is dragged in most inartistically,—“How can one who has done no evil, merit death? Who may abolish everything on the earth that has no use? I may not. I should have too much work on my hands.” This, though spoken under an assumed name (of which more directly), is one of her religious conceptions. She is not, however, faithful to it. The

same crooked head that represented an active evangelist as always lolling on a sofa, or unable to exist without illicit love, could not, of course, fail to utter contradiction on contradiction about religion. On one point, however, she never contradicts herself: her ideas of God differ as much in form as the most illogical brain could make them; but the *principle* is unvaried: God must always be either scoffed at or depreciated. In the "Maîtres Mosaïstes," Valerio says to his brother (quite unnecessarily, for the scene requires no such speech, and is, indeed, interrupted by it), "Had God allowed me to create a brother for myself, I could not have conceived one more complete than you. God is the only great artist." In "Lélia," she says that "suicide is man's refuge from man; annihilation is his refuge from God." How frightful are such blasphemies; yet, also, how inconsistent. Surely no writer of genius, if a genius could be a blasphemer at all, which we doubt, would ever blaspheme on so absurd a scale as this.

It has been pleaded that the infamies which abound in Dudevant's works belong to her characters—not to her. It is said that Shakspeare would suffer equally, if he were judged by his Iagos, and Dukes of Glo'ster. The analogy does not and cannot exist. Shakspeare drew portraits of men; he presented their characters to us: Sand has not drawn a life-like portrait, or presented a human-like character in all her books. Her work has been mere journeyman work; she has imitated humanity abominably. If she could have shown any reasonable connection between the utterance of blasphemies, the description of indecencies, and the conduct of her stories, she might, however to be condemned on religious grounds, have been acquitted on artistic ones. As it is, she must be condemned on both.

But we have done. The name of Sand has been received in our literary world, and upheld by some of our literary men, as that of a genius. We deny her genius. As a novelist, she is below par; as a poet, she is below par. In voluptuousness alone she can claim eminence. Is it fit, then, that one whose writings are *living* with the corruption of immorality, should be introduced, defended here? We are glad that the authoress of "Helen Stanley" has had the good sense to abstain from the issue of a complete series of her works; and we hope she will not, in a false spirit of enthusiasm, conclude it. No one, we think, who has a name to lose, would dare, however enthusiastic, to put that name on the title page of a literal translation of "Leone Leoni;" any more than on the title of a translation of Gautier's "Mdlle. de Maupin."

We hope that our observations will be understood in the spirit which has animated us in making them. We see literature, morals, religion daily sinking among us; here is one cause, and

we have attacked it. The task has been painful, as all such tasks must and will be; but the object to be attained is above all pain. We have done our duty by this author: let those who dare not do the same forbear to cavil.

LONGING.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER).

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SWISSIANA."

Ah! from out this valley's hollow,
 Cold and heavy clouds do steal;
 Could I but the true path follow,
 Ah! how happy would I feel!
 Lo! yon lovely hillock smiling,
 Ever young and ever green!
 Ah! had I but the power of soaring,
 On its summit I'd have been.

Harmony I hear it ringing,
 Dulcet strains of heaven's repose;
 And the balmy breezes bringing
 Scent of violet and of rose.
 Golden fruits I see them glowing,
 Nodding wreaths like gloss between,
 And the flowerets yonder blowing,
 Storms of winter ne'er have seen.

How many beauties must instil
 Th' everlasting sunshine there!
 And ah! the gales on yonder hill
 Soft and cheering missions bear!
 But lo! a brawling, angry stream,
 Foaming waves on high doth roll;
 Its bubbling, swelling waters seem
 To scatter fear within my soul.

A gallant bark I see it bound,
But woe's me! the pilot where?
Dash boldly in—toss round and round!
Sail—sail on—the wind is fair:
Thou must believe, and thou must dare,
For the Gods will lend no hand;
A miracle alone can bear
Thee to the mystic land.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

PART III. — THE SUBSIDING OF THE STORM.

CHAPTER I.*

AT the close of a dull day in November, 1716, the most private apartment at the "Jolly Sailors" in Rotherhithe was occupied by two persons, for whose use it had previously been bespoken. A cheerful fire was blazing on the wide hearth, and the oil-lamp suspended low from the centre beam, was ever and anon resorted to by the elder of the two, in order to restore the lost action of his pipe. On a table drawn near the fire stood a large bowl of steaming punch supplied with a ladle, which the latter personage handled pretty frequently, and apparently much to his satisfaction. This man, a hardy old veteran tar, was evidently going at too fast a rate for his companion,—a slim, genteel looking, young man, who, between the grog and the pipe, to both of which he was unaccustomed, seemed in a fair way of being altogether knocked up. He was, however, a good listener; laughed immoderately; and his companion, who had most of the talk to

* Continued from page 170, vol. lv.

himself, appeared to be very well satisfied with him, as well as resolved to allow him no rest.

"Come, my lad," he exclaimed, "you're leaving me all the work to do; toss that off at once, and I'll fill you another."

"Thank you, Mr. Errington, I'm doing very well, very well indeed."

"Mister me no misters: my name's Lance—Lance Errington—or the old admiral, call me which you will. So you see about this here plot, as you call it. Laithway comes to me, and tells me the young woman was breaking her heart, and that she must be saved at any price. So he says to me:—'I can do nothing without you, Lance; you must smuggle the old chap away for us.'"

"Ha! ha! ha! capital! ha! ha! ha!—rather off-hand, though, eh?"

"Why, you see the boy's like my own, and knows there's no need to mince matters with me:—Done! says I; when is this here to come off? so Laithway tells me the hour and the place, and we had him on board in no time."

"Ha! ha! ha! it is quite irresistible; you'll think me very rude, but I can't help it:—I never laughed so much in my life."

"All right; let them laugh that wins. I didn't see the old fellow myself for above a week; we had him safe enough down under hatches, so when we'd cruised out of the way a bit, I made bold to go down and ax him how he found hisself. Are you the master of this here ship, says he:—I believe I am, says I. Then I'll thank you to let me know why I am here, he says, and where I'm going to?—says I, make your mind easy, you're on the wide waters, and if you can only make up your mind not to worrit, you've a fine chance to lay in such a stock of health, as you've not had by you this many a year. Hang your impudence! says he; do you know who I am, and what I could do to you for this? I can get you hanged. Avast, there! says I; I am judge and jury myself, at this present time; and as we're making fast for the North Pole, you'd best hold out no threats, or I may find it convenient, when I return, to leave you behind me. I wish you'd seen him when I said that there:—bless my soul! says he in a fright, where are we now?—Somewhere in the North Sea, says I; we've passed the Shetland Isles, and shall reach Greenland in no time. Are you a whaler? says he:—No, says I; I'm on a cruise for pleasure this here time. With that he raved like a madman; and swore—I'm blessed if ever I heard such round oaths; and he said the food, and the filth, and stench would poison him. Harkye, says I, I've fared in this way all my life, and a better-kept craft than mine never swum: if that's all the damage, you'll take no harm. What does the

wretch mean? says he; I've had nothing fit for a christian to eat, and no change of linen for a week! so I goes to the locker where I kept my things, and brings him one of my shirts:—What's that? says he—a piece of tarpauling?—a sack?—do you think I'm going to have my body scraped by such a thing as that? Then keep your own, and be hanged! said I; and for that time I left him."

"Ha! ha! ha! I declare I shall die! I don't wonder at poor Mr. Gostick's horror—why, he's the most fastidious man about food, and dress in particular, in the world—ha! ha! ha!"

"Well, I didn't know much about his being what-d'ye-call-em; I only knew he had things comfortable, and plenty of 'em. Darn his old neck, if he didn't say we should poison him with the tobacco, and he with a snuff-box in his pocket! I found my gentleman was more troubled with fancies than anything else; so I left him pretty much to hisself when he would let me: but, Lord bless you! he was a regular old tiger; and as I found he would take some taming, I held on my way till I found it inconvenient to go further, and then cruised about till I saw fit to make my way home again."

"And did he keep in good health all this time?"

"Health! I should think so. What was there to hinder him? I humoured him in everything; never had so many kickshaws on board in my life. We lay in a stock of fresh provisions at Lerwick and other places, and we'd fish and wild fowl all along. He tamed down a bit at last, and one morning, says he, 'I'll thank you for that there shirt.' Very well, says I, so I gets it for him; and, as his other clothes was getting worse for wear, and didn't exactly match with that there article of mine, he presently axes the loan of a jacket, and so on with other things, till at last he was rigged out just as you see him at Amsterdam."

Here the other again burst into loud laughter.

"Come, you're doing nothing," said the skipper, helping himself and his companion to the grog. "Here's long life to the old gentleman, though he's an ungrateful varmint, as'll never acknowledge the obligation he's under to them as prevented him making a fool of hisself."

The young man did honour to the toast, and Lancelot proceeded.

"When I thought the time was come for changing my plans, I placed him under hatches again, and closed all the skylights, that he mightn't know where he was. Now, says I, you must keep close quarters for a bit; when we get into the open seas again you shall have more liberty, if you keep quiet. Well, he said nothing, he was so tame as that, and entering the Thames,

I took up Laithwaye as a passenger, and puts him in a cabin hard by; and we soon let the old man understand that we'd got a stranger amongst us. Presently, Laithwaye hears a tapping noise over against his hammock. 'Who's that?' shouts he. 'Hush!' says the old boy, 'or you'll ruin me. I am a prisoner here; for mercy's sake, help me!' 'A prisoner!' says Laithwaye, 'how can that be? this is a respectable craft, isn't it?' 'O dear no,' says the other; 'the commander of it is a smuggler, a cut-throat, or something worse. He smuggled me on board, and has kept me here I don't know how many months. Are you a passenger?' 'Yes.' 'Where to?' 'Amsterdam.' 'Amsterdam!' roars the old fellow; 'did you say Amsterdam?' 'To be sure I did,' said Laithwaye. 'And have we been in London?' 'Yes; we've just left.' The old man seemed to be dumbfounded at this, and kept quiet a bit. 'Harkee,' says he, at last, 'did you hear any one in London speak of one Mr. Gostick, a rich merchant, that disappeared some months ago?' 'To be sure I did,' said Laithwaye, 'and a precious old rogue he was, if what everybody says be true. I wouldn't leave such a name behind me as he has left for something.' 'And what do they say of him?' 'Say of him!—the old hunks—they *did* say, so great a rascal never remained so long unhung; but nobody says anything about him now. Neither the fashionable people, that always laughed at him, nor the merchants that he stuck himself above, nor the poor that he never did anything but oppress, was likely to miss him long.' Laithwaye only spoke the truth in all this, mind you, for he'd heard as much in London, and a great deal more. You should have heard how the old man groaned. 'Hark you,' says he, at last, 'I'm not poor, and if you'll help me to escape from this, I'll give you a reward that shall be a fortune to you. But how do I know that I should be doing right in helping you to escape?' says Laithwaye. 'What are you detained here for?' 'For nothing,' says he; and he described how he had been taken without his leave being asked, and how he had been kept without any prospect of release; but he took care not to mention his name,—a good sign,—he had grown ashamed of it. 'Well,' says Laithwaye, 'you seem to have been very badly used. I don't care if I help you. What do you want me to do?' 'Cannot you, when you arrive at Amsterdam, give information to the authorities? I should then be searched for and rescued.' 'Bless your innocent heart!' cried Laithwaye; 'a craft of such a character as you describe this to be would never be surprised in that way. You might be murdered before any help could reach you.' This put the old man in a fever. 'Can you,' says he, 'advise me what to do?' 'Why, you see,' says Laithwaye, 'I'm only a poor

man, and don't know a soul in Amsterdam, myself; do you know anybody?' 'Yes,' he says, 'I've a nevy and a niece there.' 'Then what you want is to go to them?' 'Just so,' says the old man. 'I'll give you a thousand pounds if you'll get me to their home, safe and sound.' 'What's their names?' asked Laithwaye, scarcely able to contain himself for laughing. 'Hartley,' says the other; 'Frank Hartley is my nevy's name. He's clerk to a merchant called Grutzman.' 'I'll do the business for you,' says Laithwaye; 'only keep yourself quiet.' So one night, when we lay near to Amsterdam, he stuffs him with a tale about our all being drunk, and takes him ashore in a boat: and all I can say is, that you couldn't be more glad to receive than I was to get rid of him."

Again Lancelot Errington plied his companion with grog; and again the latter, Mr. Frank Hartley, himself, laughed immoderately.

"It was altogether a surprise to us," he said,—“I mean to Jane and myself—I'm sure I cared nothing about the old man's money when I married his niece, and never expected to touch a penny of it, and, save for you and your friend, I never should have done. As I told you just now, Mr. Gostick has made a will in favour of Jane and her children, leaving them everything. He is quite disgusted with London, and his friends there, and vows never to return to England. He says he will end his days with us, and we are shortly going to Italy. Upon my word, my obligation to you is more than I can express, if only for Jane's sake, for her uncle brought her up, and she was miserable about the estrangement. I owe you more than I can ever repay, do what I will."

"You owe me nothing, young man," said the skipper: "what I did was to serve my friend, as I told you. Come, drink, and make your life happy;—why, your pipe's been out this half-hour."

"Upon my word, admiral, I'm no drinker, and I never tried a pipe before in my life. You're a jolly old soul, and nothing would give Jane or myself greater pleasure than to see you at our house: but, as the old gentleman is there, we are compelled to deny ourselves such a gratification."

"In course:—though lost to sight, to memory dear:—you'll think of me."

"Ha! ha! ha! I believe we shall—we shall not forget you in a hurry, or your friend either. I wish he would come, for I long to thank him, which he scarcely gave me the opportunity of doing when at Amsterdam."

"Well, he'll be here presently, and he'll be glad to see you, I'm sure; for though his main purpose was to rescue the young
July, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXIX.

woman from a match she couldn't like, he never lost sight of the chance there was to serve Mr. Gostick's niece."

"To be sure he didn't; he acted by us like a brother," said Mr. Hartley, who, in addition to the excitement consequent upon his good fortune, and the companionship of one who had so materially helped to promote it, was evidently speaking under the united influence of the pipe and the grog.

"That'll be him," cried the skipper, as a quick step passed up the stairs, and the next instant Laithwaye entered.

"My dear friend! I rejoice to see you," exclaimed Mr. Hartley, advancing quickly, and holding out both his hands, which Laithwaye took with very good will: "I've been listening to my friend the admiral's account of his late voyage, and—ha! ha! ha!—I never laughed so heartily in my life. My uncle has been very taciturn on the subject;—he evidently does not like the reminiscence—ha! ha! ha!—and no wonder: but, between ourselves, really you have quite made another man of him; he never was so agreeable before in his life, and never looked better. You don't know how we all regretted your quitting us so abruptly at Amsterdam; the old gentleman wished to have the pleasure of rewarding, as well as thanking you, himself, and he has commissioned me—"

"All in good time, Mr. Hartley, all in good time," said Laithwaye, casting a rather reproachful glance at the skipper, to which that personage replied by a wink. "You see it is not exactly a question of reward, as I do not consider myself entitled to any—certainly not from him, though I have doubtless done him a service. From yourself, if you remain in the same mind, I have no objection to receive the sum you said you would add to that proffered me by Mr. Gostick, and which I refuse now as I did then. I am at present in need of money to effect a purpose which I have much at heart; had it not been so, I should have refused this also."

"Well now, really, Mr. Oates, you make me quite unhappy by saying so. You see it is only one way of expressing our gratitude, and we need a hundred. Besides, by accepting more you would really be doing us a service. Jane and myself are very homely people, and what we are to do with so much money I don't know. Mr. Gostick promised you a thousand pounds, and I offered five hundred—you must oblige me by accepting these sums."

"I will have nothing to do with Mr. Gostick's money, as I said from the first," answered Laithwaye, firmly: "what you offer me is your own, and that I thankfully take,—because, as I said, I have a purpose for it."

Mr. Frank Hartley's hilarity was now changed into a rather maudlin sorrow, the expression of which Laithwaye very resolutely cut short, to the annoyance of Lancelot Errington, who could not understand the scruples of his friend. Laithwaye himself would have been much better pleased had he found Mr. Hartley in more complete possession of his faculties, than was the case after his two hours' conference with Lancelot; and finally, finding the gentleman much more difficult to manage than he anticipated, he was glad to see him to his coach, and dispatch him to his quarters in town, promising to call upon him on the following morning, in order to settle their dispute. On returning to the room, Laithwaye found the admiral out of humour:—"I don't understand all this nonsense about refusing the money you've earned out and out ——" he commenced.

"Why, you see, Lance," interrupted Laithwaye, "if it wasn't for circumstances, I should never have thought of touching their money at all. I don't want it myself—I wouldn't accept it for myself—I think I can do some good with the sum I've agreed to take, and I'll take no more:—and I won't have even that until I see that all's fair and above board: I touch no man's money that doesn't perfectly understand what he's about whilst giving it."

"Well, I'm blessed if ever I heard the like!—didn't they both agree to give you the money, long ago?—he's come here to pay it over, and why you should refuse it, I don't know."

"I must have my own way in this matter," said Laithwaye; "I'll take the five hundred in the morning, so don't let us part in anger, old boy, for the moment I receive it I must be off again to Paris, where you know it is wanted. I only fear I am expecting more from it than money can perform; but that must be as God wills."

"The doctors has ordered the young woman to Italy?"

"Yes, as her only chance for life. Ah, Lancelot, if you had known Mrs. Greystock as I've done, from a boy, you would feel as much interest about her! This time twelvemonths what a beautiful, blooming girl she was! now she is wasted to a shadow, and none would know her for the same."

"And the other one,—Jessy?"

"Is an angel, Lancelot, as you said. If it hadn't been for her, I don't know what we should have done. She has worked day and night; and no mother ever watched more tenderly over a child, than she has done over Mrs. Alice; she has been everything to us. You do me wrong, admiral, if you think I am heedless about money: there is no help without it,—no comfort, no independence;—only give me the chance of coming by thousands honestly! The money I shall receive to-morrow will

remove a load of uneasiness for a time ; all I am puzzled about is, how I am to account for possessing it."

"Leave that to me, my boy ; I'll send it to him, and tell him it's from a friend, and he mustn't ax no questions: *you* know nothing about it."

"You're the best friend I ever had, admiral ; that'll be the very thing,—leave me out of the question altogether."

"To be sure: nothing easier. And now, my boy, let us talk about yourself: you've lost flesh, and gained gravity, if not wisdom. Do you mean to go with that there party to Italy?"

"To be sure I do: there's work to be had there as well as in France ; and I'll never leave, whilst I have the power of helping without being a burden to them."

"Well, you've a good heart, my lad ; but you're as selfish in that there as some people are in other matters ;—you'll take care nobody does any good but yourself."

"How's that, Lance?"

"How's that! Haven't you made me a cypher all along?—wouldn't allow me to be of a blessed bit of use, though I was willing to do anything to help, and miserable at being put out!—that's not what I call friendly."

"Come, come, admiral, you know you've been of the greatest service to us: could I have got Mr. Gostick out of the way, unless you had helped me?—it is you that have earned the money, and not I ; and of right it belongs to you: Sir Thomas will owe it entirely to yourself."

"All humbug, that," said the skipper, tossing down his pipe impatiently ; "it's just this here,—you've been working yourself to death, and allowing that poor, dear Jessy to do the same, whilst I had money lying by useless, and without a chance of doing good. It's my belief, Laithwaye, you've more to answer for than you know of."

"Well, perhaps my own way has not been the best, though I've taken it, as most people do, when they've a chance. For the future, you shall do as you like, only allow me to do the same:—will that content you?"

"There's my hand, my boy,—that'll do ; and now I think of it, I've a bit of paper somewhere as comes from your father."

"From my father!" exclaimed Laithwaye.

"Aye, aye," said the skipper, emptying first one pocket and then another, and displaying a heterogeneous number of articles on the table before him. "You see it come by post to Christie Fraser's, and as you wasn't there, I took charge of it. Here it is ; and while you're spelling it over, I'll go and see what they're doing below."

Laithwaye spelt it over with trepidation: he had not heard

from home during some months, and he was conscious of his own neglect. The letter, written by John Forrest, contained only these few words :—

“ Dear Laithwaye :—Your mother is on her death-bed, and wishes to see you once more. Make no delay when you receive this, but come directly.—From your kinsman,

“ JOHN FORREST.”

This was a stroke for which Laithwaye was not prepared, and he felt it keenly. In all his differences with his father, perpetuated chiefly by dissimilarity of habits, he had never ceased to love him ; but betwixt him and his mother there had been no such drawback ; and as he rapidly recalled the many proofs of her forbearance and affection, bitter tears filled his eyes. After another conference with the admiral, whom he empowered to receive the money from Mr. Hartley, and forward it to its destination, he proceeded at once to London, and at five o'clock on the following morning he was seated on the top of the Pilot coach, which professed, “ God willing,” to reach Preston within a week.

CHAPTER II.

“ WHAT you request of me is very odd ; quite extraordinary, and altogether out of the way, to say nothing of its disagreeableness,” said Mr. Arthur Boyle, who was seated on a couch, at his lodging in the Temple ; “ besides, what warrant have I for not being imposed upon ?”

“ My character as a minister of the church should vouch somewhat for my veracity,” said Mr. Reginald Herbert, the young assistant curate of St. Giles in the Fields.

“ O yes, to be sure,—that of course ; but is it not possible that you yourself may have been deceived ?”

“ In this case I think not. I have seen papers which I believe to be genuine ; and I bring you the word of a dying woman, whose life, so far as my knowledge of it extends, has been most exemplary.”

“ You see,” continued Mr. Arthur Boyle, who was now a rather *passé* bachelor beau, “ the very name, hospital, is suggestive of all kinds of horrors,—dreadful smells, worse sights,

and infections; these are evils that not many would feel inclined to run after."

"And yet many seek them voluntarily, led on by a strong sense of duty, which no personal inconvenience or danger can overcome."

"Yes, in the way of profession, doubtless, as may be your own case; but that is quite another thing. It seems odd that this Mrs.—what's her name?—did not make these disclosures before entering such a place."

"I have explained to you that it is not with the view of urging any claim, of soliciting any aid, that she wishes to see you now. Whilst capable of doing anything, she lived by the labour of her hands, and, when sickness overtook her, she voluntarily sought the aid of public charity. It is rather for your benefit than her own that she solicits this interview. One reason for her wishing to see you I know to be that she is desirous of placing some valuable papers in your hands."

"If that was her only reason, she might have sent them," remarked Mr. Boyle, indolently stretching himself on the couch, and yawning.

Mr. Herbert arose; his usually pale face was flushed, and he spoke with some degree of sternness: "Here, then, my mission terminates; I have nothing further to add on behalf of her who sent me, and I am sorry to have met with no better success."

"Eh? stop!" exclaimed Mr. Boyle, rather aroused by a latent curiosity than any sense of the want of feeling or of the rudeness he had exhibited. "I did not refuse to go. I only said I could not exactly comprehend the necessity for going. However, as I have a little time on my hands, and—I suppose you go with me?"

"I am at your service."

"Very well; and if you'll be good enough to ring the bell, and order a coach, I'll be with you immediately."

It was a damp, foggy evening, towards the close of November, and the clock of St. Sepulchre's struck seven as the coach containing the two visitors passed within the gates of the old hospital of Saint Bartholomew. Mr. Boyle cast a shuddering look at the walls of the building, and armed himself with his snuff-box, previous to entering the great door. Mr. Herbert was apparently well known, and passed on as one already familiarized to the place. At the end of a long gallery the latter opened a door, which, after seeing Mr. Boyle enter, he himself passed through, and closed behind him. It was a long, naked-looking, whitewashed room in which they stood, furnished only with truckle-beds, some of them slightly separated from others by a wooden partition, and all of them having occupants in various

stages of various diseases. Several of the patients feebly turned, or lifted up their haggard faces, at the approach of the visitors ; and a smile of pleasurable recognition lighted up many countenances, as Mr. Herbert passed on ; and wasted hands were held out to him, which he kindly took, pausing for an instant to exchange a consolatory word. Mr. Boyle felt that if it had been possible to retreat with any degree of grace he certainly should have made the best of his way out ; but, as he had given his word to go on with the adventure, he merely supplied himself plentifully with snuff, and took some pains to exhibit the disgust he experienced. At the farther end of the room, on a bed separated from an adjoining one in the manner we have described, lay two women, one of whom rested with closed eyes, apparently unconscious of everything around her. The other received Mr. Herbert with a cheerful smile of welcome, and gazed earnestly on his companion, whom he introduced by name.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Carr, for it was her, and she spoke with the same gentle, kind tone that had been music to the forlorn heart of the girl Jessy ; but on Mr. Boyle its effect was different. He glanced at the accommodation she offered him—her own bed—with an expressive gesture of loathing, and, not exactly knowing what to do, he turned to address Mr. Herbert, whom he descried at some distance, kneeling by the side of an invalid in the last stage of consumption, and reading in a low tone out of a small book which he held in his hands. Somewhat abashed, and also awed, by the solemnity of the scene around him, he again turned to Mrs. Carr, who watched his movements, and in whose intense gaze there was something like fascination.

"You sent for me," he began.

"I did. Life is fast ebbing away from me, and, after long years of silence, there are some matters respecting which I wish to speak with those who can alone feel any interest in them. Pardon my gazing on you so fixedly, and come nearer, so that the lamp-light may fall on your face. I am striving to discover in your features some traces of those I knew in the past. The scrutiny is vain ; you bear the lineaments of another race. Mr. Herbert has informed you whom you were to meet here?"

"The niece of James Stuart, first earl of Traquair."

"True ; and it was kind of you to trust the simple assertion without proof. Reach your hand hither, and take the key you will find beneath my pillow."

Mr. Boyle managed to get possession of the key.

"It is a sad thing to be helpless," said Mrs. Carr, looking up in his face with a patient smile ; "I lost the use of my hands,

long ago, and have to trust wholly to the kind offices of others. Now be good enough to draw from under the bed a box you will find there, and unlock it."

Mr. Boyle drew forth the box, unlocked, and opened it.

"You will find there a packet, sealed in several places, and bound with a silken cord; that is the one, and I wish you to keep it. It is the last will of James Stuart, earl of Traquair, written when he had nothing to bequeath save the record of his reverses and wrongs. He is your ancestor, and his fate is doubtless familiar to you."*

"I have heard that the old gentleman was too confiding, and that his son—"

"We will say nothing of his son. His niece was also an outcast, and for some time the sharer of his sorrows. She was with him when he died, and to her he bequeathed these papers, wrapped in which you will find his signet-ring, the last relic of his better days, which he retained in his poverty, and would not part with. I need not remind you that I am giving you a portion of my own history. Of my subsequent career I need say little. I had seen enough of the faithlessness of relatives; I preferred seeking amongst strangers the means of earning my daily bread. Political troubles have made many outcasts since my young days, and nearly thirty years ago a number of well-born but poor people resolved to form themselves into a community, to dwell together, to unite their labour and counsel, and be as one family. I was one of the twenty persons who made this resolve, and I am the last survivor. Death alone broke up our household; none ever deserted from us. As the old inmates died off, another and altogether different class of inhabitants began to people the dwelling we had chosen; still, old associations induced me to linger in it, until sickness had compelled me to part not only with most of what had been my own, but also with whatever my friends had severally bequeathed me. Throughout all changes I have preserved alone these relics of my uncle. One generation after another of my own race has passed away, and my release is now at hand. To your-

* James Stuart, cousin and counsellor to James the First; created Earl of Traquair, by Charles the First, and by that monarch appointed to the office of Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, sank into the condition of a beggar in the street. This change was partly brought about by the political troubles of the times, and partly by private misfortunes. For some unknown reason, the earl resigned his whole estates to his son, and he was left by his ungrateful descendants to pine and die in misery. In 1661, he was seen begging in the streets of Edinburgh. The Rev. James Fraser, who gave him relief on that occasion, "he," the earl, "standing with his hat off," adds,—*"It is said that, at a time, he had not wherewithal to pay cobbling his boots, and died in a poor cobbler's house."*

self I wish to address a few last words, for the words of the dying are sometimes heeded, and I am nearly connected with you in blood. Shortly before quitting the home in which I had resided so many years, I became acquainted with a young girl of exceeding beauty, who was named Jessy."

Mr. Boyle started, and the blood rushed to his temples.

"I have some reason for believing that the girl was then not unknown to you; can you give me any clue to her present abiding place?"

"Upon my word, no," said Mr. Boyle, frankly, and evidently speaking the truth. "I ceased from that pursuit long ago, and at present know nothing whatever about her."

"I believe you: I trust that you have also long ago acknowledged to yourself the sinfulness of such pursuit?"

"Upon my soul," said Mr. Boyle, evidently taken by surprise, yet evincing some redeeming grace in his ready reply, "I have acknowledged the ugliness of vice a considerable time; I acknowledged and felt it when that old woman urged me to pursue her granddaughter,—belying the girl, as I now know. I was soon disgusted. I saw that vice required embellishment to make it endurable; that in that withered old woman it was an unseemly thing. I knew that virtue in *her* would have been more pleasant and respectable; and I trust I shall not forget the lesson."

"You will hear with surprise, perhaps with indignation," continued Mrs. Carr, "my opinion that, had you been born in humbler circumstances,—been compelled to labour for your portion of earthly good,—you would have been a happier, as well as a better, man. A life of uselessness is a life of sin; thousands become vicious through want of occupation. Doubtless you think me severe; you look as if you did so; I speak, however, from experience as well as observation. I feel convinced that many indulge in wickedness from the mere absence of some more laudable object of pursuit. The last act of my life shall be to furnish you with one. Will you promise to fulfil, so far as lies in your power, my first and final request?"

"Upon my word, I am quite willing to do anything you may require in reason," said Mr. Boyle.

"Then listen to me. You see this woman who lies beside me. Have you any recollection of her features?"

"That woman? Upon my word I—I can't say I have the honour of her acquaintance. Not another representative of the Stuarts, I trust?"

"That woman is the grandmother of Jessy."

"Whom I knew only by her voice and dress, having seen little of her features," said Mr. Boyle.

"She was brought here almost immediately after I myself came," continued Mrs. Carr, "and for want of room elsewhere was placed in the same bed. She had been seized with paralysis, and was for a long time speechless. By degrees speech was restored to her; but her senses wandered, and she has exhibited no knowledge of her own situation, or of those around her. At intervals by day, and through the long watches of the night, she has given unconscious utterance to strange matters, relating chiefly to the girl Jessy, and others by whom she professes to have been much wronged. Mr. Herbert has taken down in writing the substance of these revelations, to some of which he has been a witness. One principal name she mentions is that of Sir Thomas Greystock, with whom, I understand, you formerly had acquaintance."

"Upon my word, a very pleasant gentleman, and one of my earliest friends. Unfortunately for himself and daughter, he has become involved in political troubles."

"This I have heard; and I fear there is worse trouble for him behind the mystery I wish you to assist in fathoming. Strength fails me, and I must refer you to Mr. Herbert for further particulars respecting which I have no breath to speak. I implore you to assist in searching out, and, if possible, redressing, poor Jessy. I think you will make discoveries that will astonish you; and, as an atonement for the evil intentions of the past, *you* owe her some reparation. I think you understand what I have said, what I would yet say?"

Mr. Arthur Boyle was certainly intended for something better than what position had made of him. The latent good of his nature sprang up instantaneously under this new treatment; his conventional indifference was baffled, his acquired indolence roused; he spoke promptly and feelingly:

"I understand all, and promise faithfully to attend to your wishes. I will communicate with Mr. Herbert, and act with him."

The dying woman lifted her eyes in mute thankfulness.

"Now," she said, "farewell! You have justified me in the belief that good is everywhere, however hidden. I have had respect to your prejudices; these are strong in most of us; and none, with the exception of Mr. Herbert, are conscious of the affinity between you and me. I die, as I have long lived, unknown."

"Upon my soul," repeated Mr. Boyle, and, for the first time in his life, the sentiment to which he gave utterance was not unworthy of the solemn prelude he attached to it, "upon my soul, I have no prejudice beyond the respect I feel for your own wishes in this matter. For myself, I should rejoice exceedingly

to be allowed the satisfaction of bearing you from this place, of making reparation in some sort for the wrongs and errors of the past."

"Enough, enough," murmured the dying woman; "I am satisfied!"

Mr. Herbert now approached, and bent over her; to him she spoke briefly and inaudibly, after which he took Mr. Boyle's arm, and silently led him from the room to a small apartment on the lower story, where the two remained long in consultation. Mr. Boyle at length re-entered the coach which was in waiting, and, at an early hour on the following morning, leaving behind him only the earthly part of the earl of Traquair's niece, Mr. Herbert also quitted the hospital.

CHAPTER III.

ON an afternoon in the middle of December, the Pilot coach stopped at the place of its destination in the Borough. One of the passengers, young, and dressed in deep mourning, on alighting from the roof, reeled about the pavement like a drunken man. Leaning for an instant against the inn gateway, he looked about in an excited manner, as if in search of some one whom he expected; and shortly afterwards he was approached by a gentlemanly personage, who frankly held out his hand as he hailed him.

"So you are here, my friend. Sir Richard received your letter, and is impatient to see you. Will you go to him at once?"

"I can do nothing better, Mr. Burton," said Laithwaye Oates, for it was he, and so altered in person and manner as to be scarcely recognizable. "I have a sad task before me, and must hurry through it before all courage fails me. Is Sir Richard at his own house?"

Mr. Burton replied in the affirmative, and the two proceeded together to Lincoln's-inn-fields. Having himself shewn Laithwaye into a back parlour, Mr. Burton went to apprise Sir Richard Steele of his arrival, and the latter soon made his appearance. He found Laithwaye with his elbows resting on the table, and his face bowed over his clasped hands.

"Come, come! how's this?" cried Sir Richard, smartly applying his hand to Laithwaye's shoulder. "Never droop, man, for the first real trouble you've had to encounter. I gave you credit for possessing a spirit that would face anything."

"Anything but disgrace!" exclaimed Laithwaye, energetically, "anything but infamy! anything but dissimulation and falsehood, accumulated through long years, until their terrible consequences have become inevitable! I could have faced anything save this."

"Well, well: you, at least, have had no hand in it, and no one can blame you in the matter. You are surprised to hear me speak in this way, as if I knew everything. I believe I do. What particular part your mother may have played, I do not yet know; but I was quite prepared for the information at which you only hinted in your letter to me. Nevertheless, give me all the details, as you promised to do when we met, and then I will apprise you of all that has come to my own knowledge."

With his face again bowed over his hands, as if incapable of holding up his head under the oppression of the disclosures he was compelled to make, Laithwaye gave a brief account of the circumstances attending the death of his mother, and finally placed in Sir Richard's hands a document containing her dying confession, which was attested by the vicar of Preston, and other respectable witnesses. Sir Richard rapidly glanced over it.

"This agrees exactly with what I have heard elsewhere," he said. "Now listen to me," and he gave an account of the disclosures made in her delirium by the reputed grandmother of Jessy. "This woman," he continued, "has since recovered, has left the hospital, and, unfortunately, we have lost sight of her; but, without her further aid, we can link together the chains of this evidence. It must be as clear to you as it is to Mr. Herbert and myself who the girl Jessy is?"

Laithwaye only answered by a deep groan.

"I have made up my mind," continued Sir Richard, "to accompany Mr. Herbert and Mr. Arthur Boyle to Paris. You will go with us?"

"Promise me that you will be wary in first breaking this intelligence, that you will be merciful to the innocent!" exclaimed Laithwaye, rousing himself by a strong effort. "You do not know how strong is the affection subsisting betwixt Sir Thomas and Mrs. Alice; you do not know how near to death she has been, and still is. If a few weeks, or, at farthest, a few months, must see them severed on earth, would it not be better to delay these explanations, and so spare one who has

committed no wrong a bitterness that would be worse than death itself?"

"The explanation has been already too long delayed," answered Sir Richard. "In justice to Jessy, and to Sir Thomas Greystock himself, it should be delayed no longer. Let Mrs. Alice depart in peace, in God's name; if her health be as you say, it should not be otherwise; but Sir Thomas must and shall do justice to one who has been sufficiently wronged. On this point I have made up my mind. By the bye, I have not mentioned that I have had a letter from Jessy, explaining, as far as she could explain, everything. I should like to find that woman. Do you think there is any chance of her coming forward, according to her promise?"

"Her motive has been revenge," said Laithwaye; "she glories in her work; and there is no fear of her keeping silence much longer, if she lives. What I most fear is, that she will be the first to reach Sir Thomas and his daughter with this terrible intelligence; and it is dreadful to think of the desolation that will fall on both. When do you set out, Sir Richard?"

"Three days hence; and, in the meantime, you had better remain here with me."

"With your leave, Sir Richard, I must set out to-morrow. I cannot remain inactive—I should go mad. I leave that paper in your hands: and never fear that I will forestal you in explaining anything. How, indeed, am I ever again to enter the presence of them I have tried to serve, and have loved so well? I wish to be near them, however: and, if that woman has indeed made up her mind to face Sir Thomas, I may be in time to prevent what I most dread. You have his address?"

"No: I only know that he is in Paris. You must leave his address with me, and, in case of his having removed, appoint some place where we can meet with yourself."

Laithwaye complied with these requests, and, too much disturbed in mind to remain long inactive, shortly after took his leave.

HEART SICKNESS.

Heart sickness, mother—what meaneth it? In the old, historic
 page,
 We learn how a good, young queen thus died in the spring-tide
 of her age;
 Doth memory dwell in those sad words—and is it the diademed
 head,
 That alone is bowed 'neath the 'costly weight, till numbered
 with the dead?

We inhale the scent of flowers, child—but know not from
 whence it comes;
 And we hear the winds that wail and sweep around our sheltered
 homes;
 But whither they pass, or whence they list—ah! thou canst
 not whisper me—
 Nor may I define by the power of words, this withering mys-
 tery!

Heart sickness, child, is not confined to the great ones of the
 earth;
 'Mid poverty—sin—privation and toil—its roots have being and
 birth;
 Yet tender blossoms are oft destroyed, when hardier plants en-
 dure,
 For the hidden worm i' the core doth feed, and no human aid
 may cure.

This fell disease betrays no sign—it hath no outward token—
 A jesting laugh—a scornful glance—hides many a true heart
 broken;
 It hath no tears—it hath no words—but feedeth on thought
 alone—
 Yet sustained by a healing balm in prayer to the Holy One.

C. A. M. W.

A STUDY FROM NATURE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

CHAPTER I.

"Mademoiselle Masson, a *prima donna* at the Théâtre de la Nation, desirous of making herself well acquainted with the symptoms of insanity, in order to give better effect to her new part in Clapisson's Opera of 'Jeame la Folle,' went to a madhouse, called 'La Saltpetrière,' with her mother; and, whilst watching the contortions of a furious madman, the latter suddenly made an attack on them, throwing two ladles of hot soup on Mademoiselle Masson. The ladies escaped with little damage, but much fright; but it cured Mademoiselle Masson of her desire to study insanity from nature."

Lives of French Actresses.

"My dear Henry, I fear, from your appearance, and the lateness of the hour, that you are not going to the office again to-day?"

"No, mother, I am not; I am quite bored with that office."

"I grieve to hear it, greatly grieve, for, irksome as it is, you cannot live without it; and aware how stringent the regulations in all public departments have now become, I tremble lest your inattention should occasion your dismissal from your present situation."

"Well, mother, suppose it does; I can soon get another."

"Another! how thoughtlessly you speak. Did it not cost me years of trouble, anxiety, and toil, to procure you even this one? Did I not purchase it with tears of humiliation, prayers, supplications, entreaties? Oh! my dear boy, if you only knew—if you could only conceive—the exertions, the influence it required."

"I wish you had used those exertions—that influence—in favour of a more elevated appointment: the army, for instance. I detest being this common drudge—this pitifully-paid slave—this thing of no mark or likelihood. Ah! mother, when you made me a government clerk, and fancied you ought to rejoice at it, you laboured under a most egregious delusion, for you

bound the free spirit of your only child with the iron manacles of servitude; from which, ever struggling to escape, it spins, like the hapless spider, but a lengthened chain, from its very vitals—dying after from the hopeless exhaustion of nature! Much as I endeavour, I cannot be grateful to you for the servile position I now so reluctantly occupy in this busy, utilitarian world.”

“I do not ask for gratitude; I do not expect to meet with it; I have long ceased to hope for it, even from my own and only child; taught by hourly experience, that in the bosom of one’s very offspring beats as selfish a heart as in that of the most utter stranger’s, when passion or interest sway it from the course of filial duty and affection.

“If you have that aspiring disposition, of which, in the mistaken pride of the present day, you seem to boast, I can only say, you neither inherit it from your father nor myself; he felt no shame to fill the situation you so despise, ennobling it, as he did every other act of a virtuous life, by the honour reflected from an unsullied reputation, and glorying in the sublime consciousness, that it enabled him to maintain to the latest moment of his existence the character of a strictly honest man; that used to be the boast of Englishmen; and my ambition was, that it should be yours also; but, in that hope, I am disappointed, for you, like too many other enthusiasts, have been caught in one of the surges of the stormy sea of discontent of station, which will infallibly dash you, and your luckless fellows, on the rock of national destruction, unless you take advantage of the beacon-light of maternal solicitude, now kindled to warn you of your danger. Let me, then, implore you, for your own sake, not to, heedlessly, risk the loss of a situation, which, humble as it is, still secures to you an independence, which makes you an object of esteem and consideration to the wise and good—who ever appreciate self-reliance—and raises you, at least, above that poverty, which too often conducts to crime.”

“Oh, mother! when you once begin to prognosticate, there really is no end to your awful predictions. I dare say, because I have been absent one whole week from this horrible office, you see, in the dim vista of the future, your poor son, after plunging into every known and unknown vice, ending his short and brilliant career ignominiously! No, no, mother, when I do ‘shuffle off this mortal coil,’ it will be, I trust, quite *secundem artem*, like the rest of my patriarchal progenitors.”

“Harry, I am in no mood for jesting; if, then, you choose to brave the prospect of beggary, despite my anxious caution, to gratify an inordinate, but, still, I trust in heaven, an evanescent passion, the loss and suffering consequent on such rash-

ness must rest on your own head. I have done my duty by you, God knows; and now to him I must leave you, for I plainly perceive that, even to snatch me from starvation, you would not make one—the smallest sacrifice of your own darling and paramount inclinations. Yet, think not for myself I plead—that I am influenced by one personal motive—no, my days on earth are now too few to occasion me the slightest care regarding their miserable and insignificant close. What matter is it, whether my son doom me to a death of famine, with its pauper grave, or the speedier one of a broken and outraged heart? I have nothing now to live for—I have lost your affection—I am utterly abandoned—forsaken; wherefore, then, be anxious for that bread which can only prolong a wearisome and hateful existence? It would be as monstrous as the reputed torturers of old, who sedulously cured the wounds of their victims, strengthening them with every delicacy, only to render them capable of enduring more exquisite and procrastinated punishment.”

“Oh, my mother! what a horrible simile! what bitter, what unjust reproaches! As if I should dare, for an instant, to contemplate the risking of a situation, which affords a home to the best, the most beloved of mothers? A home, which has hitherto been to me as the ark of safety, floating securely on the turbulent waters of strife; to which, as the dove, which could find no other rest for its wandering wings, I could fly, and be at peace!

“Oh, would that you could learn to make allowance for youthful feeling! Oh, would you could still remember that you were once young—once loved, my own mother! Would that you could! Why will age render the soul so apathetic? Why will experience stagnate the current of emotion?”

“It does not, my Henry, it only teaches a holy caution, a tender and trembling apprehensiveness for the happiness of others, by suggesting the causes of our own failure in felicity. Oh, my dear son, if you could but comprehend the depth of a mother’s love—her jealous watchfulness over the future welfare of her child—the shuddering dread which creeps through every vein, and chills to her very heart’s core, when she perceives that there is even a remote chance of entanglement, by some unworthy object. When beauty, without virtue, allures; and art, personating simplicity, beguiles the reason, which is only recovered to find a desecrated hearth, a disgraced and miserable home; for the presence of a wife should purify and hallow the abode of her husband, as well as adorn it; but, alas! what will her’s, for whom you are now tarnishing the bright integrity of your soul?”

“What will her’s? Shed a radiance too dazzling for mortal vision to sustain—a fragrance which would make faint the heart

with ecstasy—a music which would thrill through every sense, and lift the soul into the harmonious realms of beatitude. Oh, my mother! such, such would be the effect of her presence, if ever Beatrice renders your son so supremely blest as to share his home. But, a truce to that too intoxicating thought, the bare anticipation of which seems heaven itself. Have yet a little patience with me, and I will become again all you wish—all you once imagined me. Let me only enjoy this delicious holiday—this delightful truant-playing—for if you were to compel me to go to the office, I could not attend to business; nay, I should be absolutely ill from regret and disappointment. After these theatricals, I intend to become a model of steadiness and application; but I must assist at the rehearsals, mother, cost what it will.”

“Ah! Harry, you are going on in a dream.”

“Do not endeavour to wake me, there’s a dear, precious mother!”

“Would that I could! Would that I could rouse you to a sense of your impending danger—reveal to your startled sight the awful depth of the abyss, on whose flowery brink you are now slumbering—disentangle you from the coils of the fell sorceress, who is leading you in silken bands to ruin; but the time has not yet arrived to convince you that Beatrice Anstruther is a fiend—that she is only deceiving you—that she never will—that she never can marry you.”

“How prejudiced you are against her, mother; I could not have imagined you so illiberal. It is not because she has refused others that she also intends to reject me; if there is truth in woman’s tears, in woman’s protestations, I have nothing to apprehend. However, that is not to the purpose; marry me or not, I must now bide my destiny, for life without her would be perfectly intolerable.”

“That is what I feared—what I wished to prevent.”

“Then, you must try a different method, mother. I wonder, with your knowledge of human nature, you do not remember that there is nothing to be gained by disparaging the object of our affection; on the contrary, that unkindness and opposition only aggravate the passion you wish to subdue, and render the being who created it dearer still, by associating her in one’s mind with a sense of unmerited injustice and oppression; for, who ever succeeded in proving to demonstration, to a real lover, that his mistress deserved the accusations with which she is charged?”

“I ought, indeed, to have recollected that where a designing woman has gained the ascendancy over a weak and susceptible heart, making her fatal beauty the powerful instrument of se-

duction, a mother's admonitions are disregarded—her cautions despised—her sorrow unavailing ; but, still anxiously interested in your happiness, I forget the worse than folly of expostulation ; and, like the tree, which, when wounded, only yields a sweet and medicating balm, so I, in return for your cruelty, proffer but love, my son."

"Cruelty ! Oh, my mother, what a term for you to apply to me !"

"It is only the commencement of many, many similar ones to pass between us, Harry, if you persevere in your present insatiation. I foresee bitter reproaches, hasty reconciliations, which are not pardons ; secret tears, silent prayers, shame, remorse, misery, for you ; and, for myself, a broken heart and death."

"Ah ! it is ever thus : mothers are just as unreasonable as other women, and can upbraid and vituperate as violently, when thwarted in their own peculiar views, as a jealous wife, or discarded mistress."

"Henry, I want no other proof of the baleful empire this wretched creature has obtained over your once pure and ingenuous mind, than your present disrespectful and most insolent conduct to me ; but, as I have never given you cause for it, I tell you, once for all, I will not endure it. If, therefore, you prefer her society to mine—if you choose to purchase that culpable gratification at the expense of a mother's feelings—in the name of heaven, go and enjoy it ; but do not leave me, in my solitude and regret, with the additional—the incurable pang—that your heart is so hardened of late, that it costs you nothing to abandon one who has lived for years past only to promote your well-being."

"O my mother, my dear, dear mother, how can you imagine me so callous, so depraved, so lost to every sense of gratitude and affection ? Alas ! alas ! how painful, how dreadful, how unnatural, are such scenes between us !—we, who have hitherto only existed for each other ! O my mother, is it impossible to calm and reconcile the stormy and opposing elements of emotion, now so tempestuously overwhelming my heart, and unite and blend them into one ? Can I not love another, without seeming to rob you ? Can you not allow of that love, rejoice in it ? Is there no disinterestedness even in a mother, that she must revolt, as at the direst outrage, and resent, as a personal injury, that which so essentially contributes to the felicity of the child she professes to be so devoted to ?"

"Yes ! when the object of that love is worthy of a mother's esteem, a mother's reverence, gratitude, and admiration ; then, indeed, can the most sublime attribute of woman's nature be

displayed in that self-abnegation which rejoicingly resigns the influence, once so powerful, over a beloved son into the hands of another, a dearer; and tranquilly and cheerfully contemplates the no far distant period when new thoughts, new ties, new hopes, new desires, shall completely—although, to him, imperceptibly,—estrangle and alienate the affection of that son, leaving only the faint and fast-fading shadow of infant reliance, infant submission, on his memory, for all her hold on him. But, when that mother sees, with the startling prescience of never-blinded tenderness and care, that she is doomed to behold the son sink to perdition, whom she is thus compelled to resign, then is the struggle long and fierce before she yields to that usurpation, which rends the heart it conquers."

"How can you conceive such horrors?"

"They are the result of facts, the consequence of dispassionate reflection, the conviction which will force itself on a mind not obstinately averse to the truth. Does Mrs. Anstruther ever allude to her late husband? does one of his relatives, or even her own, ever come to see her? does she ever receive a letter from a distance? Who can be more neglected, more isolated? who, apparently, more branded with the plague-spot of that untold shame, which makes her fellows flee from her? Who knows who she really is,—where she formerly resided,—even her real name,—or whether she, so shunned, is a widow, or not? Oh, my dear boy, believe me, beautiful young women do not come, alone and unprotected, into a strange neighbourhood, unless for very cogent reasons, unless for some terrible concealment. I fear, I greatly fear, she is practising a tissue of the grossest falsehoods, and that you will discover the deception when only too late to escape the calamity in which the guilty always involves the innocent."

"My dear mother, your servid imagination outruns every semblance of probability, and exaggerates the simplest circumstances into huge and gigantic monstrosities. What, if she never happens to mention her husband? it may be from accident or delicacy. What, if she neither receives visits from, nor writes to, his or her own relatives? is that a sufficient evidence of guilt, that she is to be loaded with suspicion and obloquy? Are there not divisions, mysteries, in every family? Where is the human heart that doth not hide its dark secret from the world? My dear mother, you never can be so illiberal and unjust as to judge and condemn, without listening to the obvious extenuations which the plainest reason suggests. I believe her as good and chaste as yourself; hence my unalterable affection for her. To love you both the same, to think you both the same,

brims my heart to overflowing with the most exquisite, the most rapturous delight."

"I must beg to decline the association, flattering as you no doubt intend it to be."

"Ah mother! there is no softening your implacability at present. I do not despair, however, of ultimately succeeding in that important point; and, when you are convinced how truly deserving my sweet Beatrice is of your love, and mine, and I behold your contrition in your many nameless and charming acts of kindness to her, I shall be too generous to remind you of your past prejudice and aversion, your cruel surmises, your almost wicked aspersions, of the loveliest and purest of her sex."

"The *purest* of her sex! Do not prostitute the term, Henry; for, by so doing, you not only insult your mother, but every other woman who considers virtue of some little account yet. God help your infatuation, for he only can! and I must bow to this dispensation, as I have bowed to many before, although not one so terrible. Now am I widowed indeed. Now that I am bereaved of my child, I *am* bereaved. Oh, my most deluded son, the cloud now hanging over the too fleeting brightness of our hearts will never disperse for us again, but will darken every step of our future progress: mine, towards the grave, and yours, towards unutterable anguish and woe."

"Mother, when that dread overshadowing does eclipse the summer light now so radiantly glowing, I will fly to the sunshine of your bosom, which will still render brilliant this world's horizon for me. Alas! shall I then desire aught save the gloom of oblivion and forgetfulness? How you have oppressed my spirit with your dismal forebodings of evil! I protest, when I quitted my room there was not a more buoyant or sanguine heart throbbing throughout the universe; now, it is saddened and depressed beyond description, and, instead of enjoying the day, as I had anticipated, I really wish I could frame some plausible excuse for declining to join the party which Mrs. Anstruther has made to visit the lunatic asylum."

"The lunatic asylum! Good heavens, Harry! is it the loss of such a visit that you deplore? Did you anticipate enjoyment from the contemplation of the hopeless misery and degradation of your most hapless fellow-creatures? Did your heart really throb with pleasure at the idea of witnessing the wild, fantastic absurdities of man in his completely fallen state? If so, my son, I do not repent of those sorrowful predictions which have brought your mind and feelings to a more subdued and Christian tone. What ought you, what ought any rational being, think of a woman who can project such an unfeminine and heartless

scheme of amusement? The commonest sensibility recoils at it; the merest compassion shrinks shudderingly from such a scene of suffering, awful horror; the most stolid ignorance turns in terror from it; yet a refined and educated young female can look calmly on, as if it were a fiction represented on the stage, and that in the company of the man she wishes still more to captivate. Well does she understand that no action of hers can disgust you."

"I assure you, Beatrice feels as acutely as yourself any exhibition of the kind; and it is from that very susceptibility that she is now going to risk the harrowing interview in question; to study from the life the ravings of insanity, to become more perfect in the character of Ophelia, which she is to personate to my Hamlet, in a day or two."

"What! merely to gratify her inordinate vanity, she then consents to thus pry into those agonizing conflicts of the soul, which overthrew the godlike gift of reason? Oh, my son, you are indeed blinded by passion, not to perceive that what you consider as palliative only criminates her the more. Go! go! the scales *must* fall from your eyes soon; if not, I am positive she need not take the trouble of going so far to behold lunacy in its most decided form."

"I see it is impossible, nay, hopeless, to endeavour to dissipate your unfounded prejudices, mother; still, remember, it is equally as impossible and hopeless for you to strive to destroy my prepossession in her favour. Yet do not let us separate in anger, for who can tell what a day is to bring forth? and much as you may just now be inclined to discredit the assertion, I solemnly declare, from the innermost recesses of my soul, that not all the witchery of the enchanting Beatrice would be able to banish the sad impression of having left you with a ruffled and excited feeling against me. Come then, mother; give me your accustomed parting kiss, and I shall go away happy."

"No, Henry, no; that is too much to expect. I cannot so far compromise my own delicacy, conscious whose polluted lips would rob yours of that virtuous kiss of maternal affection."

"Well, mother: just as you please. Few sons at my age would have subjected themselves to a similar mortifying refusal. However, it teaches me that I have too long indulged in such juvenile folly; yet, like every other endearment of boyhood, it will not be deisted in without costing a bitter pang. If parents could only learn to be satisfied with the proofs of duty and affection these innocent acts convey, they would still be assured that their influence was all potent; but their jealous and tyrannic *exigeance* severs the last links of nature's ties, never,

perhaps, to be re-united on earth. Good-bye, mother. I grieve to part thus."

"Harry! Harry! pardon, forgive my suspicions, my cruelty. Bring Beatrice here. I will love her for your sake. I cannot lose my only child! oh heavens! I cannot. Come back! for mercy's sake, come back!" But her son was out of hearing; and the wretched and excited mother called in vain on him, her only response being the loud and jarring reverberation of the hall-door, as he banged it violently after him, as he quitted the house, when all became as hushed as the grave: her sobs not breaking from her desolate heart; her prayers finding no voice, but silently ascending to heaven; her very tears falling mute and heavy on her upheaving breast, for *sound* of grief was stifled within the choking heart it was about to burst for ever.

CHAPTER II.

"O, Nature! what had'st thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. ANSTRUTHER passed for a widow. I say *passed*, advisedly for some few sceptics dared to doubt of the fact; but then they were of that infidel class of unbelievers which presumes to question every assertion advanced by an exceedingly lovely young woman, who comes as a stranger into a gossiping neighbourhood, rich enough to provoke scandal, yet sufficiently audacious and independent to defy it. Her early history was wrapped in the most profound mystery. There were no eloquent stories to prate about her previous whereabouts. The elegant villa she inhabited was purchased and furnished by a house-agent from the metropolis. She came to it alone, save a large and expensive domestic retinue; and she dwelt alone, save the giddy and thoughtless associates she shortly attracted around her:—young men, enamoured of her wealth and beauty, and young women, enamoured of her style and profusion; in fact, persons who

would go anywhere for pleasure, and who never cared to canvass the character of their entertainer, beyond the undeniable conviction that there was evidently an abundance of money, and a super-abundance of taste and inclination to expend it in the most lavish and suitable manner for the gratification of herself and friends.

Henry Woodford soon became one of her most ardent and devoted admirers,—nay, the most devoted,—bestowing on her the first fruits of a warm, uncorrupted, and intensely impassioned heart, loving her with an ardour amounting to adoration, and believing, with the sacred faith of boyhood, that his affection was reciprocated with equal sincerity.

For her every other interest was sacrificed, every other duty disregarded; his mother abandoned, almost disliked, because she refused to bow down in worship to the false idol which he had set up; his profession loathed, because it demanded that precious time, every instant of which he longed to waste with the being who occupied all his thoughts, and influenced all his actions; even his very religion deemed irksome, because the still, small voice of self-reproach would occasionally rise in the tempest-lull of passion, whispering of those slighted Sabbath-rests, once so calmly and so welcomely shared with the mother, who felt, in the deep gratefulness of her heart, the luxury of prayer, with her then unsullied son kneeling by her side—the son who, from infancy, had only taught that heart thankfulness for the blessing heaven granted her in him.

Eminently handsome, highly gifted, and enthusiastic, he was, with his unsophisticated feelings and impetuous tenacity, just the creature to rouse a rather hacknied coquette from the apathy of the soul's extinction, and re-kindle the dying embers of *blasé* sentiment and romantic illusion. The perpetual jealousy and suspicion, so harassing and wearying to real and undesigning affection, because felt to be as ungenerous as uncalled for, was to her a delightful and exciting stimulus—a cordial to her vanity and pride.

To be the object of such incessant care and watchfulness was literally intoxicating, and the whole powers of her too dangerously fascinating mind were bent in awakening, and then allaying, those out-bursts of temper which proved her absolute empire, by their hasty and undisguised petulance.

She had never confessed her love, simply because Henry had never importuned her so to do. He took it for granted, as he did his mother's love. He loved her too deeply, too sincerely himself, ever for a moment to question the depth or truthfulness of hers. "How could he, indeed? Had he not the preference over all the others who sought her favour? For whom

did she wait so impatiently, welcome so gladly, smile on so brightly? On whose bosom fell so warmly those passionate tears, when, in a burst of natural feeling, she threw herself into his arms, and wept in an agony of grief he could neither comprehend nor soothe? Could he mistake those tears? does a woman ever weep with such sobbing abandonment, save when she loves—when she fears for that love? It would be impious to suspect their source; no, no—they can only flow from the pure fount of the heart!”

Thus he went dreaming on; but his mother waked and watched for him, mourning over the infatuation which was destroying his happiness and ruining his prospects; which was undermining her influence, and insidiously sapping the foundation of the principles of honour and piety she had so sedulously inculcated. “Better, better,” she often exclaimed, “to weep over the grave of an innocent child, hard as it may seem, than to weep over his fall and reprobation!”

On reaching Mrs. Anstruther’s residence, with an almost conscious feeling of remorse for having so perseveringly angered his poor mother, he found a large and brilliant circle assembled in the drawing-room, busily engaged in constructing an elegant temporary theatre. Beatrice was studying her part of Ophelia, and just as Henry entered, she was singing, in a wild, plaintive strain, those sweet and affecting snatches of quaint old song, which thrill to the hearer’s soul.

Her luxuriant hair hung down to her waist, her cheek was flushed, and her eye glistened in the consciousness of unrivalled and superlative beauty; and as her ruby lips parted, to emit the silvery sounds of her matchless voice, displaying her pearly and regular teeth, a spontaneous burst of admiration announced her complete triumph.

Henry, moveless, speechless, enchanted, could only look on the lovely being before him—only wish for his mother’s presence then, to be equally charmed and fascinated. The transient cloud of gloom, occasioned by his regret and repentance, vanished from his brow, which only seemed the more radiant from that passing shadow; his spirits regained their wonted elasticity, and when Beatrice playfully reproved him for his idleness and want of gallantry in coming so late, his piquant and graceful repartee astonished and delighted her. It was a new feature in his character, or rather, one only developed by the reaction consequent on the previous sadness, his first serious quarrel with his mother had engendered.

The carriages now being announced, all was hurry and confusion to prepare for the drive—that pleasing hurry, that happy, heedless confusion, which rather retards than facilitates the

endeavours made to expedite a departure—only known to the young and prosperous. At length, however, amidst peals of laughter and sparkling badinage, they were all finally seated; Beatrice, with only half of her lovely hair tucked under her bonnet, the other flying in the wind, and now and then sweeping over Henry's lips, never leaving them without a kiss and a blessing. Oh, that happy drive! that too exquisite bliss! that lovely, animated party! not one of which gave a single serious thought to the wretched creatures they were about to visit.

Never had Beatrice looked more beautiful; never had she been more agreeable to all, more encouraging to Henry. During the whole of that delicious drive, he had clasped her dear hand in his, and she had allowed it.

Pure affection is so easily satisfied, so soon made happy. Henry, as he felt that hand nestling within his own, like a white dove in a secure and fragrant thicket, thought it impossible to desire more, impossible for earth to bestow more. He was glad when her pensive silence permitted him to retire within his own soul, to meditate on his felicity. He dreaded lest even her sweet voice, recalling him to a state of more perfect consciousness, should dissipate the dream-like illusion of that hour!

CHAPTER III.

"He went to and fro continually, and his feet sounded upon the floor. In each member of that frenzied company, whose own burning thoughts had become their exclusive world, he sought an auditor for his own individual wrong, and interpreted their laughter and tears as his reward of scorn or pity. He spoke of woman's perfidy, of a wife who had broken her holiest vows, of a home and heart made desolate."

"Hawthorne's Twice-told Tales."

On arriving at the asylum, the party were received by the house surgeon and matron in the most courteous manner. They assured the ladies, who rather recoiled, as loud bursts of laughter, wild and mournful shrieks, the rattling of chains, and hurried footsteps, smote upon their ears, that "there was positively no cause for alarm; for although they certainly had some of the most vicious and ungovernable patients under their care, still, those they would see were perfectly quiet and inoffensive, par-

ticularly the poor love-born girl, the especial object of their visit;" adding, "as a proof that there was nothing to fear, they should not consider it necessary to remain with them, as it was a board day, and they had to attend on the magistrates; and also, that their presence frequently rendered even the most amusing and communicative lunatics sullen and reserved, as they were extremely tenacious in remembering those who had ever had occasion to coerce or anger them."

Notwithstanding these assurances of safety, strengthened as they were by those of their male friends, on approaching what is called the "common room," the ladies involuntarily clung closer to the gentlemen, Beatrice literally winding her arms round Henry's, which he felt trembled excessively; and certainly the confused sounds proceeding from it were calculated to inspire a vague and indefinite terror, which was by no means dissipated on beholding the miserable beings who gave utterance to them. How different was the sad reality to the beautiful and picturesque insanity they had imagined they should witness! Each poor wretch was carrying out, in a fantastic and incoherent manner, the one peculiar idea which alone perverted reason; but all was woeful anguish, pitiable to behold, and which not even the most callous would dare to mimic, for fear of a sudden judgment smiting them the same. Beatrice, feeling this to an intensity of sensibility foreign to her nature, turned from the pale, moody girl she had been contemplating as a study, with a quick, sharp sob of contrition, which catching the ear of a tall, meagre-looking young man, who had been standing apart, with folded arms, and eyes bent on the ground, in deep and profound melancholy, he started with a convulsive suddenness, and met her face to face. Ha! how electric was that rencontre! How did his eyes flash, his lips quiver, his hands clench, his whole frame shake in the terrible tempest of emotion! How did he bend those hollow, fiery eyes on hers, as if the gaze must sear the quailing orbs they would look into! How did he gasp out, "Am I mad? or do I really see her once again?" Beatrice had become white as the wall against which she leaned, trembling and horror-stricken, while the maniac, coming still nearer to her, continued in an ecstasy of delight, "It is—it is she! my wife, my own, my Beatrice, my beloved! But how pale! Alas, no—it is not my Beatrice! she is dead! they swore she was dead, and I came to look for her spirit here! See!" he continued, drawing a miniature from his bosom, "I am sure to remember her—could any one forget that face? It is the face of the angel that ever comes in the hush of my dreams. I know she is waiting for me *there*." And he pointed to the sky, with inexpressible pathos. "We shall

all meet there—our baby, and all; I sent it to its mother—I killed it!”

“Killed our child?” shrieked the agonized woman; “killed our pretty babe? Oh, horror! horror!”

“Yes, yes!” he replied, triumphantly; “I killed it. It was very easy to do; it did not struggle. Its warm blood trickled over this hand; it has never been cold since. But it will be when I am dead, too—when I murder myself! I killed it whilst it was innocent and feeble, lest it should grow up strong in beauty and guilt, and drive men mad.”

“Oh! take me away, take me away from this dreadful place, or I shall go mad, too!”

“No, you will not,” he cried furiously; “it is not the wicked who go mad, but, their *victims*.—Look on that face,” he continued, turning to the bewildered Henry, who had advanced to rescue Beatrice; “look on it, but, trust it not; it is the face of a fiend, lovely as it appears: it led me on through a labyrinth of hope, and when I was completely entangled, it turned its light from me, leaving me on the brink of despair—of hell!—ha! ha! ha!—it is a rare face, a beautiful face; but, it is full of deception and fraud. I worshipped nothing but that face; for it, I abandoned father, mother, kindred, friends, and even my God; and now all abandon and forsake me! But I have found her again; and her blood shall wash out the stain of her child’s!”

“I will go! I will go!” screamed Beatrice.

“Not yet, not yet; you have come for me, but I am not ready; but I will hold you until I am!” And springing on her like a tiger, he coiled his long sinewy arms round her neck, and strained her almost suffocatingly to his bosom. With a super-human effort, she disengaged herself from his powerful embrace, and darting out of the room with frantic speed, mounted into the first carriage she saw, ordered the coachman to drive home, and then fell fainting on the bottom of it. As for Henry, overwhelmed with the scene he had just witnessed, amazed, distracted, and scarcely knowing what he did, he rushed after the guilty Beatrice, but not in time to overtake her flying steps; when, seeing the carriage drive off, he ran after it with all his haste, nor once stopped until he reached his own home; when, bursting into his mother’s room, he exclaimed, “Mother! my mother! the storm you predicted *has* overtaken your son!” And so it had, indeed; for what a sight met his horrified gaze!—On the floor lay, cold, dead, and discoloured, that very mother, to whose fond ear he had addressed the parting words of reproach and scorn,—the *parting* words, indeed, for never, never would tone of his penetrate that ear,

impervious now to sound, in the muteness of death! In vain may he endeavour to rouse the attention of that impassable and inanimate form to hear him, to forgive him, to behold, to *believe*, his repentance; his vows to resign all for her, to live for her alone, to consecrate himself to her, in her age, as she consecrated herself to him, in his youth. No warm smile passed over those cold and pallid lips, to prove the heart's grateful recognition of those sweet assurances; no shade of sadness swept over those calm, placid features, to evince the reciprocated sympathy with his anguish, so dear and so soothing; no, no, no, his mother was alike insensible to his contrition, his agony, his despair: *his* mother! it seemed incredible, incomprehensible, awful: she, so active, so unwearying in her vigilant affection, so alert for his happiness, so untiring for his comfort and pleasure. Who will care for him now? watch for him, pray for him, sacrifice all for him, yet never feel the sacrifice? Yet, yet, for the love of a false woman, the *pretended* love, and only of a few weeks' duration, too, he had forgotten all this, was willing to abandon that devoted mother for ever, had abandoned her, had *killed* her! What would he give to be able to recall the past? what would he give, if he had only left that mother, a few hours' since, with those accustomed kind expressions, the remembrance of which, used to gleam like sunshine over the dull and heavy labours of the day, and speed him home, when released from them, with a delicious sense of the tender welcome awaiting him; the remembrance of which would now blunt the barbed arrow of regret, and antidote the poison of remorse, burning like fire, through every throbbing vein! How must she have suffered, ere that adoring heart broke! how must she have felt the barbarous ingratitude which destroyed her! Oh! the sharpest pang of death is, indeed, the rankling consciousness of the undeserved cruelty which we have inflicted on those gone for ever! gone, beyond the reach of reparation! gone, with the agonising conviction of the turpitude they *could* not survive, but still in ignorance of the sincere atonement made for it! That one torturing idea, is the most intolerable to endure, far, far the most intolerable, for the contrite, but hopeless mourner! How did he now resolve, religiously, undeviatingly, to follow every precept those precious lips once instilled; precepts, the observance of which affords such a holy rapture in life, but which are so frequently neglected and despised. Alas, how seldom is a friend consigned to the tomb, without such a holocaust of good resolutions, as a panacea to that terrible distress, which would drive to distraction, but for the "flattering unction" afforded by this late, but pious determination! How few are able to bow beside the

grave of departed excellence, untormented by the harrowing certainty, that if the wronged spirit, reposing there, could re-assume its familiar form, and become visible to our weeping eyes, it would be to *reproach*!

How acutely, how torturingly, did the wretched and self-condemned Henry feel this, as he knelt down by his dead mother, lifting up her dear head, calling upon her dear name, kissing her dear lips, clasping her to his bosom, then, pausing, and holding his own breath, the better to catch the faintest sound of that which, he yet thought, *must* break from those lips his kisses had almost warmed again; but it was a delusion, she breathed not; her dull head fell heavily on his shoulder, her rigid fingers remained stiff and icy within his own, and the purple circle grew darker and darker round the closed eyes. She was dead,—his mother *was* dead,—it was vain, hopeless folly, not to believe it,—it was madness to suppose she could once more revive! He let her drop from his arms, on the floor; his heart seemed to swell in his bosom, with an overpowering sensation of suffocation; his temples grew tight, as if bound by a strong fillet, throbbing, at the same time, as if every swollen vein must burst; his face became flushed and hot, as if swept over by the blast of a furnace; and a wild inchoation of delirium burnt and seethed his brain, obliterating thought, even the thought of his mother's death,—even the thought of the discovery of the maniac husband of Beatrice Anstruther,—even the thought of Beatrice herself, and her monstrous perfidy!

His mother was buried, and he knew it not; he was ill, very, very ill, and he knew it not; he did not even know how long he suffered, for he made no note of time; it might have been only during one night's fantastic, feverish dream, it might have been for months,—it was for months, months of happy insensibility to the poignancy of reality!

CHAPTER IV.

“ His brain is wrecked.
For ever in the pauses of his speech
His lip doth work with inward mutterings,
And his fixed eye is rivetted fearfully
On something that no other sight can spy.”

MATURIN'S BERTRAM.

It may strike the reader of this heartrending, but most authentic narrative, as improbable and inconsistent that the gay party

should have visited the identical asylum in which the wretched husband of the faithless Beatrice was confined, that she should be so totally ignorant of his vicinity to her new abode; but by one of those extraordinary coincidences which occasionally occur in life, and which indeed render "truth stranger than fiction," such was literally the case.

Doating to distraction on the woman who had so irremediably injured him, with all his prospects blighted, all his hopes wrecked; left to his deserted and disgraced home, with a scarcely weaned infant, too young to be aught save an additional source of care and anxiety—a creature, if spared, it could only be for shame, the deep shame a mother's crime leaves on the fair fame of a daughter, causing her to be shunned as if that guilt were infectious, hereditary,—George Anstruther brooded over his sorrows, his disappointments, his ruined affections, until a morbid and incurable sense of wrong and suffering took complete possession of his once fine and intellectual mind, and he became a decided lunatic, but unfortunately, still deemed by the tender relatives around him perfectly harmless, and an object of pity rather than alarm. Until one day, in a violent paroxysm, he dashed out the brains of his innocent child, as it lay in a sweet slumber on the bosom of its nurse. For this offence, being tried, and a verdict of insanity being recorded, he was sentenced to confinement for life, his friends, through great interest, being allowed to place him in a private establishment in the metropolis, considering that he would be more kindly and gently treated; from which, however, after a short time, he contrived to effect his escape, with an ingenuity of which alone the insane are capable. Every search was made for him, as soon as his flight was discovered; but he eluded all attempts intended to recapture him, and for months wandered from place to place, living no one could tell how, and sleeping no one could tell where; until, at length, through an advertisement, he was traced to a remote county in the north of England, and placed, for more security, in the very asylum in which he was found by his wife.

Although all these startling facts were generally known, the trial having excited public attention and sympathy to a remarkable degree, Beatrice was profoundly ignorant of them, in consequence of the man with whom she had eloped studiously suppressing the newspapers containing the horrifying details; fearing lest remorse should destroy her surpassing beauty, or deprive her of the overflowing vivacity which rendered her society so fascinating. But that which contrition was not allowed to effect, the inevitable satiety attendant on such an intercourse very shortly did; and it was when she agreed to separate, in

favour of a newer object of attraction, that he ordered the villa to be purchased, as part of the settlement he made upon her, which thus rendered her the fatally dangerous neighbour of the luckless Henry.

It was long, very long before he rallied from the shock his feelings had sustained; but at length youth did triumph over disease, and once more he crept slowly into the light of noon, to bask in the renovating beams of heaven. The almost monotonous uniformity of external objects appeared to him precisely the same; the sun shone as vividly, the flowers exhaled their wonted perfume; but its brightness fatigued the sight, their fragrance oppressed the senses, and he felt that they were, after all, merely the adjuncts to, and not the vitality of happiness. No! it is when the beauties of the universe are shared with affection, that they are alone capable of contributing to our gratification, alone considered as actually forming our pleasure and delight. But they weary in sorrow; their freshness seems too glad, too unsympathising, too uncongenial; the contrast they form to the gloom and decay within strikes the saddened heart as almost triumphant, almost audacious, and it longs for the sullen clouds of winter to roll densely over that glowing sun, its sharp, boreal blasts to blight the dazzling blossoms, and lay them on the chill earth, in the *philomel* of death. Oh! so did the enfeebled, the faint, and most desolate Henry long, when, veiling his aching eyes from the glare of that sun, he felt that there was no more boyhood joyousness of summer-time for him, no more rejoicing over its gorgeous flowers, for she who had embellished nature for him was no more—his mother was dead. He was alone in the little arbour; he had come thither alone; no mother's supporting arm, as heretofore, guided his tottering steps—tottering in the weakness of a sick bed; no mother's voice cheered him on, no mother's smile encouraged him, no mother's lips prayed for his entire recovery. Thanking the Almighty, at the same time, that he was already so far advanced in health, his eye rested on her vacant seat—his tearful eye; he could not endure the idea, but sinking on his knees, he laid his pale, cold forehead on it, and wept and sobbed in the uttermost agony of soul, like one, indeed, that mourneth for his mother.

He was aroused to a bitterer sense of consciousness, by a heavy hand being laid on his shoulder, so heavy that it seemed as if the person who thus pressed him was about to fall on the ground, and sought aid. On looking up, he beheld what, at first, he considered the spectre of Beatrice: so marble pale was her cheek—so colourless her lips—so worn and shadowy the form that stood before him, in the lowliest attitude of be-

seething humility; but she still lived, lived for anguish and despair.

"Henry," she said, imploringly, only too well understanding the imperious and eloquent wave of his hand for her to go, "pardon this intrusion; suffer me to speak the truth to you—the truth for once; in mercy do; then banish me, and for ever. Although you are not the next, after my offended Maker, whose forgiveness I should entreat, still, alas! my husband cannot be made aware of my remorse—cannot comprehend my contrition—cannot feel that repentance must be strengthened by mercy. Look at me, Henry, am I not changed? Have I not suffered? Am I not an object, at least, for your meanest compassion? Do not refuse me, that which you would bestow on a common beggar—a common dog."

"That beggar would be virtuous—that dog faithful; but, woman, what are you!"

"A broken-hearted wretch. Oh, do not turn from me with such disgust! Do not spurn the miserable being now before you! My knees are worn bare with kneeling by your bedside, imploring the Almighty to restore you to health; although I knew it must be to loathe and abhor me. I have never left you night nor day since the awful event which overthrew your reason; and, oh! in the wildness of frenzy, when I heard you call upon your mother's name—cursing mine, as the fatal cause of her terrible and premature death—I bowed to the accusation, envying your delirium, and praying for madness too, for the fantastic flights of the perverted imagination, which, changing the current of thought as rapidly as the mountain torrent rushing into the valley's stream, appeared to me a blessed state, compared to the deeper, deadlier broodings of that constant despair which knows no intermission, when reason is perfectly unclouded; but I could not become insane; he said the wicked do not go mad, but their victims. Henry, you know, he, my husband, said so; he said sooth, for he went mad; and you went mad—both, both victims!"

"Is it to taunt me with the weakness which could not resist your fiendish arts—is it to glory in the power which can play with the god-like mind, and humble its loftiest aspirations beneath the demon-influence of your fascinations—that you are here now? Gloat, gloat over your success; yes, woman, I am your victim; I went mad for you—for an adulteress. I gave the love of an almost virgin heart in exchange for pollution, and I was rightly punished; I murdered the best, the holiest of mothers, for you, and remorse drove me frantic! My mother! who saw you laid in the grave? who watered your tomb with a tear of regret?"

"I did; I have bathed that hallowed spot with tears; I have planted it with flowers."

"You! you have dared to insult the purity of that mother even in the tomb? You have presumed to approach the spot where her sacred remains rest, and you have not recoiled in horror from the vicinity of your sacrifice to falsehood and vanity! What fearful—what unheard-of depravity! Go! go! your very sight is loathsome to me."

"Spare me not! spare me not! I merit all—more than all—you can ever say or think; yet, do not condemn me utterly, for I do believe, most righteously believe, that if that mother were here, and witnessed my sincere repentance—the repentance ever acceptable above—she would forgive me; and will you be more obdurate? will you be more implacable? will you refuse pardon to the penitent at your feet? Why, the Almighty Lord of heaven—he, who has not the shadow of sin resting on the brightness of his celestial purity, yet bows the benign ear to the weeping and contrite Magdalens of earth, and grants the mercy they so humbly crave; but you, but you, more arrogant in your wrongs, deny even an hearing to the palliations offered for them—will not receive the atonement proffered in mitigation of your resentment—listening only to the voice of that indignation which ruthlessly condemns to insupportable agony and desperation. Oh, Henry! Henry! great, cruel, monstrous, as has been my aggression towards you; still, for the sake of that mercy which awaits those in heaven who forgive their trespassers on earth, do not send me for ever from you, loaded only with your hatred and detestation.

"I must be pardoned by you; I must be pitied by you, to enable me still to endure the portion of existence necessary to work out my entire salvation through repentance."

"What! do you really expect so much from me? What! do you then imagine that I am so basely, so culpably insensible to the deep wrongs your perfidy has occasioned me; that I can lie away my just resentment, by affecting to pity, to pardon the author of them? No! Oh, no! a thousand times, no! Still do I feel, still shall I for ever feel, that you are the sole cause of my ruin—that you have made me an orphan, a beggar—that through your wiles, every future hour of my life must be spent in vain regret and anguish, for being so deluded as to trust the arts only practised to lead truth astray."

"Still, still will you believe me insincere? Oh, will not these tears—these prayers—this shrunk and haggard form, convince you that I am truthful now? Will not the resolution I have taken, and which, here, on my knees, in the sight of God, I swear to fulfil, convince you that I no more intend to deceive—

that I abhor—that I renounce deception for ever? Oh, Henry! surely it was not too much to ask—too much to hope, from one who did love and believe so lately, the faint, far-off sun-ray of a tender and benign compassion, to shine like a beam from heaven, to radiate the gloom of the prison-house to which I am hastening, the darkness of which is more dismal than that of a myriad graves? I am going from you for ever—from the sight of a world, still so beautiful, so bright for so many—to bury myself and my agony with my maniac husband; to watch over him; to give him all my time, tears, prayers, and energies; to exhaust my very vitality upon him, so that the constant contemplation of the misery I have brought upon him—the constant upbraidings I must listen to from his lips, quickening the contrition of my soul to a lively and ardent repentance—it may be in the eyes of Him, who judges from the heart alone, as a sweet-smelling sacrifice, whose smoke, ascending from the altar of remorse, shall reach the throne of grace, and win mercy even for me.”

“Go! fulfil your self-imposed mission of duty, which, hard as you may deem it, is far, very far from being sufficient to compensate for your turpitude. Go! and may your resolution last unto the end! Go! and be thankful if you can learn utterly to forget me; for in such an oblivion of the past, and not in studiously seeking to cherish the remembrance of a guilty passion, can you alone hope for the christian composure of mind, essential for your new and awful avocation—alone hope to render your meditated task acceptable to the Almighty—alone propitiate his pardon by it—the sole pardon you should now be anxious to obtain. Go! it is such fair and frail creatures, who come softly, as the blight in the lull of the storm, to destroy the blossoms of virtue, to canker the buds fostered in the bosom of maternal purity, and precipitate the rash steps of youth down the vortex of vice, plunging the captivated senses in deep intoxicating destruction, and filling the green graves with disappointed and broken-hearted mothers. Oh, that heaven would set a sign on such radiant brows, that man might gaze and fly! Oh, that the young would hear the voice of admonition, speaking but to save! Oh, that one, but one, in reading the over-true tale of disobedience and folly, would pause in the midst of the seductive career, alluring on to equal crime, sorrow, and despair, and see a woman—a still most lovely woman—dooming herself to the loathsome solitude of a mad-house, who might, but for her own depravity, still have been the admiration of a circle, from whence radiated all the blessed influences which render man’s home beatific! Oh, that one, but one, would pause, and see a man—a youth—a mere boy, just, only just

crossing the threshold of life, bowed and bent with the weight of that anguish, which ages more than time; dooming himself, in expiation of the guilt which killed his mother, to spend his wretched days in weeping over her grave! But who will take heed of his ways from our sufferings? Not one; not one; all will be taught alone by that fatal experience, whose forbidden fruit is plucked and presented to the unwary by the hand of a smiling serpent, whose taste is death!"

He arose, and slowly re-entered his solitary home; Beatrice followed his languid steps, until he disappeared, and then, clasping her hands in an agony of grief, she exclaimed, "My God! my God! forsake him not; watch over him; protect him; restore him to hope, to happiness; punish me alone; let me alone feel all your wrath, for I alone have sinned!" She turned away to seek her other victim, to pray for his restoration;—no, no, not his restoration—he had no hope, no happiness, to be restored to—she had deprived him of both; his hope, his happiness were in the madness, which, rendering him insensible to the reality, made him dream pleasantly, sweetly still!

THE WAY-SIDE CLEMATIS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The fragrance of the clematis is floating on the air;
How often have we stopped to cull its blossoms sweet and fair!
How often praised the welcome boon by nature's hand bestowed!
As, laden with the balmy flowers, we went upon our road.

Methinks this lovely clematis an image may convey
Of the many pleasant places in life's steep and rugged way:
How should we bear the burden of this tedious world of ours,
Were we not soothed and gladdened by its frequent way-side
flowers?

Troubles, and toils, and crosses, as our heritage we claim,
And few possess the sparkling gifts of honour, wealth, or fame.

Yet sorrow never binds us in a close, and constant thrall,
Small comforts, simple pleasures, are within the reach of all.

I know the proud and stern will pass these consolations by,
And view the humble goods of life with cold, disdainful eye;
They listen for the coming blast, watch every cloud that lowers,
And scorn to pause upon their road to gather way-side flowers.

For me, when sad and gloomy thoughts within my bosom dwell,
The accents of a cherished friend the darkness can dispel;
My spirit feels the influence of a gentle word or look,
I lose the sense of sorrow in the pages of a book.

Free wanderings by the sunny sea, or o'er the breezy hill,
A mimic landscape, pictured by the artist's potent skill,
A sweet familiar melody, recalling by-gone hours,
These are my healing remedies,—my daily way-side flowers.

Then still, fair clematis, expand thy light and waving sprays,
Continue to invite the touch, and gratify the gaze
Of many a wearied way-farer, who thankfully, like me,
The goodness of our Maker in his humblest works can see.

And may I tread life's onward course, amid its cares and pains,
Even as to-day I bend my way through winding roads and lanes,
Content to meet fatigue and toil, dark clouds, and driving
 showers,
If sometimes cheered and solaced by the sight of way-side
 flowers.

S W I S S I A N A .

CHAPTER XIII.*

T H E G E M M I P A S S .

" Lieti fiori e felici, e ben nate erbe
 Che Madona pensando premer sole ;
 Piaggia ch'ascolti su dolci parole
 E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe."

PETRARCO.

IN the last chapter I alluded to the nature of the Gemmi, as being so precipitous that a flag fastened on the summit cannot be seen from the valley below. Every step you make from the Baths increases the wonders of this celebrated pass. The road, in the first instance, lies across broken ground, covered with immense blocks of rock, and intersected by impetuous streams from the adjoining heights. The question now arises in your mind as to how you are to proceed. All around is solid rock, towering thousands of feet, and so wild and pointed that the bare idea of there being a passage in their side is scouted as absurd. And yet such, dear reader, is the case. Along those jutting peaks of granite winds a terraced path, worming its way "in forms fantastic," by the edge of precipice, and mouth of eyrie, the sole communication between the cantons of Berne and Vallais ; unless, indeed, you choose to make a *détour* of at least two days, in preference to an equal number of hours of "giddy suspense," but, with a guide, actually equal safety. They told me at the inn that many shrank from the trial of the Gemmi Pass, and chose to forego the glorious view which you shall see we had from the summit. And yet thousands and thousands traverse it in the course of the year. The guides themselves have crossed it in all weathers, and not one of their number has fallen a prey to the chasms which yawn on every side. Once a hardy Valaisan had the nerve to scale a pine which shoots directly from a rock above the beaten track, and swings fearfully over the precipice,—a resting-place that might have scared the chamois or the lammergier ; but —

* Continued from page 139, vol. lv.

“ There—now lean on me ;
Place your foot here—here, take this staff, and cling
A moment to that shrub ; now give me your hand,
And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—.”

Yes ; and securely he went. The Valaisan fixed a bottle on the topmost branch of the pine, containing a paper on which were inscribed his name and the date of his ascent. This was some twenty years ago. Who will gainsay that the bottle is not there now ? God forbid the attempt ! It makes one shudder to imagine the fellow's foolhardiness.

The passage of the Gemmi was commenced in the year 1736 by a party of Tyrolese, and was so firmly built in the first instance, that it stands in its original form to the present day. The mountain to which it forms the sole access rises considerably more than four thousand feet above the Baths of Louèche ; and, when it is remembered that the terraced path only measures ten thousand feet in length, some idea may be formed of its almost perpendicular nature. At times you cannot discover the continuation of the road, but look up with wondering, and half undecided whether to clamber up or retrace your steps, till the ready qualities of the guide show themselves, and come into requisition, by discovering to your sight a new passage, which by some eccentric turn had hitherto escaped your gaze. The horrors of the pass now increase at each moment, and you find yourself in the centre of precipices from which you are separated but by a narrow ledge of rock. Many timid people have their eyes bandaged. I must confess that, were I particularly nervous on such occasions, this would but increase my timidity. *Mais chacun à son goût !*

We quitted the Baths at sunrise. Our party consists of six individuals, all natives of the sea-girt isle, save a young blubber-lipped, gawkish-looking fellow, our guide, who first saw light in the town of Siders. By this the reader will understand that his vernacular is German. He was a striking contrast to the guides of Chamounix, of whom we have seen not a little in this tour : they were all sprightliness and communicativeness ; he says not a word to any one, but walks on ahead, evidently in so dreamy a state that we should not be surprised to see him march into the very dangers he is with us to guard against.

Leaving the sulky guide to his own bright thoughts, turn we to our own party, which was all good humour and merriment. It was composed of my acquaintance of the previous day, and a middle-aged Englishman, with his wife and a daughter of about eighteen summers. But it is unfair, we know, to guess at ladies' ages, therefore we recall the verdict, charming as it is ;

and it will suffice for all purposes to state that the girl was young, and eminently beautiful.

The morning was clear; but the wind blew in fitful gusts, and we saw a few black clouds above us travelling at a fearful rate. It was evident that we should have a shower ere long; so I unfolded my *toile-cirée* in expectation of the element, and advised my friend to do the same.

"Among the hills and mountains one can never depend on fair weather, when such clouds as those are seen," said I, pointing in the direction of the wind. "You must have learned as much in your wanderings along the sheepwalks of Caledonia's heathery heights. It will be most annoying should it come on to rain, and will spoil all the pleasure I had anticipated in the ascent of the Gemmi."

My young friend gave me the most sapient and incredulous smile, and in his old-fashioned way caught hold of my arm.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever—"

so sung my favourite poet, John Keats."

"And I certainly echo his words,—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

but what," inquired I, more and more astonished by the sly looks my companion assumed, "what has that quotation to do with my remark?"

The other came closer to me, and whispered in my ear. In a moment I saw the aptness of his quotation. It was more than I would have given him credit for. Like the governor of Tilbury Fort, I should have said, "A plain, matter-of-fact man: that's his character."

A few steps of the steep road disarranged our little party somewhat. The guide rushes on before, counting his strides, and looking on the floor like a philosopher. Next in order come the young lady and myself. She has her pretty hand locked in my right arm, and as Georgette, in Paul de Kock's novel of the same name, leans on her young lover when they walk to the dinner-table at the farm, though with a different motive, so did my fair companion press heavily upon me. Heavily, did I say? I would gladly have borne her up the Gemmi in my arms, just as the smuggler does the Cornish maiden, in that highly interesting nautical drama, "The Dream at Sea." But let it not for a moment be imagined that there was coquetry in the press of that fair hand. No! the steepness of the road dissipates such an idea.

How the young lady and I got separated from my fellow-

travellers, I cannot with any degree of certainty explain. This I know, that the old people, under which class I include my yesterday's acquaintance, who, for antiquity of thought and speech, might have been guessed a cotemporary of John Bunyan, started in our company; but that the lady, being of somewhat gigantic proportions, and endowed, moreover, with a duplicate chin, was very fond of halting to admire the scenery, giving expression to such remarks as "How beautiful! it reminds me," (parenthesis, to take breath) "Peter—(puff)—for all the world of Richmond Hill—(puff). Don't it you, sir?" addressing the last clause to my methodical friend.

"In verity, madam, I am necessitated to confess that I have never practically enjoyed the view of which you speak; but, theoretically, I am enamoured of it."

"*Practically* and *theoretically*, eh! what fine words!" cried the good lady, eyeing the last speaker with much the same mixture of curiosity and awe as does the schoolboy the transformation of the wicked prince to madcap clown. The organ of surprise, as Gall and Spurzheim would say, was alike excited in both cases.

"Yes, madam," continued the other. "I am enamoured of the spot you mention, for in the magnificent measures of Pope I have been often there. Yet I am necessitated to confess that if memory serve me right, the poet's description of Richmond Hill in no way applies to the present scene."

He then recited those well-known lines of the poet above mentioned, and compared each description with the most striking objects in the present view. The old lady turned up her eyes in admiration, and asked her husband if it were not "beautiful!" The good man was evidently puzzled what to make of my friend's grandiloquence, but deeming it probably safest—prophetic soul!—to side with his better half, he muttered indistinctly, "Oh y-e-s; beau-ti-ful!"

As I afterwards learned, the husband was a retired city broker, whose experience of mountains had been chiefly confined to Ludgate Hill, and whose idea of a fall was connected with a certain fluctuation in the drug market. He was acknowledged to be all powerful in the rostrum (the auctioneer's), but his eloquence from that elevation had rather been applied to the qualities of cinnamon and dragon's-blood than to the effect of scenery. It is fair to state, however, that in the latter point his observation was but limited. There was a great sameness in the character of the scenery around his auction pulpit, and that little gave small scope for oratory; it may be summed up as a succession of forms, treacle-pots, samples of flakey manna, and catalogues. But the broker, after several years of unre-

mitting toil, found himself in credit with his bankers to a large amount; and, deeming that balance sufficient for the wants of his small family, consisting of my fair companion, and a son whom he had purchased a commission for, he retired from his rostrum in Mincing-lane, and sold his share of the business to another. His first care was the education of his beautiful daughter, which being accomplished, he left England early in summer, for the first time, to make the grand tour. The old lady was enchanted with all she saw, and wondered especially at the common children in Paris being able to speak French so fluently. The father was a silent admirer of his daughter. The girl—but I shall speak more of her presently.

The weather, which had been threatening all the morning, now assumed a sterner aspect. The masses of mottled cloud became more compact, and darkened the sky with their stormy shadows. The mists ascending from the gorge grew denser and stationary, and coiled around our path, hiding the terrors which the awful yawn of the precipice disclosed in its depths. Soon the valley at our feet was lost amid the gathering vapours, and our view was circumscribed to nature's grandest works, the Alps above us and around us—plains of treacherous snow.

I have mentioned the separation of our little troop: the sullen guide acting as van-guard; Emily (such was my fair companion's name) and myself constituted the centre; and Mr. and Mrs. T—— and my old-fashioned friend brought up the rear. My fair companion and I had been so deeply interested in conversation—it matters little what—that, ere we became aware of our situation, we found further progress arrested by the appalling nature of the path before us. The road had hitherto breasted the side of the mountain, in the form of a terrace; but a huge gap of several hundred feet intervening had forced the engineer to carry his works over a narrow ridge of rock, which topped a peak of inferior elevation. It was like a bridge hung midway between heaven and earth, and quite unprotected by balustrade or wall. On both sides gaped a precipice which it required at all times the utmost nerve to pass. This, in fact, is the only trying portion of the Gemmi. Not that it is dangerous, for the breadth of the road would allow of two mules abreast; but it is apt to create vertigo in those unaccustomed to mountainous country, and the hand of the guide is a steady comforter on such occasions. The path as it now appeared was really dangerous, the gloom of the weather, added to the mist, having obscured it to an appalling degree.

The young girl was the first to remark our situation. She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and clung closer round my arm. Then starting at having done so, her natural modesty

caused her to draw back, while a blush mantled her fair forehead.

"But—sir—sir—my parents—my dear father and mother—what will become of them? Let us retrace our steps."

Scarcely had she spoken when a few drops, large as lozenges, struck the ground, and in a moment were followed by a loud peal of thunder. The rain pattered down with terrific violence, and formed bubbling pools in the indented portions of the road, or swept down the path like a swollen mountain rill. The gloom thickened more and more, so that we could scarcely discover the ridge which a moment before had brought us to so sudden a halt. The violence of the tempest increased at each moment; the wind roared stormily, and skimming the surface of the plains of snow, dislodged many an avalanche, whose roar close beside us lent additional grandeur to the scene. The gust swept across the pines, and bent them like a bow, till their roots gave way, and they tumbled with a crash into the gulf below.

I was now really alarmed. In addition to my own I had to care for the safety of a fellow-creature, and that one whose sex and tender years claimed additional anxiety and sympathy from me. It was too late, or it would have been madness to return, for we could not see six yards before us, and the violence of the rain drove me in the first instance to think of shelter for my fair companion. I quickly unstrapped my "*toile cirée*" from the knapsack, and, as I had taken the precaution to unfold it in the morning, it was the more easily accomplished. I then threw it over the girl's shoulders, enveloping her bonnet in its monkish hood, while I withdrew her shawl, and gathered it in drooping folds round her form, attaching it with a strap of my knapsack round her waist. I felt re-assured when I thus beheld the poor girl proof at least against the rain, and, with a more determined eye, I glanced about for a spot of safe retreat.

There was a portion of the rock on the north side of the Pass, which bent slightly into the beaten track, and it was to this that we fled in the first place. We stood as close to the mountain side as possible, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that the rain no longer reached us in that position; a few drops only now and then, as the wind sent forth a fresh howl, found their way into our retreat. In any other situation, I should have found the weather a serious damper on my spirits as well as on my clothes; but in the present, I only experienced more the force of the line which my methodical friend had quoted in the early morning:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

It was some little time ere the rain ceased and the storm passed over, and, to tell the truth, I did not care how soon either might recommence. The parents of my fair companion soon made up to us, and, while thanking me for the care I had taken of their daughter, the mother pulled the latter away, and made her march during the remainder of the journey by her side. I looked back every now and then, and saw the mother in earnest conversation with Emily, who, with her eyes bent upon the ground, listened with profound respect and a grave face.

On the summit of the Gemmi we were joined by our guide, whom we summarily dismissed, with the intimation that we should lodge a complaint against his remissness and bad qualities. The fellow pocketed the money with a sulky look, and scampered down the Pass at a pace quite foreign to his previous slow gait and staid demeanour. The view which disclosed itself to our wondering sight was an ample reward for the fatigues of the ascent. We stood gazing at it in silence, when M——— T——— exclaimed,—

“For my part, T——, I shall go on before, for I can’t enjoy views in this cold, and on an empty stomach, too. Come along, Emily; come along, my child.”

There was a good deal of truth in the old lady’s speech. When I looked round, I found that we were enclosed on all sides by mountains, and that the road at our feet was bestrewn with patches of snow. The cold was very severe. My summer clothes were much too thin for comfort, so I was very glad to follow the example of Mrs. T——, and push on.

The solitary lake of Daubensée was skirted by us on the south side. It is the highest lake in Europe, and is frozen during nine months of the year. When we passed it, it was in a state of thaw. So bleak, so gloomy were its waters, that I shuddered to behold them. All the party seemed to share in my sentiments, and we continued onwards. At last a curl of smoke behind a rock announced that we were near the sole habitation in these wilds, and a turn of the road displayed the inn of Schwarrbach to our sight.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF FEBRUARY.

"All days to me henceforth are equal :
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undistinguished roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe."

CONGREVE.

THE weather was cold as winter, although it was the middle of July, so we were all glad to approach a fire which blazed in the principal room of the inn of Schwarrbach. Before breakfast, I asked permission of the ladies to brew a certain decoction of spices and wine, the recipe for which I had learned from an Oxford man, and in a short time, with the aid of mine host and his best claret, I had the unspeakable pleasure of handing a brimming tumbler of hot "bishop," called by the French, "bishoff," to Mrs. T——, and Emily, and hearing it pronounced by the latter undeniable. The city broker, my methodical friend, and I, emptied the bowl; and after breakfast, we gathered round the fire once more.

Gazing on the rude chimney-piece, I perceived a name chiselled into the wood on the side nearest the window; and, on approaching it, I deciphered the words:

"J. L. Z. W.

"24 Feb: 1804.

"*Requiescant in pace!*"

I called the attention of the company to it, and all sorts of guesses were made at its meaning. The mere initials caused me neither astonishment nor curiosity, for how many tourists, not without a spice of self-conceit, engrave their name or initials on whatever catches their fancy! But in the present instance, I could not help thinking that the inscription contained more than such generalities. The words were neatly cut in German characters, and the Latin text bespoke a meaning which it was not in me to divine. I called the landlord. He said that it was the work of a great German poet, who had lodged in the inn, one stormy night, when his father was host. He had been the cause of much prosperity to the house. Since his book was published, every tourist came out of his way to catch a glimpse of the inn of Schwarrbach.

None of us could divine the words of our host. He saw our embarrassment, and, opening a case in which were a few books, he pulled from it an odd volume, and placed it in my hands. It was in German.

"If *Herr Graf* will be pleased to read that book, he will understand me."

My companions now grew as interested as myself. They entreated me to read the book, translating it aloud to them; and, as the fire looked cheery, the stock of "bishop" plentiful, the sweet face of Emily wore a smile of interest, and my methodical friend took out his note-book and pencil in expectation, I consented to do my best to please them.

It was on the 24th of February, 1804, and under the same roof, that a woman, grey with care rather than age, sat spinning in silence. The room wore a very different aspect than it does at present. It was divided from a small ante-chamber by a thin partition of lath and plaster, on which were hung a wooden clock, such as those of the Black Forest, a scythe, and a large knife. Opposite to these stood a straw couch, scarcely visible in the darkened corner, and an ancient arm-chair, with grotesque elbows, and a long, upright back. It was night, and the room was lighted by a lamp which stood on the table. The clock struck out eleven, and the old woman looked up from her wheel, wondering what could keep her husband so late, for the night was stormy, and she trembled lest some accident had befallen him. The wind howled, and shook the house in its embrace with a force which might have swept away the Gillihorn, and tossed it to the summit of the Gemmi. Then she glanced around, and thought that when her goodman, Kunz, did arrive, what welcome could she give him,—without a chip of wood, without a morsel of bread! naught but grief and misery. And then she began singing, to drive away care; but the ditty did not please her, and so, hearing a knock at the window, she arose and approached it, thinking it must be her husband. It was an owl crouched in the corner, scared even at the terrible aspect of the storm. The poor woman shuddered, and returned to her solitary chair. The look of the owl continued to chase her thoughts, his filmy eyes gleamed so brightly; and there is an old saying that an owl's presence is the forerunner of death. She tried to shake off these thoughts from her mind, so she sang again,—this time a less gloomy distich,—

"A peasant, when a peasant is,
In peace conducts the plow;
And a smock or cap—'tis
For him good clothes enow!

A bonnet torn,
A feather worn,
And a smock-frock like a sack,
Fringed with ribbons down the back !
The peasant is no nobleman,
A peasant but a peasant is,
And life to him hath naught of bliss !"

Her simple lines had scarce ended when an impatient knock shook the door ; and, this time, no longer uncertain, she ran to open it for her husband.

He entered, all covered with suow, holding a hooked staff in one hand, and a half-spent lantern in the other. He was a tall, hard-featured man, his cheek-bones prominent, and an air of suffering in his face. His dress was tattered, and but ill calculated for the journey and weather he had just encountered. He was drenched to the skin, and desired his wife to light a fire.

"With what ?" asked the poor woman.

The husband passed his hand across his brow, and muttered in a hasty tone, "True, true : we have no wood ;" then, with a bitter smile, "well, well, wife : let us be merry !"

"Merry ?"

"Yes ; for our lot is cast. See here !" said he, pulling a paper from his pocket ; "see : the *bailli* at Louësche gave me this, while I was entreating him on my knees to accord us yet a month's respite."

"And what did he say ?"

The man told his wife to read it, for he was no scholar, and the poor creature went over the following, in a trembling tone.

"Be it known by these presents, that as Kunz Kuruth, a retired soldier of the Swiss republic, former proprietor of the inn of Schwarrbach, on the Gemmi, on the indictment of Johann Jugger for non-payment of a bill of exchange endorsed by the said Kunz Kuruth to the amount of 300 florins of Berne, notwithstanding the many respites granted, has not to this day discharged the debt,—Kunz Kuruth and his wife Trude are commanded to appear to-morrow, the 25th February, 1804, at 8 o'clock in the morning, at Louësche. If they do not then pay over in full the sum justly due by them, the gens d'armes shall be empowered to seize on their house and effects, which will be sold for the benefit of their estate. And in the event of the said house and effects failing to meet the just demands of their creditors, Kunz Kuruth and his wife shall be cast into prison till they make good the remainder. According to law. Louësche, 24th February, 1804. (Signed.) *Sous-bailli* of the Canton of the Vallais."

The poor woman dropped the paper from her hands, and, with

an agonized cry, bewailed her misfortunes. The husband offered her no consolation; he did not attempt it; but stood, with arms akimbo, gazing gloomily on the bare floor. A ray of hope flashed across the brow of Trude, as she cried, in a rapid tone,—

"But have you not applied to our neighbours? have you not asked aid of our relations?"

"I have; and they chased me from their doors."

"And these," said Trude, with a bitter smile, "these call themselves *relations*!"

"A relation, wife, is the last to help, the first to rob and betray one."

"Yet, when we were rich, Kunz, they were always glad to come and dine with us."

"Ay; and the meal, as soon as digested, was forgotten!"

"Then, you brought nothing?"

Her husband pulled a piece of dry bread from his pocket, and threw it on the table.

"There, that is all I could get; and it came from the poor idiot Heini. He knows what hunger is, and therefore he gave it me. It will, at any rate, keep us alive while it lasts."

"But are you sure you have tried everything?" said the poor woman.

"All—and in vain. He who is once cursed, is cursed for ever."

"What are you thinking of? Oh, do not look at me with such terrible eyes, Kunz—my Kunz!" After a pause, "three leagues from this, at Kanderth, dwells the rich Stöffly, who has so many cows, that he might cover the Alps with cheeses; and money with him is plentiful as hay! He lives in a constant state of debauch. He is drunk from morning till night. He dwells all alone—what do you say? If—if you could slip quietly into his house, and—oh, do not fix your eyes on me like that—you might return it him again, if all went well with us!"

"And if he cursed us?"

"'Tis only borrowing, taking like this. God keep our hands from theft;—no! For in such a case, saving one's life and honour, when we can replace the sum again,—that cannot be crime?"

Kunz, during the words of his wife, at first scarcely believed his ears; and when the full import had burst upon his mind, he sank down in the old-fashioned arm-chair, and buried his face within his hands. When she had ended, he started up from his seat, paced the room hurriedly, for a minute, and reproached his wife with a vehemence which made the poor woman tremble with terror.

"Woman! do you dare—miserable creature that you are—do you dare to look me in the face? I, an old soldier of the confederation, who had once a chair and voice in the Diet, and who supported with my goods and blood, the measures I had voted;—I, who can read, write, and who know the history of my country—who know what men were Winkelried and Tell,—what, in olden times, each Swiss, often at his own expense, did for the glory of his country;—I, who, thirteen years ago, received a medal from Berne, for having captured an enemy's standard;—I, to steal? Beware, how you repeat such words to me!"

"Oh, Kunz—dear Kunz, desist!"

"Your father was pastor of the parish; and you, his daughter, you would steal?—shame on you!"

"You will break my heart!" cried the poor woman. Her husband ceased, and raised her from the cold stone upon which she had fallen. He comforted her, and led her to a chair.

"But, Kunz," continued the other, "all I ask you, then, is, to live. Let us flee to the next canton, and live there; let me never again behold the spot where I was born, for a hard-hearted race inhabit it. In another region, in a different atmosphere from the mountain one, pity and charity at least are known. Come, let us go! Abandon this roof alone to malediction. It is already well charged with debts; not a nail of it but is pawned. Come, let us ask charity of Drayers,—they will be more humane."

"And now, wife, you would beg?" exclaimed Kunz, in astonishment. "You have lost your senses, woman! Shall I become your murderer? for I should be so, were I, this wintry night, to take you, poor, weak creature, from even this miserable roof,—think you that, in weather like this, it is nothing,—when avalanches lay waste the country, when the swollen stream roars and, like my father's curse, lets loose upon us certain death? My father's curse! 'Twas you helped me to it; I shared it with you, and you have borne it faithfully twenty-eight years. Leave me now to expiate it. I will hazard appearing before the great tribunal through my own deed, beseeching pardon of my Maker."

Poor Trude trembled more than ever, on hearing her husband's resolution to destroy himself; and she endeavoured, by every persuasion, whether of love or words, to dissuade him from an act so presumptuous. She reminded him, that there was a path to heaven, open equally to all who would seek it; and she lifted the old Bible from its shelf, where it had remained without use for twenty-eight years. As she turned over the leaves, a slip of paper fell out, which Kunz perceiving,

picked up, and read. It ran: "At midnight, on the 24 Feb. 1776, died M. Christopher Kuruth, aged 64, by . . .," and here followed a blank, on which was traced a red cross.

"To-day is the anniversary of the old man's death," said Kunz. "Now I can understand our misfortunes!"

His wife could only nod a similar perception. He continued:—

"This evening, on my return from Loueschë, I gained the defile of the mountain, which, ever ascending, twists in a zig-zag shape, like a coiled serpent. You know I am a man, and that I fear nothing, shame excepted. Now, I have avoided that road more than a thousand times, both by day and night; but this evening, while descending the length of that ridge, I felt—what shall I call it?—an uneasiness, an uncertainty, an emotion foreign to my usual frame of mind. My whole life rose up before me like one of those Alpine gorges, whose mouth I was intent on finding, but without success. It was in this state that I at length attained the summit of the mountain, whence I looked down upon a valley. It was dark and gloomy as my conscience. I took the path to the left, and raising my eyes, beheld suddenly through a dull and falling cloud, the glacier of Lammern close beside me. With its flakes of snow, it looked like my dead father, when he was seated there," continued Kunz, in a voice of terror, pointing to the antique arm-chair, "he was dead, and blue! I immediately recollected the '24 Feb.' I felt as if the axe of the headsman was upon my neck. I fled from the glacier in fear, as far as the lake of Daubensée, which was frozen like my blood. My strength had almost failed me; my life seemed half extinct, like the flickering gasp of my lantern. Of a sudden, a lammergier rose from the border of the lake, uttered a doleful cry, and flew against my lantern, attracted doubtless by the flame. With its two claws it clung to the light, screaming all the while in strains like the tone of my dying father; then the animal battered in the sides of the lantern, and, for the first time in my life, wife, I trembled like a child! For then the remembrance of my father's curse penetrated to the depths of my heart—*murderer—murderer!* And the hen, which made my son, too, a murderer, I thought I saw it pass me. My father's curse weighs terribly on this devoted roof.

"Hold, Kunz; heard you not a knock?" interrupted his wife.

"It is my father's spirit come to fetch us!—well, see who it is."

Trude went to the door, opening it cautiously, fearing thieves; though what, poor creature, had she to give them? A man

entered, covered with snow, and dressed as a traveller. He carried a game-basket, a havresac, a half-extinguished lantern, and an alpenstock. From his belt hung a purse, seemingly well stocked, and two pistols stuck out beside it, as if for its protection.

His countenance was deeply marked with care; his cheeks were pale, and almost bloodless; and his hair slightly tinged with grey. He was young, rather than in the prime of life, but there was evidence in his furrowed brow that he had quaffed deeply the bitter cup of trial and misfortune. His eye was restless, and his gait uncertain and vacillating. He stood upon the threshold of the hut.

"Heaven preserve you!" said he.

He then begged shelter from the storm, and a lodging for the night, which Kunz told him, in a bitter tone, he was welcome to. He entered; relieved himself of his havresac, and other accoutrements, and took a seat by the table.

Kunz and Trude now looked at their unexpected guest, wondering what could have brought him out in such weather, and on such a path. Trude whispered, that he "looked so good;" and Kunz, who entertained no very amiable feelings towards his fellow-creatures, questioned the remark. But his heart warmed again, when he heard that the traveller was his compatriot.

"Be welcome, then!" cried he, presenting his hand.

The traveller seized it with welcome, and was going to raise it to his lips, when Kunz pulled it back.

"Hold! that hand—it is not good; it is stained, and quick to do evil. If no curse be upon you, avoid it."

The other turned away his head. Suddenly he started up, and proceeded to show the contents of his game basket. The table was soon spread with cold meat, pastry, a flask of kirch-wassen, and a bottle or two of wine.

"Come, sit here!" cried he, when his arrangements had been made, "here is a seat for you, Dame Trude."

She started at hearing her name pronounced by an utter stranger, and gave her husband a glance of intelligence. The traveller perceived it.

"Trude is a common name in these parts."

"Let us drink to their healths," said he, taking three cups from his basket. "And now eat; there is ham, sausage,—and here is a fowl, it will suit you perhaps better."

"Fowl! I will not touch it," cried Trude, with a shudder.

"Ah!" replied the stranger, "nor I either!"

"Why?" asked Kunz.

"No matter—help yourself!"

"Not I. However, if you will give me leave, I will abide by the wine. It warms and comforts one."

The stranger passed the bottle, and Kunz drained cup after cup. The former asked Trude for a knife,—he had lost his on the road. She rose, and unhooked the large knife which hung on the wainscot. The stranger stared, and turned it over in his hand.

"This!—have you no other?"

"It is the sole we possess."

The stranger started at a large spot of blood which stained the handle. Kunz perceived it.

"Ah! do you, too, remark it?"

"The blood?"

"A spot of blood—hem! And what if it were blood?" said Kunz, nervously.

"Nothing, nothing! only the handle looks stained."

"Fill your cup, then," roared the other. "Let the past be past. It is folly to think of it."

"Good! To the health of your son, if you have one!"

"No!" cried Kunz.

"Then, to a happy end, which shall blot out every curse."

"I have already drank to that," said Kunz, peevishly.

"You appear a singular guest; with your bowie knife, and pistols,—you are like a hunter. How did you happen to be in these parts?"

"If I am to tell you my history, show me at least the example by giving yours. I have often been in this house. In the whole district of Louësche there was no inn to compare with this of Schwarrbach."

"The devil!" muttered Kunz. "He knows all."

The stranger appeared to take no notice, but continued:

"How every thing is changed here! You speak of want, of misery, —"

"What's that to you?—let us drink, rather, to war."

"How did you happen to fall so low?"

"Well! well!" hickuped forth Kunz; "as you seem to know every thing, I'll tell you. You, who have been a soldier, you know what a man can bear, and, when he is sinned against, what he can commit. But you appear agitated, and—as—if—you, too, were burdened with a curse?"

"Oh, heed not his words, good sir!" exclaimed Trude; "the wine has got into his head."

"With these hairs, grey before their time, I am nevertheless a powerful man; but I was yet stronger, a few years back. I have been a soldier. At war, there is no jesting. I fought as became a brave man, and I have cleft the skull of many an enemy. My father, Christopher Kuruth, was also of boiling

blood. He was proprietor of this inn. I left the army, and—let us say no more about it.”

“This glass to the peace of your father’s soul,” said the stranger, quaffing to the dregs.

“No!”

“Come, Kunz, let us drink to the expiation,” cried his wife.

“Woman!—how can you say so? each drop to me would be boiling fluid. Yes, my father was dear to me. I have marched cheerily in face of many a cannon, but a curse ——”

“Drop the subject,” interrupted the stranger.

“No,—you must judge for yourself. After I had quitted the ranks, my late father took me into his house, because the management of the inn was too much for him. I was then a man of thirty, full of strength and vigor. I was anxious to find a wife who would share my cares and joys. Many parties were pointed out, but a secret feeling always attracted me to Trude, whom you see; she was pretty, could read and write, and loved me tenderly. Her father was pastor in the canton of Berne; those men of God leave nothing at their death but books and children. He was poor, I was little better. Ought I to have abandoned her, thrown her off? Sir, when you say A, you may as well say B; in brief, I married her!”

“Yes, against the will of my father. Ah, that has often given me pain,” said poor Trude.

“True, we were married in secret, without his knowing it. It has caused me, too, many a pang. My father was an ill-natured man, who scolded us daily. He called her the pastor’s bastard. His words cut me to the heart, sir. Who insults your wife, doubly insults you. One day—exactly twenty-eight years ago, this very day—at midnight—the 24th of February—I entered the room, lighted only by the sombre rays of the moon. I had been at a fête, given at Louësche; and I was merry, and rather excited. My wife had remained at home, occupied with domestic affairs; my cross and grumbling father had been abusing her, as usual, in my absence. My blood took fire; I doubled my fists with rage; she wept. Heaven knows I was wrong. But, to see my wife ill-treated—a weak and innocent woman!—it was more than I could stand. What are you thinking of? your eyes swim in tears.”

“Man should always subdue his passions; they are conceived in burning hell,—but continue.”

“You are a wise man. Oh, if I had but thought of that! I was boiling with rage, and I laughed in mockery. My father screamed, scolded, and abused: I, inwardly furious, preserved a cool and tranquil exterior. The old man scolded on; I looked at him, laughing the while, and seized the scythe you see

yonder. 'The grass will soon grow,' said I, 'I must sharpen it; my dear father has only to continue scolding, as usual; I will accompany him with music.' Then, sharpening my scythe all the time, I began whistling that villainous little song—

"A bonnet torn,
A feather worn,
And a smock-frock like a sack,—
Fringed with ribbons down the back!"

Thus I sung. The old man began to foam with rage, to make a noise, to thunder, to threaten,—it became intolerable. 'Bas-tard!' cried he, to my wife. This, sir, pierced me to the heart. I could contain myself no longer. This knife—with which I was sharpening my scythe—this instrument of perdition—ah, yes!—I cast it at him, and I might have split open his head but the knife did not reach—Is it not true, wife, the knife did not reach him?"

Trude nodded affirmatively. He continued:

"Immediately, the fury of the old man was at its height, and he turned blue with rage. 'Malediction on you,' cried he, convulsively, 'curses be on your wife and offspring!' Trude was then three months' gone with child: and the old man, collecting once more all his strength, (he was seated in that arm-chair), repeated in accents howling with fury, 'Curses be on you and your race! may the blood of your father be upon her and you! Be murderers of the murderer, as you are to-day.' Then he was struck with apoplexy—and—he fell dead at my feet!"

The stranger turned pale as a corpse, and would have fallen from his chair, had he not hid his emotion in the wine-cup. The draught revived him a little, but still he seemed greatly agitated. However, he intreated the inn-keeper to continue his recital.

"My old father was a very ill-tempered man; in his youth he may have been even worse. When I was yet a child, he told us in the excitement of drink, that being one day tormented by his father, he had seized him by the hair, and hurled him, stunned, to the ground. As for me, I did no more than cast the knife at his head. 'Tis true, he died; but was it through that? He was then well up in years—yet, who can tell? They say, that when a son strikes his own father, the hand with which he gave the blow is cursed. This is a mere saying."

"But you were to tell me how you came to fall so low in the world," said the stranger.

"Yes, it is truly extraordinary; since the moment of my

father's death I have had naught but misfortune. We continued, Trude and I, to love one another as tenderly as ever loved man and wife; yet, since the day of the curse, it seems as if its spirit had fallen on us both. Some few months after, she was delivered of a child, a son, whom may God preserve! On entering the world, he had the mark of Cain branded on his left arm—a bloody scythe. Probably, when she was *enceinte*, his mother's mind had been violently excited by the unfortunate scene, and consequently the child came into the world with that sign. Ah! sir, he once caused me much grief. However, I forgive him, too."

"You forgive him!"

"Thank God, he is dead! Three years after, my wife was brought to bed of a daughter. The child was fair as an angel—what are you looking for?" inquired Kunz, as the stranger rose hurriedly from his chair, and began to pace the room with a long and nervous stride. The latter told him it was a habit he had, and the inn-keeper remarked—

"It is just like our son Kirt. He was pursued by hell; yet he was neither a wicked nor a dissipated man. He was restless, undecided, indifferent. Was not this the fruit of malediction?"

"How can I tell?" answered the other. "It is cold here," continued he, shivering.

"In short, one day in February—the little girl was then two, the boy seven years old—it was the anniversary of my father's death; that same knife was lying on the ground, and the two children were playing before the door. Their mother had just been killing a fowl, and the boy had witnessed the act. 'Come,' said he to his little sister, 'let us play at kitchen. I will be cook, and thou—thou shalt be fowl.' At the same time, I saw him seize the knife; I rushed out upon him, but it was too late—the little girl was bathed in blood, her throat was cut from ear to ear. You weep! I—I too wept."

"And then you cursed the boy?" inquired the stranger, in a half-choked voice.

"Ah! you guess that? Yes, I cursed him."

"Did you not weep when you banished him?" This time the traveller addressed himself to Trude, whose sobs gave sufficient answer. "And suppose this unfortunate son should return some day?"

"He fled to Paris," said Trude. "Who can return from such a distance?"

"It appears to me," cried her husband, fixing a keen eye on the stranger, "that you are making game of us. You have already heard that he is dead; let us say no more about him, by

—!" Here followed a dreadful oath. The stranger halted suddenly in the centre of the chamber, and cast a look full of commiseration on the unhappy pair.

"Yes," added he, laconically, after a pause. "And how did you happen to fall into such poverty?"

"Why make so much of this subject?" answered Kunz, sullenly. "Your questions, your looks, as well as your agitation, begin to alarm me. Our barn fell a prey to the flames, disease broke out amongst our cattle, an avalanche destroyed the large meadow I inherited from my father. You must have remarked, on your road from Kandersteg, that mass of snow which covers the ground about six miles all around. It occupies the most fertile land in the whole range of the Alps. Well, that land was mine. It is now twelve years since the fall of the Rinderhorn took place; shepherds and their flocks were buried in its ruins, it was no child's play. The last harvest was most disastrous, and this finished us, and loaded us with debts. It was thus we came to poverty, and note well—our chief misfortunes always happened on the 24th of February.

THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

'Twas evening—such as the contracting day
 Renders so long—so social—so serene;
 When home's the focus for affection's ray;
 While nought its radiance mild doth contravene.
 There was a group assembled—young and old—
 The gay in youth—the sober in decline;
 Yet all united by the pliant hold,—
 Love did around their hearts elastic twine.
 Unanimous in thought, in act the same,
 No opposition, no desire of power
 Kindled of animosity the flame,
 With wrathful fury to disturb that hour.

To superficial gaze that group appeared
A picture of domestic joy entire;
But penetrating deeper, something seared
The heart of pity with a quenchless fire.
One thin, pale girl, in farthest corner sat,
(Though it was winter—mid, and very bleak)
The others round the fire in cheerful chat,
Basked in the blaze—yet none to her did speak.
I saw her fingers shiver as she tried
To ply her needle, in her silent thought;
It might be cold, or oh! it might be pride,
That trembling to those wasted fingers brought!
She was most lovely, in the marble hue
Which overspread her delicate, young face;
Where wandered those slight veins of azure blue,
Such as a poet-painter could but trace.
Her hair fell down in one rich mass of jet,
Shading the lashes, which a tear retained;
Which, with a curl, she furtive dried. Then let
Others flow on, in sorrow unconstrained.
The work dropped, unperceived, upon her knee,
And her two hands each other did enclasp;
Then was she lost in utter misery,—
Too plainly told by her sharp, sobbing gasp.
Could she be ill?—Could she presume to be?
Could she be spared for suffering? Had she time
For idle pain, in her dependency?
No! no! inactive anguish was a crime!
So she aroused herself, to strive once more,
And braced her shattered nerves to be a slave;
But soon her fainting form, from the chill floor
Was borne to bed—then, to the chiller grave.
I was too young to dare to tell the shame—
The rage—the horror—anguish—pain—despair—
Th' amazement—agony, which overcame
My soul for her, when woe was past repair!
Disgust for kindred, love did supersede,
Recalling that angelic creature's fate;
I looked upon it as a murderous deed.
Nor could their tardy grief commiserate;
For when they'd really lost her, then they felt
(As frantic weeping o'er the senseless corse)
How they had wronged her; and their hearts did melt
With penitential sorrow and remorse.
Then did they lavish protestations vain,
Mingled with futile prayers,—unmeaning vows:
July, 1849.—VOL. LV. NO. CCXIX.

Could she but only live for them again,
 She ne'er should know what the young spirit bows
 Until it break, as hers had broken—no !
 Could she but live again, their new-born love
 Should shield her from the shadow of a woe,
 And every coming grief from her remove !
 Could she but live to see contrition tear
 (With vulture-fang) their late obdurate breast,
 Or feel with what a reverential care
 Her now disputed hand was fondly prest !
 How, as her uncomplainingness arose,
 With conscious torture they confessed, and tears ;
 On her forbearance how they did impose,
 When none befriended her poor, hapless years !
 How they had slighted,—mortified,—and spurned,
 In all the arrogance of worldly weal,—
 The thing that never in resentment turned :
 But still did not the less acutely feel !
 And why so injured by them ?—so opprest ?
 Blush, sable ink, blush crimson, as 'tis wrote !
 Be deaf, Oh angels ! whilst the truth's confessed,
 Nor in the Eternal Register make note
 Of the appalling fact, lest it appear
 Against them in the day none can evade ;
 When every act of crime committed here,
 Is public to the heavenly hosts betrayed !
 She was a death-undowered relative,
 Too near in blood,—too far in riches—rank,
 Their pride her poverty could not forgive ;
 So to an early grave the martyr sank !
 Oh ! blest—thrice blest ! the friendly tomb that yields
 Its tranquil shelter,—its unbroken rest
 To suffering sorrow, which no longer feels
 The agony—despair—which once distressed !
 It might delusion be ! And yet methought
 (While clustering contrite round her hallowed bed)
 A smile forgiving wreathed her lips, as brought
 From the mysterious mansions of the dead !
 Could her young spirit, in its new abode,
 (Ere yet to earth its casket was consigned)
 Have learned its first sweet lesson from its God,
 And smiled the pardon, for our peace designed ?

COAL-PITS AND COLLIERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONCE upon a time, an exciseman at Merthyr Tydvil was overcome—for excisemen, after all, are but men—by liquor, and fell fast asleep. Excisemen are not generally a very popular class of her Majesty's subjects, and there are many who owe them a grudge. This was the case with our hero. Accordingly, the enemy, in the shape of a dozen dusky colliers, made their appearance, and deposited their ignoble prize—

“ Full many a fathom deep,”

as Mr. Campbell sings—in a coal-pit. Alas! the inspiration of wine, like every other inspiration, is but short-lived. From his glorious dreams, in which most undoubtedly he dreamt that he—

“ Dwelt in marble halls”—

in time, the exciseman woke; wonderingly he opened his eyes, and looked around him; conscience smote him; undoubtedly, after his debauch, he was what we may term seedy, and needed vastly—

“ Red herrings and soda-water.”

At length, his fears had become true. He had been condemned for his sins to that fearful locality, which a clergyman told his hearers he would not shock their feelings by naming in so well-bred and respectable society. Everything around him was dark and drear. There he was, far away from the light of the sun, and the haunts of men. At length, a light appeared in the distance; it came nearer; by its glare, he saw a form, somewhat resembling the human, but of that he was not quite sure. While he looked, the exciseman felt, as Hamlet had done before.

“ Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.”

Accordingly he spoke, and very naturally asked the mysterious stranger who he was. "Why, I was, when I lived on the earth, an exciseman, but now I am ——" "You don't say so," said the interrogator, now as sober as ever he was in his life. But the joke had now been carried far enough; the object was gained. If Father Mathew had been there, the exciseman would have become a tee-totaller for life. He was suffered to emerge again into the light of day; and not unthankfully did he return from the embrace of "mother earth."

We can imagine many a man equally frightened with the exciseman. A coal-pit does not give one a bad idea of Pandemonium. It is generally situated by the side of some bleak hill, where there are but few signs of life. A cloud of smoke, from the engine or engines, hangs heavily all round. The workmen, of whom there be many, are all out of sight, with the exception of a few lads, who stand at the mouth of the pit, to unload the coal-wagons as they come up, or to run them into the tram-road that connects the colliery with the neighbouring railroad or canal. You seize the opportunity, and find yourself rapidly descending, perhaps two hundred yards below the surface; in South Wales, there are few collieries deeper than that. Here a candle is put into your hands, and your guide with another leads the way. Woe be to you, if you have not previously changed your dress for one better suited to the lower regions, than that usually patronised by gentlemen in the upper world. If the vein of coal be a pretty good one, you will be able to walk comfortably, without much trouble. You generally can do so in the principal road or beading. But you must keep your eyes open, or a "shocking railway accident" may occur—for here you will find railroads—and the luggage-trains, drawn, however, by horses, and not locomotive engines, are far more numerous than those on any other on which you may have chanced to travel. As you proceed, you will observe numerous passages on each side, which lead to the "stalls," in which the men work—and hard work it is. A great block is first undermined, and then cut out by wedges driven into the solid coal. If you enter at the proper time, you may find a small party in one of the passages seated upon coal, and dining and smoking. The fare is, alas, but poor; but a small party we reached, seemed very merry over their bottle of tea, and bread, and cheese, for that is the general beverage,—not that the men are tee-totallers, far from it,—too many of them manage to make up on the Saturday and Sunday for all the abstinence of the previous part of the week; but in the pit, they adopt Father Mathew's principles, and manage, on the whole, to do a good deal of hard work, and

to drive away dull care. As we saw them seated, each with a candle by his side, that shed just enough light to make darkness visible, with their brows but one shade lighter than the coal on which they were seated, they seemed fitting ministers of that

"rare old fellow
Who sate where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine."

Little else is to be seen in a coal-pit than what we have already described. There are doors by which the air is forced along the different passages; there are engines by which the water is drained off; there is the constant communication between the upper and the lower world, all going on with a methodical exactness which can only be violated with loss of life. Let the engine cease, and possibly the pit in a couple of hours would be filled with water. Let a workman—as is too often done—rashly enter his "stall" with a candle, instead of a safety lamp, and an explosion may occur, and death may be the result. There may be careless proprietors, but we know that there are careless workmen, and the distressing accidents that occur generally may be attributed to the workmen themselves. In the neighbourhood of Aberdare, about a month since, an accident took place, from carelessness, that ended in the loss of several lives. It appeared that one of the workmen, for they had just descended the pit for the purpose of commencing their morning's work, was proceeding up the heading with the Davy lamp, to see if the "stall" in which he worked was safe, when he was followed by two or three more, with naked candles in their hands. An explosion immediately occurred, and the workmen paid the penalty of their rashness with the loss of life. The following week, in the same neighbourhood, an accident attended with still more fatal consequences, and from the same lamentable recklessness, occurred. At the colliery at which it took place there are two pits, so that the weight descending into one pit enables the engine to raise the weight in the other with comparative ease. On the Friday night preceding the accident (we quote from "*The Principality*," of May the 25th), the chain belonging to one of the pits was broken, which led to the temporary suspension of the works. There was left, therefore, but one pit in working order, and the weight of materials ascending and descending must consequently have been borne by the engine itself. About one o'clock on Saturday morning, the foreman made an application to the engineer to let him down the pit, but was very properly refused, the en-

gineer wishing to ascertain by daylight whether any injury had been done to the machinery by the accident of the previous night. About four, having previously examined the engine, he let three men down, who reached the pit in safety. About seven, a contractor came to the engineer, accompanied by three or four men, and requested to be let down. The engineer remonstrated with him, being anxious to test the machinery by some dead weight. The engineer then set the engine in order, and, when the carriage was descending, perceived that a considerable number of men had entered it. They had not descended more than seven or ten yards before the engineer heard a crack or a jerk in the machinery. He instantly stopped the engine, examined it, and found it out of "gear." The unfortunate and reckless men, by this time perceiving their dangerous position, cried out for the engineer to raise them. This he attempted, but, while doing so, the engineer lost all power over the flywheel, and the natural consequence was that the poor fellows were precipitated to the bottom of the pit, nearly one hundred yards. The heavy chain which suspended the carriage then fell with great force upon them, and seven men were thus hurriedly ushered into eternity. A week or fortnight after, in the same neighbourhood, a collier, carelessly endeavouring to catch the carriage as it was descending, missed his hold, and was, as we were informed by the mineral surveyor of a pit close by, literally "dashed to pieces." Such cases are by no means rare; scarcely a week passes without an accident, more or less painful, and more or less attributable to carelessness on the part of the workmen themselves. In such cases, where the accidents could have been so easily guarded against, where it was not more trouble to be safe than the reverse, this carelessness becomes a crime, inasmuch as it needlessly causes misery, and poverty, and death. This state of things cannot be altered by an act of Parliament. The bill just brought into the House of Commons by Messrs. Duncombe, Aglionby, and Hume, "for the better ventilation of mines and collieries, and for the protection of the lives of persons in and about the same, and to make other provisions relating thereto," will not put down the evil, nor even mitigate it. The workman must himself be instructed in his duty; he must be made, if possible, a more reflecting, moral, man; he must be told that if he chooses to peril his own life, he has no right to peril that of his fellow-workmen. Too many of the colliers seem to be men to whom the common instinct that makes all men cling to life seems to have been given in vain. Not that accidents do not occur, and those of the most fearful description, for which proprietors are alone to blame, though we do not think that in the collieries in Wales,

which are not so deep, and have not been worked so long, as those in the north of England, little, if any, blame attaches to them. Science seems now to have done all that is requisite, and accidents resulting from the breakage of ropes, since the merits of Mr. Fourdrinier's plan for arresting the cage in the shaft, or from explosions, since Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's plan, of which a parliamentary committee, fourteen years back, declared "that it seemed the most perfect invention of modern times," has been proclaimed,—ought, if terminating fatally, to subject the proprietors of the collieries in which they occur to a criminal prosecution. If this were done, proprietors would at once adopt the two discoveries, neglect of which has led to such fatal results. "If the severe test to which Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's plan has been put," says the "*Morning Chronicle*," "in the extinction of the fire in the coal-mine near Manchester proves to demonstration the efficacy and extreme value of the invention; if it was possible to expel all the atmospheric air, and to force a current of carbonic acid gas, by means of high pressure steam, through every part of an extensive mine of fire, and to do this so completely as to extinguish every particle of combustion, and afterwards to free it entirely of the carbonic acid gas, and again fill the whole mine with atmospheric air—assuredly it must be possible by the same means to remove every atom of the gas called fire-damp, which, from its low specific gravity, and its consequent ascensive power, would be more readily removed than a gas like carbonic acid gas, of greater density. We would have the law made very clear on this head, and would have it plainly enforced wherever an accident occurs that might have been foreseen and prevented. In 1847, there were 623 persons killed, and 196 seriously wounded by explosions in coal mines. Last year there were 446 killed, and 158 disabled for life. If proprietors were held personally responsible for accidents that human foresight could have prevented, let them bear the severest punishment her laws can impose. This would answer quite as well as the government inspectors Thomas Duncombe would appoint. Let the responsibility be placed upon the proper shoulders. If proprietors of coal-mines avail themselves of all that science has done, but few accidents will occur. If they do not thus, and death ensues, let them pay the penalty. They would then be as careful as any government inspector could possibly be. Still, if people like to pay what the coal-proprietors should pay for themselves,—a few inspectors—much harm will not be done. In Belgium, the system has been tried, and with considerable success. Under this system, as Lord Wharncliffe said, in the House of Lords, on the debate

on Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney's petition, on Monday, June 11, although in Belgium there had been an increase of twenty per cent. in the amount of coal produced, and seventeen per cent. in the number of persons employed, there had been a decrease of twenty per cent. in the number of fatal accidents.) The principal provisions of Mr. Duncombe's bill are, we believe, as follows :—"Three government inspectors are to be appointed, with regular salaries, for the supervision of mines and collieries, and the protection of the lives of the persons. The wages of colliers and workmen are to be paid according to the weight of coal raised, and not to be paid at greater intervals than two weeks. Wages are also to be paid by the owners of mines to each workman severally. No gunpowder is to be used in mines where it is unsafe to work with naked lights, under a penalty of twenty pounds." Against them we have nothing to offer. They are such as must commend themselves to common sense. Still, we cannot see that government inspectors are better fitted to examine the condition of mines, than the parties connected with them. Accidents are at any rate very expensive ; several of them, in the course of a year would sadly interfere with the annual dividend. This will induce coal proprietors to guard against them as much as possible, if we give them no credit for the possession of higher principles ; though most of them (we can only speak, however, of those in South Wales,) are humane and intelligent men.

Far be it from us, however, to treat the collier with indifference or neglect. We deem him a most valuable member of society. England owes him much. It is to such as he that she is indebted for the proud position she at present maintains amongst the nations of the earth. Without our collieries we should be as Sampson without his hair ; and, for the welfare of those who work in them, we would leave no means unemployed. Like too many of the operatives, they are thoughtless ; and spend, when they are well, what, if saved, would gradually make them independent men. Generally paid according to the weight of coal they raise, they leave off working as soon as they have gained sufficient for temporary wants. When a fellow-workman dies, there is no work done at the colliery in which he was employed, till he is buried. This, though it originated in a feeling that all must respect, occasions great loss of time. There are men who have emerged from their position, and have won for themselves a respectable standing in society, but these are the exceptions. Such a man was George Stephenson, who has left a name and an example that Englishmen, we trust, will never forget ; but they are too little

cared for; and their moral and intellectual natures are but little cultivated. The church cannot keep up with the vast increase of population, that the collieries and iron works of South Wales have attracted there. Consequently, the field is left to dissent; even that, though it grapples with many of the ills arising from an immense population, does not effectually remove them. It is of too dogmatic a character; it does not sufficiently call out the energies of the thinking and reflective man; it leaves him in utter ignorance of the laws of his own being, or of the vast operations of nature around him. Hence the Welsh religion is the religion more of the heart than of the head; more of impulse than of principle; dependent more upon internal sensations, than eternal truths. The most extravagant forms of religion have, in consequence, a shelter in Wales. Here, in times past, the Jumpers waxed strong; here, at the present time, the Mormonites preach baptism with the remission of sins, and anoint their sick, according to the language of the apostles, with holy oil. Every week, the Welsh papers contain accounts of the proceedings of this extraordinary people, and in more than one instance have this class narrowly escaped being tried for manslaughter. We believe, that before long, that crime will be brought home to their charge.

While we write, attention is being called to the sanitary state of the colliers. The cholera is now making considerable ravages in Merthyr; nor are we surprised at this. The domestic arrangements in most of the mining districts are precisely such as will best engender disease. At all times the mortality is much higher in them than elsewhere, as will appear by the following contrast, taken from the Westminster Review, between Treganon, the most healthy, and Merthyr, the least healthy district in South Wales. The average period of all deaths in Treganon is forty-one years and nine months; in Merthyr, eighteen years, two months. The average period of all deaths above twenty years, is, in Treganon, sixty years, six months; in Merthyr, forty-seven years, ten months; while the corresponding periods, in Holywell, the most healthy district in North Wales, are forty years, seven months, and sixty-two years. In Treganon, twelve,—one per cent. of the population,—live to between eighty and ninety; in Merthyr, 2·6 per cent. only. Hence, taking Treganon as the zero, each individual loses twenty-three years, seven months, or four-sevenths of life, by residing in Merthyr; and each adult loses twelve years, eight months. Certainly, a most awful state of things. The cause of this, undoubtedly, is found in the wretched civil economy of these districts. The footways are seldom flagged, the streets are ill-paved; there are few under-ground sewers,

no house drains, and the open gutters are not regularly cleared out. Dust-bins exist not, and privies are almost unknown—one to every ten or twenty houses being the general allowance; the supply of water is deficient, and the houses are utterly unfit for the preservation of health. Whole families are frequently crowded into one chamber. At a meeting held at Merthyr, in May last, by the government, for the purpose of inquiring into the sanitary condition of the town, the Rev. Evan Jenkins, rector of Dowlais, said: "As for Dowlais, it was notorious for its unhealthy sanitary condition, though nature had done much for its cleanliness, as the houses are built on the side of the hill. The population of Dowlais, according to the last census, was about sixteen thousand, and there was nothing in wet weather but mud and dirt in every direction. Some time last winter, he observed a horse and cart quite fast in the mud. There were no necessities to one in every twenty, no, not to one in every forty of the houses; and, in a voluntary excursion he made last winter, he reckoned not less than one hundred heaps of soil, and those within thirty yards of houses inhabited by a hundred able-bodied Irishmen, whom he found playing a game. He had asked the honourable member for the borough, if there was no remedy to this state of things, and also the magistrates, and was told in each instance there was none. He had gone to many proprietors of houses to ask, if they would make the necessary conveniences for their houses, and had met with no encouragement from them. As for the supply of water, he had the authority of Mr. Crawshay and Sir John Guest, that such a speculation would pay ten per cent. for the money laid out in water-works, and Sir John was willing to take one-fifth of the number of shares in such undertaking. That was a sufficient proof of his sincerity. As for the supply of water, there were dozens and scores of women waiting at the pistyle (spout) for water at all hours of the day till ten at night, and the language and scenes in such place was horrid to every right-minded man. Much immorality ensues from the people congregating by the pistyle. The water also was unwholesome, and in many instances almost poisonous." And yet this state of things is by no means a matter of necessity. Merthyr stands five hundred, and Dowlais, one thousand feet above the sea; they are both in healthy positions. The excessive average of mortality exhibited in this beyond other districts, is solely the consequence of man's thoughtlessness and neglect.

It must be remembered, however, that these districts have been so densely populated almost within one generation. Fifty years back, Merthyr was but a village. In 1801, the population of Merthyr was about 7000. In 1841, it had increased to

34,977. The mining districts of Wales draft off labourers from all the rest of England. Of the 62,393 persons inhabiting the four Monmouthshire parishes, 32,170 were born out of that county; and of the 63,312 persons inhabiting the Glamorganshire parishes, 27,574 were born out of that county. Some of the works are very large. A writer to whom we have already referred says, "It is not easy to obtain the number of men employed in an iron work, since much of the labour is let to under masters, or contractors. Sir John Guest, with eighteen furnaces in blast, employed directly above 5000 persons, in the proportion of about 80 per cent. male adults, 6 per cent. female adults, and 14 per cent. children; and if we assume generally from 280 to 300 persons to be employed for every blast furnace, we shall have a male adult population directly employed about Merthyr of towards 10,300 persons, which is certainly under the truth. The payments are in cash; and it will readily be believed that to provide a regular supply of coin for works of such magnitude, where the monthly wages have amounted to £20,000, is a business of much care and anxiety. The iron trade is so closely connected with coals and collieries, that we must state that there are in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire 161 blast furnaces, and in the anthracite districts of Glamorgan, Brecon, Carmarthen, and Pembroke, shires, 192.*

The mineral basin of South Wales daily increases in value. Much of the coal it contains being best adapted to steam navigation, is shipped to every quarter of the globe, to the "Ultima Thule," as well as to the "farthest Ind;" nor is there any fear that it will prove inadequate to the demands made upon it by avaricious man. The area of the South Wales coal field, from Knapp's and the Ordnance Geological Maps, appears to comprise a total of 1045 square miles, which may be thus distributed:—

	Bituminous Coal. Square Miles.	Anthracite. Square Miles.
Monmouthshire	110	—
Breconshire	—	78
Glamorganshire	452	84
Carmarthenshire	155	85
Pembrokeshire	—	81

In the common way of working, each square mile is supposed to yield 64,000,000 tons of coal. At any rate, we may rest in peace, there can be no doubt but that this coal field is sufficient

* Vide the speech delivered at Swansea, at the annual meeting of the British Association in that town, 11th August, 1848, by T. W. Booker, Esq.

to supply the consumption of Great Britain, now estimated at 25,000,000 per annum, for thousands of years to come. The annual returns just published will show the immense coal trade of England during the past year. From these we find the total quantities shipped to other ports in the United Kingdom, in 1848, to have been 9,074,079 tons, being an increase over 1847 of 199,480 tons. The principal of these shipments were from the following ports :—

Ports.	Coals.	Cinders.	Culm.	Total.
Newcastle . .	2,243,177	30,497	—	2,273,674
Sunderland . .	1,910,148	1,664	—	1,911,812
Hartlepool . .	920,745	1,823	—	922,568
Stockton . .	548,401	8,549	—	556,950
Cardiff . .	544,196	2,765	—	546,961
Newport . .	429,217	—	—	429,217
Swansea . .	224,277	48	168,046	392,371
Whitehaven . .	291,255	—	4,310	295,565
Llanelly . .	192,222	—	47,664	239,886
Irvine . .	221,803	—	—	221,803
Shields . .	213,455	1,254	—	214,709
Maryport . .	172,420	7,256	3,563	183,239
Goole . .	143,688	291	—	143,970
Gloucester . .	117,650	—	458	118,108
Chester . .	100,340	—	—	100,340
Sundry other ports	481,606	2,964	38,797	522,906
Total . . tons	8,754,130	57,111	262,838	9,074,079

The total quantity of coal, cinders, and culm exported to foreign countries and the British settlements, have been 2,785,300 tons, being of the total value of £1,088,221, showing an increase over 1847 of 302,149 tons, and £119,719. Of this quantity, there were exported from England 2,511,429 tons, of the value of £986,184; Scotland, 257,154 tons, value £97,667; and Ireland, 6,717 tons, value £4370. The following are the principal places to which these exports were forwarded :—

Countries.	Tons.	Value.
France	565,956	£197,458
Hanseatic Towns	286,690	91,058
Russia	197,801	71,525
Italy	151,466	66,425
Denmark	198,427	61,160
Prussia	168,258	54,432
British West Indies	92,446	53,553
Spain and the Canaries	109,885	52,735
Holland	145,349	49,019
Carried forward	1,916,278	697,365

Countries.	Tons.	Value.
Brought forward . . .	1,916,278	697,365
British North American Colonies	80,785	34,467
Malta	77,026	33,807
United States of America . .	57,608	32,086
British Territories, East Indies	51,778	30,463
Channel Islands	62,294	27,117
Foreign West Indies	53,137	25,424
Turkey	57,026	25,176
Brazil	51,677	23,130
Egypt	38,837	15,931
Portugal, Azores, Madeira . .	39,710	15,554
Sweden	48,500	15,044
Norway	47,369	14,947
Chili	24,094	12,134
Aden	19,047	10,995
Cape of Good Hope	17,497	10,196
Sundry other places	142,737	64,185
<hr/>		
Total tons	2,785,400	£1,088,021

Of this total quantity there has been exported—Coal, 2,699,468 tons; cinders, 82,908 tons; culm, 2,924 tons—making the total 2,785,300 tons, on which the amount of duty levied on coal exported in foreign bottoms, not entitled to the privileges conferred by treaties of reciprocity, at 4s. per ton, has been £4,393 2s. 10d. The coals brought into the port of London in 1848, were—coastways, 3,418,340 tons; inland navigation and land carriage, 60,849 tons—making a total of 3,479,189 tons—showing increase over 1847 of 156,802 tons.

To complete the subject, we may add that Belgium produces annually, 4,960,077 tons of coal; France, 4,141,617; United States, 4,400,000; Prussia, 3,500,000; Austria, 700,000.

Nor can we leave this part of our subject without remarking how wonderfully nature seems to have destined England to be the workshop of the world. She sent here the Saxon race; she filled the bowels of the land with ores more valuable than those of silver or of gold. To France and Spain, she gave wine; to the countries lying on the Baltic, timber and grain; to Lombardy, its rich silk; to Calabria, its oil; to Ceylon, its spices; to Persia, its pearls; to California, its glittering gold; but she has given us the iron and the coal, without which all her other gifts were vain, and with which all else can be purchased. To the rank we take amidst the nations of the earth, we were destined by nature herself. Ours is not the blue sky of Italy, nor the warm breath of "the sunny south;" but it is an atmosphere that fits man for persevering industry, and daily toil. Let us then brace up ourselves for our mission—let us proclaim the dignity

of labour, its beneficent effects, its more than magical results—
 Let the workman, whether he stand at the loom or toil in the
 dark recesses of the mine, be deemed “an honourable man;”
 that thus the world may be the better for our deeds, and that
 thus we may be foremost in the glorious work of

“Teaching the nations how to live.”

MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

My father's picture! I must gaze—on *this* his day of birth:—
 'Tis beautiful:—he ranked among the gifted of the earth;
 A stern, deep sadness resteth—and in the clear, proud eye,
 I read the love of power and fame that marked his destiny.

Prophetic sadness resteth—he was young and ardent then—
 His gentle mien—his noble heart—I have heard sung of men:
 I may not dwell on this dear theme, nor raise the shadowy veil,
 Enfolding memories of the past—the past—that buried tale.

He took me from my nurse's arms, to press me to his breast—
 His tears fell on his youngest one, as thus he wept, and blest.
 Dear father! I remember well those blessings on my head,
 Though thou so long hast mouldered amid the slumbering dead.

That fond, and last embrace—in silent haste and tears,—
 That lonely, last farewell—and childhood's trembling fears,—
 Round my heart strings rest entwined, for once I heard it said,
 That angels hover round her path,—for whom such tears are
 shed!

What heritage hast left thy child?—what hopes doth she espy?
 Hath her pilgrimage been brightened by the angel presence
 nigh?

What heritage hast left thy child?—how hath her lot been sped?
 Have flowers sprung up around her path?—have honours bowed
 her head?

C. A. M. W.

THE SECRETARY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK,"—"GUARDS, HUSSARS, AND
INFANTRY,"—"THE BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.*

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

BYRON.

THE feelings with which Frederick Garston took his way towards Grosvenor-square, were of a very novel and conflicting nature. He, whose whole existence had passed in the obscurity of the Borough-road, and whose ideas until lately had never soared beyond its precincts, now found the *reality* far exceeding what, since the knowledge of his former history, he could have wished for.

By a mere accident or chance occurrence he had raised up for himself a friend in a powerful noble, a man of high rank, wealth, and honours, and one of whom the world uttered nothing in disparagement. Could he but improve the advantages thus thrown in his way; could he but succeed in causing the interest which his new patron had expressed in his favour to ripen into a feeling of regard, what might he not expect as the result of such patronage? And, indulging in similar wild and chimerical anticipations, our hero blithely proceeded on his road; but quickly arose to his imagination the odium with which he felt confident he must be regarded, when the doubts relative to his parentage became known. But his was not an age at which to dwell too long on the gloomy side of the picture, and conscious of never having been guilty of an action, the discovery of which could cast a stigma on his character, he endeavoured to banish all painful remembrances, and encourage none but agreeable anticipations.

Thus resolved, the streets one after another faded in the distance behind him, and in a short time he found himself

* Continued from page 193, vol. lv.

standing in front of the Marquis of Blanchard's mansion. The knocker was raised, and immediately, in answer to the summons, appeared a goodly sized gentleman, who, as if he took his cognomen from the beverage wherewith it was his constant wont to refresh himself, stood confessed the *porter* of the hall. This appendage to the establishment of the great had risen from his Dutch oven-shaped chair in a not very enviable state of mind, as the knock of Frederick Garston—a knock seldom heard at that hour of the morning—awoke him from a most delicious nap, having been lured thereto by the perusal of those two most edifying works yclept the “Court Guide,” and the equally interesting “Newgate Calendar.”

The first intention on the part of the worthy domestic was to treat the voice of the knocker with silent contempt; but the gratuitous piece of information conveyed by a fellow servant *en passant* that the said knocker actually *had* knocked, compelled the unwilling guardian of the house to quit his comfortable repose.

“Your name, sir,” demanded the Cerberus, in immediate reply to the question whether “the Marquis of Blanchard was at home, “your name, sir, if you please.”

Now of all the questions which could at that moment have been asked the visitor, none could so thoroughly have disconcerted him, for with the echo of the surly tones of the porter rose up in dread array those many dismal suggestions, which had too deeply taken root in his mind, and over which he was now so incessantly brooding. What his reply might have been, conjecture alone can solve: probably none, as he had already half turned from the door, apparently for the purpose of departing without further attempt at obtaining an entrance, when his progress was arrested by the voice of the marquis himself, who, on crossing the hall from the library, saw his young friend of the previous evening standing without.

“Ah!” cried Lord Blanchard, “my gallant deliverer, come in, come in. Why do you stand there? Kitson,” he continued, addressing the porter, “why did you not ring, and desire some of the people to show this gentleman to my room, instantly on his arrival? Mind, he is never to be kept waiting again. And now, my young friend,” turning to Garston, “let me welcome you to my abode, where I hope I shall often have the pleasure of seeing you. But come along, as I am anxious to introduce you to one who will thank you as sincerely for your brave conduct of last evening as I would do, had I power to express my feelings,” and leading the way, the warm-hearted and truly benevolent peer opened an adjoining door, and beckoned his young follower to advance.

The room in which they now found themselves betrayed unequivocal symptoms of being the abode of a lady, the numerous elegancies and signs of female accomplishment bearing indisputable testimony of the fact. It was a small apartment, but in the very diminutiveness of its size consisted that most welcome of all English luxuries, comfort; and all that opulence, guided by good taste, could command, or even the most fastidious desire, was lavishly expended on that enchanting boudoir, while the rose-coloured silk curtains, which hung in rich festoons around the windows, cast a softly subdued, yet beautiful hue over all within the influence of their shade.

In brief, it was one of those more than delightful spots which the very, very few privileged are permitted to enter, and from whence the many are irremediably excluded. There is an air of refinement, a mysterious yet delicious languor that seems ever to hover over these lovely haunts,—at least, such of those as have fallen to our lot to obtain opportunity of viewing,—and so unlike are they to the apartments which it is the less favoured fate of men to inhabit, that we know not how to compare them, unless it be to those ideal chambers the youthful imagination will conjure up after an all-engrossing perusal of that wonder of wonders, the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments.”

Enchanting as the numerous beauties within that room might have appeared, the most lovely and perfect of all was the only being endowed with life, who stood as a fair and protecting deity, surrounded by all of inanimate nature that was bright and beauteous to gaze upon. It was a boudoir, the occupancy of which rested solely at the will of Emily Beecher.

We have attempted a slight sketch of this fair creature in the preceding chapter, and would therefore fain avoid a repetition; the more so as the difficulties that present themselves, when anxious to describe perfection, are far less easy to surmount than the facility with which the reverse side of the picture can be painted. And why should it be so? We see no reason, unless it is that whatever is constantly before our eyes, and accordingly most familiar to our observation, is more readily brought home to our scrutiny than is the case with what we seldom hear of and hardly ever encounter.

Frederick Garston’s knowledge of the female character was, as may be supposed, superficial in the extreme; and, indeed, the specimens that in his contracted sphere had been brought under his notice, formed, if taken as a sample of the sex, but small encouragement to induce farther acquaintance. The patients, or, what is the same thing, acquaintances, of Dr. Glitzom, though highly respectable, and what may be termed most excellent people, were as unlike in appearance to the lovely

vision now brought before Frederick Garston's eyes as though they belonged not to the same genus; and certain it is that no naturalist could by any possible theory have found it practicable to class them together. As for the mind of the fair creature he then gazed on, it was to him as a *terra incognita*, an unknown country, the beauties and imperfections of which were alike hidden.

So totally dissimilar was everything he then beheld from what he had been accustomed to, and so awe-struck was he with the extreme beauty of the being before him, that the visitor hesitated on the threshold of the chamber, which seemed to him as the entrance to some ideal palace.

"Come in, my young friend, come in," kindly said the Marquis, in an encouraging tone, on witnessing the embarrassment of his guest, and which he justly attributed to the novelty of his situation. "Come in; and now I must introduce you to my niece, who, if I mistake not, appreciates the good services you last evening afforded me, with as much, if not more, sincerity than those who may profess more loudly."

"Indeed, indeed, my dear uncle," replied the beautiful girl, "you only do me justice in so saying, for any one who has been of the slightest service to you, much more who has been instrumental in preserving your life, must ever claim a large portion of my regard;" and in thus saying, she held out the smallest white hand imaginable towards her new acquaintance, with the frank ingenuousness of a person whose heart prompted the words which the lips had just uttered.

So absorbed had been the mind of Emily Beecher with the recollection of the anxiety she had suffered on the previous night, and the joy with which she had hailed her uncle's return home, that until she felt the slight and respectful pressure with which Frederick Garston saluted her proffered courtesy, she had paid but little attention to his person. Now, however, it was that, on raising her eyes to his countenance, she was struck with the great similarity of his features to those of her cousin; yet she could not disguise from herself that the comparison was thus almost involuntarily drawing between them, did not tend to the advantage of the latter. There was a genuine nobleness in the countenance she then looked on, that bespoke the power to frame, and the determination to execute, whatever his judgment might prompt him to undertake.

If the appearance of Frederick Garston occasioned some little interest in the thoughts of the lady, how much more indelibly was every feature of her beaming countenance impressed on his recollection! nor would it have been possible for any one, however great a philosopher, to have met the gaze of those so

blue eyes, without acknowledging the fallacy of all stoical reasoning, and bending at once beneath the bonds, light yet strong as adamant, which a single glance was sufficient to rivet.

What then might have been expected of a mere boy—a tyro in the world, unknowing and unknown, who suddenly found himself accosted in words of kindness, nay, even friendship, by one who appeared to him a being far superior to any earthly creature that had ever come under his cognizance?

The few words which he endeavoured to utter were scarcely audible, as they escaped his lips; and the purport of their meaning never reached the ears of those to whom he addressed himself. Bashful as he was, yet no taint of vulgarity was added to his at first awkward demeanour; nor was the favourable impression which he had made in any degree deteriorated from in the lady's opinion, when witnessing the feeling nearly approaching to awe, with which it was plain her presence had inspired him.

Some short time elapsed before Frederick Garston completely recovered that command over himself, which his astonishment and admiration had somewhat shaken; and after a prolonged interview, principally engrossed with expressions of thanks on the one side, and disinclination to acknowledge the extent of the obligation on the other, the Marquis proposed that his new acquaintance should accompany him to the library, as he had a communication to make which he deemed it unnecessary for the presence of a third person to witness. Accordingly, after an expressed wish on the part of Emily that she might again have the pleasure of seeing him on some future occasion, Frederick Garston was led away from the enchanting spot, and soon found himself in the much more business-looking apartment of the Marquis.

"Take a chair, my young friend," kindly said the old peer, on closing the door after their entrance; "take a chair: and now allow me the opportunity of saying a few words, which, possibly, may in some measure influence your future destiny through life."

Frederick Garston merely bowed in reply, for what had he otherwise to do than patiently await the revelation of the means whereby his prospects in life were to be altered.

"I need not again repeat," continued the Marquis, "the full sense which I entertain of the obligation under which your gallant conduct has placed me; and, therefore, it is my most earnest desire to endeavour, in some small measure, to liquidate the debt, by whatever means you may deem most desirable, in benefiting you and your father.

"My father!" exclaimed Frederick, in a tone of surprise considerably greater than the occasion seemed to merit.

"Said I not rightly when I named your father?" replied the Marquis.

"My father, my lord, has long been dead," answered his companion mournfully.

"Pardon me," instantly interrupted the Marquis, seeing he had unintentionally given pain. "It was a mistake on my part, but you will allow, a natural one."

"Perfectly so, my lord," answered Frederick Garston, "and I consider it would be but just on my part to state as succinctly as possible, that between Dr. Glitzom and myself no relationship whatever exists; yet to his kindness am I indebted for every comfort I possess; and to him I owe and feel the deepest gratitude."

"Highly creditable to yourself that you entertain such sentiments towards your benefactor," interrupted the Marquis, "and most delighted shall I feel if in any way you can point out a mode by which I can by myself, or through what interest I may possess, prove beneficial towards you. Nay, nay," he continued, seeing him about to speak, "do not interrupt me, I pray you: wait until you hear my proposition, and then if not suited to your views, frankly and undisguisedly open your mind. Early as the hour is, I have already gained such particulars regarding your conduct, as fully justify my taking the step which I propose in favour of a stranger, the more so as I feel a strong desire, which I can but partially account for, to have you near me."

Here the young auditor again bowed, and patiently resumed his attentive position, anxious to know what next it might please his noble friend to propound.

"In the first place, however," resumed the Marquis, "have you any friends except Dr. Glitzom, whose approval it will be necessary to obtain, prior to deciding on any change in your prospects?"

"None," was the reply.

"None?" echoed the peer, betraying in his voice some slight astonishment in the repetition. "Have you no friends, none whose assistance in placing you in the respectable situation of life wherein I found you, would of course entitle them to the right of being consulted on such a subject. Are there none?"

"None, my lord," was again repeated, and with greater firmness than before.

"Then," replied the nobleman, "we shall perhaps have fewer difficulties to encounter, but possibly Dr. Glitzom would expect to be consulted."

"Most indisputably, my lord," answered Frederick Garston; "nor should I feel myself justified in any way, were I to enter upon a step of moment without the sanction and approval of him who has ever been to me as a father, and without whose aid I might have perished."

"Poor boy! poor boy!" ejaculated the Marquis, "and did Dr. Glitzom do all this for you?"

"He did, my lord, and far more," was the instant rejoinder. "He found me an orphan, without shelter, without food, and moreover, without a friend in the wide world."

"Had not your father's friends any claim upon him, either from relationship or acquaintance?" interrupted his interrogator.

"None, whatever," replied Frederick Garston: "my very existence, until the period when he carried me to his home, was to him unknown. He found me desolate, and destitute of the common necessities of life; and from that moment has ever treated me with the kindness and affection of a parent." And during this brief recital, the fine countenance of the speaker brightened from the enthusiasm with which he recorded the kind actions of his generous friend.

"The agitation which your features pourtray," said the peer, "does honour to your heart, and were it not trespassing on your feelings somewhat farther than delicacy might sanction, I would willingly learn from your lips the particulars of the occurrence you have hinted at."

"Most willingly, my lord," said the young man, "most cheerfully will I impart all that has come to my knowledge, and would that I could add more than veracity will permit."

Thus saying, Frederick Garston repeated to Lord Blanchard, word for word, the story which he had so often heard from Dr. Glitzom; and it was not until he had finished the tale, and raised his eyes to the peer's face, on its conclusion, that he remarked the ashy paleness which overspread the old nobleman's features, and the abstracted look with which he gazed on vacancy.

Probably the cessation of sound from the speaker's voice aroused him from his reverie: for no sooner had the narrative reached its termination, than slowly rising from his seat without comment or inquiry, Lord Blanchard reached the room door, and murmuring to himself, rather than addressing his companion,—*"Strange! most strange!"*—he instantly quitted the apartment.

However singular the detail might have appeared to the Marquis, Frederick Garston considered his lordship's conduct as equally strange, and it was only on looking around, and re-assuring himself that he was alone, that the sudden change in Lord

Blanchard's manner seemed otherwise than a dream. But the certainty in finding himself where he was, quickly dissipated the idea that what had that moment taken place was based on aught save indisputable reality.

It is not every one who, under similar circumstances, would have felt as uncomfortable and perplexed as was the case with Frederick Garston at that moment; and in fact, so unacquainted was he with the customs and habits of the higher classes of society, that he was wholly at a loss how to act.

While pondering within himself whether or no it would be advisable to pull the bell, and request to be shown into the street, Lord Blanchard again made his appearance, and placing himself in a chair immediately fronting his visitor, begged him to resume the thread of the story which his temporary indisposition had cut short; and on being told that nothing further remained to be divulged—at least so far as had come within the cognizance of the narrator—his lordship immediately reverted to his former proposal.

"The offer which I have already hinted at," resumed his lordship, "and which I still hope you may be induced to accept—is the office of performing the duties of my private secretary—the labour you will find far from heavy—the emoluments I leave to the decision of Dr. Glitzom and yourself—I shall wish you to reside with me; and in all respects shall consider you more as one of my own family, than as a confidential dependant."

"However, as I before said, should any other more eligible mode of furthering your plans and wishes suggest itself to your mind, be sure and apprise me of it; and rest confident I will exert myself to the utmost in your favour.

"I will not longer detain you," continued the Marquis, but before you give a decided answer to my offer, I wish you to weigh well what you consider the advantages—if any—as well as the disadvantages, to be derived from adopting this course. As soon as you have finally fixed the matter in your mind, let me see you again; until when, my young friend, farewell." And with a cordial shake of the hand still tingling on his fingers, our hero found himself retracing his steps towards Westminster Bridge.

But, although the day was beautiful, and the thoroughfare crowded, onward he passed, without heeding the many obstructions that impeded his way; for notwithstanding his body still travelled towards its goal, the mind was far otherwise engaged.

At that moment his thoughts were in Grosvenor Square; and the generous offer of the Marquis still rung in his ear.

Private secretary, with its many advantages! Was not that a princely offer, and to be made to him, a stranger, and un-

known? Moreover, to reside in the same house with the beautiful creature he had that day not only seen, but spoken to—to live under the identical roof with Emily Beecher—to—but, pshaw! what was that to him—what could he ever expect to be to her, or she towards him?

Perhaps as the dependant of her uncle, he might occasionally catch a ray of kindness as it beamed on him in common with the rest of the family. What more—he asked himself—could *he* expect from one so eminently gifted, and placed so far beyond him, in all worldly advantages?

But why pursue the train of thought further? Emily Beecher never could be anything to him—of course not, never; and dismissing, as he imagined, her image from his thoughts, he hastened onwards towards Dr. Glitzom's abode.

CHAPTER VI.

"What say you? Can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast?"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"My dear Mary," said Mr. Vernon, when preparing to leave his daughter's society for his daily routine of office calculations, "recollect, my dear Mary, that I have invited Lord Dropmore, Sir George Elms, and Colonel Handstop to dinner, this day. It is therefore my wish that no expense be spared. Let every thing be procured that money will purchase. Have the table beautifully arranged, and desire Benjamin to put the new epergne on the sideboard. But, above all, I shall expect to behold you looking the very sum total of loveliness and good humour." Thus saying, and affectionately kissing his daughter's forehead, the precise old merchant bent his steps towards his desk.

Mary Vernon was an only child, and, having lost her mother at a very early period of her existence, had from infancy been the constant companion of her calculating, but fondly attached, parent.

Shrewd and observing as the eccentric old man was, it is not to be supposed that the advantages of education were by him cheaply estimated, or viewed as a matter of small importance; far otherwise, for having learned by experience, that surest of

all monitors, deeply to deplore his own deficiencies, he resolved that so great a drawback should not be entailed upon his daughter. In prosecuting this determination, masters of all branches of science were summoned to add their quota of instruction to the fund of knowledge fast accumulating; and, had not the sound sense and excellent taste of the pupil laid out a course of study to pursue, the immense mass of wisdom by which she was surrounded could have served but to mystify and confuse, where it was intended to benefit.

Fortunately, it so turned out that the young heiress contrived to cull some of the choicest flowers of literature, while the weeds were passed by untouched; and, as her increasing years added to the beauty of her form, so her mind readily received the instruction which it was her delight to cultivate, and each succeeding hour bore witness that the labour had not been bestowed in vain.

Great and numerous are the disadvantages under which a girl necessarily struggles, when deprived of the watchful guidance of a mother's care. For, although, as in the case of Mary Vernon, the most affectionate solicitude for her every wish and comfort was lavished by her indulgent father, yet nothing can compensate for the loss of that never-ceasing, never-tiring watchfulness which nature has so firmly implanted in the maternal breast.

The hereditary, the wealthy, and the noble have in most instances numerous connections and relatives whose ready assistance and support may on such occasions be safely counted on. From all quarters spring up friends, and professions of attachment, and probably more than one advantageous proposal is made for educating the little mourner, in companionship more suited to her age than must be the case were she to remain beneath the roof of her sorrowing and widowed parent.

Yet, when the now affluent merchant encountered his bereavement, when his child, a mere infant, most needed the attention of her now lost to him for ever, were any offers of aid, or kindly attempts at consolation, hazarded? None. Where were the affectionate relatives, the soothing comfort of the voice of friendship, to condole with, even if they could not alleviate, the anguish of the bereaved?

Cast upon the world, unknowing and unknown, friendless, nameless, and a beggar, the neglected orphan boy, destined hereafter to be the possessor of immense wealth, began his unpromising career. Little by little, industry laid the foundation of that store which parsimony and never-sleeping vigilance in time amassed, until at last, from one of those wretched outcasts, whose miseries seem the all they can claim as their in-

heritance, the barefooted suppliant for charity verged into the rich and influential merchant we have described.

Eventually, his extreme frugality and regular mode of life attracted the attention of those to whose employment his industrious habits had gained him admission.

From the lowest grade in the establishment he gradually ascended; and such was the dependence placed on the unswerving rectitude of his conduct that, through the generosity of his patrons, added to an undeviating attention to self-interest, he eventually raised himself to an equality with the most wealthy of the firm.

From his earliest recollection not an instance could he call to mind when his all-engrossing pursuit—the attainment of money—was made subservient to other passions. The natural result may readily be conceived. The name of friendship, save as connected with his mercantile partners, was to him unknown. Acquaintance he possessed neither time nor inclination to cultivate; but, wrapped up entirely in his own projects of self-aggrandizement, George Vernon passed amid the busy crowd uncaring and uncared for.

But a time was fast approaching, when a new era in his existence was destined to break forth, for, although cold, shrewd, and rigidly austere in his manner towards those whom business necessarily forced on his society, yet, unknown even to himself, there beat beneath the rugged exterior a heart replete with human kindness, and capable of deriving from its own acts that greatest of all happiness, the consciousness of doing good.

Nevertheless, opportunity had never offered for the development of those hidden, yet exalted, qualities; for so wholly absorbed was he in the one great object of his existence, that seldom a vision passed before his mind, even in sleep, unconnected with his one principal aim—the speedy increase of his worldly wealth.

Marriage, its cares, happiness, and evils, never for a moment crossed his imagination. The word was unknown in his ledger, nor had he ever encountered it in an invoice. What, then, could marriage be to him? What advantage could accrue? what benefit arise? Its duties and obligations seemed to him but as a sealed book, the leaves of which he had neither curiosity nor inclination to examine.

In this frame of mind time passed rapidly away, the fortunes of their house rapidly improving under the wary and judicious management of Vernon, his own reputation and character for punctuality, sagacity, and upright dealing, keeping progress in a similar ratio. Then it was, to the unspeakable astonishment of the junior member of the firm, the hand of the only daughter

of his patron was proffered by the mercantile parent, wherewith to repay in some measure the enormous advantages he still derived from Vernon's sedulous attention to business, as well as more firmly to bind up the interests and abilities of his intended son-in-law with the well-doing of the establishment.

This apparently generous offer opened to the mind of the young man a new field wherein to cultivate feelings and ideas to which his breast had hitherto been a stranger; and the devoted affection and undeviating kindness with which he ever treated his wife until she breathed her last, found vent, as it were, the more rapidly, for having been so long hidden and suppressed under a chilling exterior.

Upon his marriage, a visible alteration took place in the demeanour of the merchant. From the silent, cogitative calculator, he became the agreeable companion, and social friend; yet never for an instant did he lose sight of what he still looked on as the great aim of life,—the art of amassing money.

From this state of existence George Vernon awoke to a sense of the irreparable loss he encountered by the death of his wife, leaving the remembrance of the happiest period of his days but as a dream, the reality of which he might often have been tempted to doubt, had not the presence of the little Mary supplied the connecting link between the felicity which had once been his own, and the long years of sorrow which he was henceforth destined to encounter.

All the tenderness of his disposition, the soft and kindlier feelings of his heart, which late events had, as it were, thawed into existence, now poured into one channel, and centred in the engrossing occupation of watching over and guarding his delicate, his only child.

It has already been said that the education of the daughter far surpassed any polish or acquirements possessed by the father; and, to many children, the comparison between their own accomplishments and the deficiencies of their parent, unavoidably springing up continually before them, does not fail to lessen the paternal respect which a child should never cease to feel; and it not unfrequently happens that a diminution of that feeling sows the seed of a more deadly enemy to the child's happiness, a sentiment somewhat approaching to contempt.

The origin of her father's entrance into life was well known to the daughter, and if any sentiment in relation to her parent reigned uppermost in her mind, it was a thorough conviction of the unbounded affection he had undeviatingly manifested towards herself, and a fixed determination on her part never willingly to inflict a moment's uneasiness on so indulgent a friend.

Seldom could two beings be found in their relative positions more closely bound towards each other by the silken bonds of affection ; yet never were individuals more diametrically opposed, as regarded their pursuits, occupations, and ideas.

Since the death of his wife, George Vernon had again turned his more serious attention to his mercantile pursuits ; and, as if to bury in oblivion the melancholy thoughts which, whenever unoccupied, his mind unceasingly pondered over, he allowed himself not an instant's relaxation from his labours, except when in the presence of his beloved child.

It is said that fortune seldom fails to smile on those who with steady perseverance court her favours ; and, at the time our story opens, the wealthy merchant found no cause to murmur at the niggard mode in which her bounties had been showered in his behalf.

Engrossed as his affections have been described in watching the gradual progress of his daughter from the helpless stage of infancy to the perfection of lovely womanhood, it may seem strange that, without consulting the feelings of one of the parties most interested, he should endeavour to prosecute, and, if possible, contract, a match in her behalf, which, for aught he knew, might meet with small approval from one whose happiness by this very act he confidently imagined he was endeavouring to ensure.

In his own case, marriage had been proposed and entered on solely as a matter of expediency and profit ; and having had the extraordinary good fortune to draw a prize in that most hazardous of all lotteries, and knowing nothing of the misery of its blanks, our worthy merchant never doubted for an instant but that his exertions, if crowned with success, must entail on those principally concerned not a single feeling unaccompanied with delight. He possessed wealth in abundance ; but family, rank, and station in society, were to him as things unknown. On whom would his riches descend but his daughter ? and, if a portion of that money could be employed in the purchase of what those who have it not so incessantly yearn for, would it not be well bestowed ? Wealth, rank, health, and youth, would then be hers ; and with these choice blessings, how could the old man imagine for an instant he was struggling to heap misery upon the head of her, to ensure whose happiness most willingly would he have sacrificed his existence.

Actuated by this motive, and firmly impressed with the notion that each step towards the accomplishment of his wishes was so much gained in favour of the future welfare of his child, Mr. Vernon gladly seized the opening which the difficulties of Lord Dropmore appeared so seasonably to offer. As yet he had

not hinted a word on the subject to Mary, who, ignorant of her father's motives in this instance, was naturally led to marvel, in no slight degree, as to what might have occurred which could possibly have brought about so great an innovation on their quiet habits as that betokened by her parent's orders.

It had been Mr. Vernon's policy, in the course of conversation, frequently to bring the name of Lord Dropmore on the *tapis*; but on such occasions the merchant never breathed a syllable in explanation of the intimacy subsisting between them, nor of the means whereby such acquaintance was procured. His eccentricities, follies, and by whatever other denomination the vices of the present age are wont to be characterized, formed no portion of the theme he was frequently in the habit of discussing; but in lieu thereof, long panegyrics on the antiquity of Lord Blanchard's family, their illustrious descent, the splendid achievements of their forefathers, the dignified, yet urbane, bearing of the present inheritors of the soil and title, found in him an untiring and pertinacious historian.

With no small portion of astonishment, Mary listened to these outpourings from a source which, until lately, had never been known to utter words even approaching to panegyric, or aught unconnected with "Change." Poor Mary! little could she fathom the mistaken, yet well intended, motive that actuated the declaimer; and in course of time, so accustomed did she become to the sound of Lord Dropmore's name, coupled as it invariably was with some tale or story, however mutilated, calculated to increase an interest in his favour, that it was with a feeling approaching to pleasure she learned from her father's lips that the evening of that day would make her personally acquainted with him whose name had sounded in her ears without intermission for months.

Were we to assert that the knowledge of a young, and by report, handsome nobleman, accompanied by his aristocratic friends, about to appear as guests at her table, produced neither curiosity nor excitement in the bosom of a girl of eighteen, whose knowledge of the world was so circumscribed, would be to advance somewhat beyond probability—yet, to allege that the announcement caused any extraordinary pulsation of the fair maiden's heart, or excited a paramount interest in their behalf, would be as much at variance with the truth, as to affirm that the intelligence was received with the most perfect indifference.

At that period of her life, little had occurred to shadow the sunshine of her days: her heart was light, and happy as youth and innocence could make it. Indulged in every wish—blessed with the boundless affection of a fondly-attached father—mistress

of whatever she imagined could conduce to her comfort—few there are who, in less affluent circumstances, might not have thought with envy on the position of Mary Vernon.

Far removed from the mansions of the gay, was the abode of the merchant; and dismally dark and uninviting were the outward walls of the building; and as if in imitation of the eastern dwellings of the tribe of Israel, the unpromising shell of the hut effectually baffled the curiosity of those, who, in search of rapine and plunder, passed heedlessly on, unmindful of the delicious kernel which possibly might be concealed within the rough and forbidding exterior. In short, the outside of the house in question presented nothing whereby to please the eye, or attract the attention; but having once passed the threshold—once stepped within its gloomy looking portal—it seemed as though the visitor had been gifted with the charmed piece of tapestry in the Oriental fables, and in one moment transported from scenes of discomfort and noise into a palace of peace, luxury, and beauty.

The whole interior of the building was similarly adorned; and if the possession of worldly goods can

“minister to a mind diseased,”

the most afflicted of the unhappy might have found solace there.

Gaily, and partially elated by the novelty of the occupation, Mary gladly attended to her father's behests, and though but slightly conversant with the numerous details which so important an occasion gave rise to, the lady of the mansion issued her contradictory orders, under the full belief that all which progressed favourably emanated from her own directions.

At the accustomed hour, the old gentleman returned to his luxurious abode, of which the chief ornament in his eyes was the animated face and beauteous form of his daughter. This was the day he had for so long a period looked forward to; the meeting which he had so ardently desired, and at so much personal and pecuniary expense laboured to bring about, was now to be accomplished. Again he launched forth in praise of the young nobleman, who, in a few hours, he trusted, would appear under his roof, and on whom he had fully determined to confer the enormous gift of his possessions, together with the far more valuable contingent—his daughter's hand.

The dressing-bell now summoned both father and daughter to their apartments, and another half-hour beheld them ready to receive their guests.

THE YOUNG PRECEPTRESS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

I had no girlhood—like the snowdrop, I
 Leaped, in life's bleak spring, to maturity.
 A woman ere a child, I learned to know
 How prematurely old the heart, by woe
 And work is rendered, which do antedate
 Ages more serious,—more resigned estate.
 My earliest hours devoted were to gain;
 And tedious studies racked my o'erwrought brain.
 Summer's protracted day was still employed
 In dull research,—vivacity destroyed;
 And winter's eve, when friends, for quainter jest,
 Or the light pleasures which give thought a rest,
 Assemble round the cheerful, social fire,
 By me was spent the same, until would tire
 The wearied soul, from the monotony
 That marked alone diurnal slavery.
 I used to marvel, with a sad, wild dread,
 How inconsiderate girls could toss the head,
 In that audacious wilfulness of glee,
 Which flings defiance' gaze at misery;
 Who had from infancy been gravely taught
 That every moment was with import fraught;
 That I could not more direfully aggress,
 Than to be guilty of a like excess.
 I to be gay!—Existence was so drear,
 I looked on mirth with superstitious fear,
 As if in its bright sallies,—(like the cloud,
 Which the destructive hurricane doth shroud)
 Lurked the red lightning's fierce, electric flash,
 Ready to burst in the tremendous crash;
 To hurl to scathing ruin and despair
 The giddy creatures who could rashly dare
 To sport in such a world of racking soil,
 Whose every measured hour was due to toil;
 The hard task-master, who doth onward goad
 The down-worn spirit, fainting 'neath its load.

Oh ! never, never did I recreate
In the unshackled freedom, blithe, elate,
Of that hilarious nonage, which disdains
The ceremonial schooling, that restrains
Each warm emotion, springing in the mind,
Sweet as the wild flowers, childhood loves to find
In those untrodden nooks, too coy, remote,
For aught, save innocence as pure, to note.
And yet youth was around me,—the soft air
Was balmy with its breathings.—Everywhere
It met my gaze, and flushed with golden rays
Imagination's nigh forgotten ways ;
The paths poetic, winding smooth along,
Fragrant with odours, redolent of song,
Which cheat the pilgrim, languid and debile,
Of the fatigue of every actual mile,
As still he labours through the desert sand,
To reach Medina's sin-remitting land.
The super-eminence of innocence
Pervaded every reverential sense ;
I homaged it, as Pariah, the caste
From which he is divided by the blast
Of that denunciation which down-bows
The loftiest being nature e'er endows.
A child in feeling, thought, and sympathy,
I longed, like captive bird, for liberty !
Oh ! only once, like those fair girls, to bound,
And yet not crush the daisies on the ground !
Oh ! only once, to feel my hot brow fanned
By twilight breezes,—but, no ! I was banned !
Oh ! only once, to let my wild laugh ring,
Like theirs, among the valleys echoing ;
But I must never laugh,—I must be sad,
Would it become a teacher to be glad ?
To give way to spontaneous delight,
And risk her gravity in their awed sight ?
The fear, not love, of the young, artless band,
(Ungracious task !) they forced me to command,
Who still insisted, by example, I
Must o'er my pupils gain ascendancy.
I did ; with precept, too, but at a cost,
The prize would almost have been better lost ;
For what a sacrifice of joy and health,
And all that constitutes the bosom's wealth !
To look with cold, repulsive eye on those,
(When the heart opening, like a sun-kissed rose

In its expansion, sickens to enfold)
 The shrinking creatures deeming one so cold !
 I'm happier now, for all I then endured,
 My soul, no pleasures frivolous allured
 From rectitude, nor e'en those darker deeds,
 For which the riven bosom contrite bleeds.
 My heart is vernal yet, affections bloom
 (Only to perish in the withering tomb)
 Within its fragrant bowers, and interlace
 The mournful memories I now calm retrace.
 I love the young, and in their joyous lot,
 My blighted adolescence is forgot.
 I feel, in thankfulness, my mission here
 (A glorious one !) hath been fulfilled, and dear
 Will be the guerdon I shall reap above,
 Where God privation compensates with love.
 There I shall be for ever young, my youth,
 Resplendent in the radiance of truth,
 Will shine conspicuous in the realms of light,
 While seraphs glory in the dazzling sight ;
 The seraphs I, on earth, with tears prepared
 For bliss ineffable, with Jesu shared ;
 By training them, at my youth's sacrifice ;
 Theirs so to spend, as to secure the skies !

CLARENDON ;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THEY had not travelled far, before the morning, which until
 now had been fine, changed, and it began to rain heavily. Still
 the two men and the boy trudged wearily on, rarely exchanging

* Continued from page 94, vol. lv.

a word, unless when an oath burst out as it were involuntarily, whenever a new sensation of chilliness warned them of the violence of the storm, and the inadequacy of their garments to shield them from its effects.

It was night when they entered Dover, footsore, weary, drenched to the skin, and with a sensation of craving hunger, worse than all the rest to bear. The night was dark, although it was summer, and the few people that were astir, shrunk from the gaunt, miserable beings that crawled past them, with their wild, streaming hair, haggard countenances, and clothes from which the rain fell almost as rapidly as it descended upon them. Rudd alone strode on with the haughty bearing of an American savage, lowering and terrible, even in his present degraded misery, and with his bared breast, hirsute and shaggy, his wild, gleaming eyes, gigantic stature, wretched garb, and threatening aspect, made every one he met turn out of his path, and avoid him as if he had been a pestilence.

They gained a part of the town, at length, as miserable and degraded, apparently, as themselves, where the puddle lay ankle deep in the narrow lanes they traversed, and where a foetid odour diffused itself almost in a palpable shape to their quickened senses. From roof and kennel, from window-ledges and festering styes, the rain poured remorselessly down; yet miserable and untempting as was the scene, wretches, that were human only in shape, blocked up many a dark door-way they passed, as if the dark and stormy night without could not be more appalling than the hunger and want within. Then they would pass a public-house, with the glare of the gas-lights flaming through the coarse red drapery that shrouded the lower windows, but which could not shut out—would that it could!—the wild burst of drunken revelry, the blasphemy, the discordant yells, and licentious songs, that circulated within.

Groups of drunken sailors now began to meet them, as they proceeded, several of whom pot valorously assailed them, as they passed, with scurrilous abuse, which Rudd was not slow in returning, after a more energetic fashion, which soon left two or three of their assailants sprawling in the dirt. Then Herbert felt the sea air stealing in, even over all the nauseous odours of the atmosphere; and presently, the clanking of cordage, and fluttering of sails, the hoarse cries out from shore, lights gleaming here and there, and dying away so rapidly, that they almost seemed like a delusion, until they sprang up again, perhaps fifty yards away—the sullen splash of the waves on the dark old quay, and all the sights and sounds that even in the darkest and dreariest of nights, infest any of our great seaports, told

him that for the present, his wanderings were well nigh over, and that rest and forgetfulness, at least, were at hand.

They stopped at last before a public-house of the lowest kind. Hemp, who had now become for the time the leader of the little party, saying that he would go in and reconnoitre, whilst they would remain without until he returned, Rudd assented, with his usual surly gruffness, and sitting down upon the edge of a wooden shed, surveyed the house before him as well as he could, by the dusky and uncertain twilight the murky atmosphere permitted the gaslights to diffuse.

It had once been a grand old mansion, with galleries running the full length of the entire building, and was still in parts richly decorated with carved work, blackened with time and dirt, and mouldering to decay. Many of the huge windows were stopped up with blackened boards, that flapped and creaked with every driving gust of wind, whilst not a few of those that were still in active service were patched and repaired in a way much more significative of the cheapness of old rags than of the glass they had once been able to boast of possessing. Blackened with soot, and mouldering to decay, it seemed the fitting haunt of the lawless characters the boy's imagination had already peopled it with; and it was not without a boyish thrill of terror that he followed Rudd and his companion into the dark and dirty passage that led to this house of guilt and degradation.

Opening a door, which closed again immediately they had entered, Hemp introduced them into a very large apartment, dimly lighted, and reeking with tobacco smoke, and ringing with the clash of fifty discordant voices, feminine as well as masculine. Most of the men were dressed in the garb of sailors; the women generally were only remarkable for their tawdry finery, although many were intoxicated as well. It was, in fact, only a repetition of the scene of the previous evening, although the garb of the actors was different, and their manners, if possible, still coarser and more licentious.

The towering height of Rudd instantly attracted the attention of several men in different parts of the room, who scrutinized his appearance with evident interest, which he was not slow in returning with a scowling stare. Hemp, in the mean while, had been ordering a supper of cold meat and bread to be brought to them, and seating Herbert at his side, took care to help him before he began to eat himself.

"Take a drink; it will warm you rarely, after your weary day's work, my little fellow," he said, kindly, as he held a can of smoking mulled ale to the poor little fellow's mouth. "Lad, I can tell you, my own bones ache woundily with cold

themselves, and I wouldn't care how soon I had these wet rags off my carcass, pal."

"You'll spoil that brat, Hemp," growled Rudd, with his terrific scowl; "I'll have a pretty breaking in of him again, I fancy, when we get over to Paris."

"You'll be more likely to send him to heaven, Rudd, then," rejoined the other, more gravely. "Just look how thin and weak the poor little fellow is; it's downright murder, breaking his spirit in that way."

"Hang the brat's spirit!" snarled the tyrant, tearing his meat like a famished wolf; hasn't the world broken your spirit and mine—eh?"

"Not mine, certainly."

Rudd surveyed him for a moment with a scornful smile, before he said, "You've had enough, comrade, apparently, to do so, if it is not already done. Many a hungry day and houseless night the veriest fool may read to be stamped on your face."

"There are a few lines of that kind written on it, certainly, messmate," said a burly sailor, who sat alongside of Hemp, and who had listened almost unconsciously to the turn the conversation took; "but it takes more than poverty or want either to break a man's heart, in my opinion."

Rudd wheeled round, and glared upon the man with his hyena eyes. The man returned his stare with a good-humoured smile, as he discharged a volume of smoke from the short, black pipe he had in his lips. He was a bluff, dark-eyed varlet, with grizzled hair, and bushy whiskers that looked as if every storm, from Labrador to the Indies, had blown upon them in their time, and had such a girth of chest, and herculean strength of limb, that even Rudd mingled a surly civility with his speech, as he said,

"And what, then, my hearty, does break a poor wretch's heart, if want can't?"

"A thing that we all have to answer for, more or less, messmate," rejoined the other, readily. "Our sins."

Rudd's dark lip curled with a scornful smile at such a response in such a place. "We have all enow of them, at any rate," he said, with a loud laugh.

"Your son?" demanded the other, eyeing Herbert with a commiserating glance.

"No, not exactly," rejoined Rudd, moodily. "Can you detect any likeness, that you ask?"

"Not much; he's a pretty boy, though."

"We shall get no good sitting here in our wet clothes, Hemp," said Rudd, who always disliked any notice to be taken

of Herbert by strangers. "Hadn't we better be thinking of turning in, my man?"

"Our beds are ready, whenever you like," said Hemp, who had already spoken on that point to the coarse, bloated landlady.

Herbert was already nearly asleep, and was quite stiff from the effects of cold and fatigue. Hemp gave him a rousing shake, which brought him on his legs in a moment, and, followed by Rudd, elbowed his way through the noisy crowd of drinkers, until they were once again safely out of the room.

Their sleeping place was a miserable attic, with three hammocks slung at right angles across it, from which hung the dirty ends of the accompanying ragged counterpanes and blankets. Herbert sighed, and thought of his luxurious little bedroom at Delaval, with its elegant French bed, hung with rose-coloured silk curtains, the snowy bedclothes, the pictures in their gold frames, hanging on the green walls, and the jessamine that sent its rare perfume through the open windows; then Eleanor, and Cecil, and his dead father, came flocking through his mind, and his eyes swam with the tears he durst not shed, lest they should call down a fresh beating from Rudd.

"Come, bustle, you young imp, and get those wet duds off," growled Rudd, giving him a shove that nearly threw him down. "We'll have no snivelling in the morning, harkee, after all this work. Ill or well, dead or alive, you go on with me and Hemp there."

"I'm weary and cold enough myself to fancy myself ill," rejoined Hemp, shivering from head to foot, as he proceeded to divest himself of his soaking clothes; "that whiskey, too, was as hot—"

"As a certain place you and I know only too well," retorted Rudd, fiercely, for he was beginning to domineer even over Hemp, so haughty and tyrannical was his disposition.

"Speak for yourself, friend," growled Hemp, not over well pleased, apparently, at the supposition, as he assisted Herbert to strip. "Your little fingers, my man, are ready to drop off, I see, they shake so."

"I'll shake them after another fashion, presently," snarled Rudd, turning his wolfish eyes upon the pair. "Let that boy alone, pal."

Hemp still continued his occupation.

"D'ye hear, you hound?" shouted the ruffian, desisting from his own employment, but without rising.

"And if I do, neighbour, what of it?" retorted Hemp, composedly. "Aint I doing an act of kindness to the boy?"

"Kindness! You're a snivelling, undermining ass, Hemp, with your affectation of pity for that beggar's brat, and you want to get him out of my clutches into your own; but I see your drift, my pretty man, and I'm blessed if I'll stand it. Leave that boy alone, I say!"

"Not for your bidding, bully Rudd," rejoined Hemp, who kept one eye on his man, whilst he continued his occupation. "You can easily see the boy can't undress himself, he's so done up with cold and fatigue."

"Then I'll make you, my hempen cove, that's all," cried Rudd, springing towards him, and the next moment Herbert was flung to the wall, and the two men grappled fiercely with each other, a muttered oath, or a baffled yell being the only accompaniment of the terrific struggle itself."

Both were nearly naked, having already divested themselves of their coats, shirts, and stockings, which lay in a huddled heap upon the floor. Rudd's herculean arms, covered with black, coarse hair, were twined round the slimmer waist of his antagonist, who, although so much slighter a man, displayed on this occasion a strength but little inferior to that of his competitor. Rudd's gigantic figure towered the full head and shoulders above him, swaying him backward and forward like a sapling in a tornado, yet failing with all his strength to dislodge the deadly grasp Hemp had caught of his throat, and from the effects of which he was already black in the face.

"Death or submission," yelled Hemp, whose blood, now thoroughly roused, made him deadly as a tiger, as he tightened his grasp, until the blood gushed from Rudd's nose and mouth.

Rudd's only response was a convulsive struggle that almost overthrew his more skilful, yet weaker, antagonist, and for a moment a wild gleam of joy shot through the ruffian's heart, as he felt Hemp totter beneath him. He did not, however, fall, and again his grasp tightened like that of a vice upon his foe, for he had learned how to strangle a fellow-being amongst the bloodthirsty Thugs of India, and Rudd's fate was now apparently sealed for ever.

"You shall die now, then," retorted Hemp, with a savage chuckle, that the other heard even in the horrible agony he suffered; and the next moment there was heard a rattling of the throat, the eyes seemed starting from their sockets, the arms fell down with a convulsive movement against the sides of the body, which, on being released from his grasp by Hemp, fell with a heavy, deadly sound upon the floor, and lay upon its face, apparently lifeless.

In a moment Hemp was at Herbert's side, and was dragging him towards the door.

"You must fly with me, or they'll hang you up by the neck, poor fool!" he cried hoarsely; "or if he comes to life again, he will murder you, instead." And, as he spoke, he had opened the door, and was half way down the crazy stairs, the frightened child scarcely feeling that he breathed amidst the dizzy terror that filled his soul. Fortunately the door was still wide open, for the house was not yet drained of its guests, and, still clasping his hand with the tenacity of a vice, Hemp dragged Herbert out after him into the wet and deserted streets.

It was still raining heavily, for it had never ceased all the day, and a cold, piercing wind had started up, that searched them to the very heart.

"Confound it!" growled Hemp, foaming at the mouth, after they had run some distance, and now slackened their pace to gain their breath; "we have forgot our clothes!"

"Shall we not return for them, sir?" demanded the boy, who did not feel the same terror for Hemp that he did for Rudd.

"Return! to be put in limbo, and swung for that villain's murder," growled Hemp, stamping with his foot in his vexation. "No! no! no! a thousand deaths rather than that—but what shall we do?"

Herbert's only response was an audible shiver, as the cold racked his tender frame.

Hemp looked down upon his little companion at this moment, as they stood beneath one of the few straggling lamps that, at that season of the year, were lighted along the quay. Herbert's face was lividly pale, his hair hanging in tangled locks, and dripping with rain, whilst his slight and boyish frame seemed pinched and contracted with cold. Ruffian as he was, the man could feel tenderly for the poor little outcast, as was evident from the endearing manner with which he patted his icy cheek, and spoke a few kind words of encouragement, which seemed to fall, as it were, almost insensibly from his lips.

A dense fog shrouded the neighbouring waters from their view, and the road they were now upon was so badly paved, and full of deep ruts, that Herbert's new protector was compelled to relinquish his hand, and let him follow him as nimbly as he could. They had not walked fifty yards before Hemp felt himself completely at fault:—the lamps had disappeared, along with every vestige of human life, whilst, turn which way they would, the sullen boom of the sea fell with a startling terror upon his senses.

"We must endeavour to discover an outlet, boy," he muttered, striving in vain to pierce the dense bank of fog that seemed to shut out all chance of egress, as effectually as it did that of discovering where they were. "I can see something out there,

dancing up and down, as if it was a light in the bay—hist! there is some one bawling behind;” and again the baffled wretch paused like a bewildered fox when the hounds are in sight, and all chance of escape seems cut off.

Again the voice was heard bawling behind them, and apparently approaching the place they occupied; and now re-assured that there was land in that direction, Hemp sprang forward, bidding Herbert follow him as carefully as he could, but before the boy could start up from the stone he had sunk down upon, a splash was heard mingled with an oath, and the next moment Hemp was buffeting the waves for his life.

“Confound it!” he roared madly, “can you not get a boat out—help! help!” and then a mountainous wave swept him fifty yards out from the pier, the cold spray sweeping through his hair, blinding his eyes, numbing trunk and limb, and almost choking him as he gasped for breath; then he caught a glimpse of a light on shore. They were coming to his rescue, perhaps; and there he was, sinking before their very eyes! He was growing benumbed and powerless, although the mind was as active as ever, and a thousand horrible phantoms, even in that moment of despair, flitted through his brain, and then the mad waves tossed him hither and thither as easily as a child throws a feather on the breeze—a few more fearful struggles, and Hemp sunk to rise no more!

“There is something white sitting on the stone there,” said one of the men, as they pulled back again to shore. “The poor fellow has left a little one to battle with the world. Take——”

It was poor little Herbert.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was the gayest of all gay haunts, that hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, where Cecil now found himself regularly installed as one of the family, without either question or challenge as to the relationship he held to its owners, to entitle him to such an easy and agreeable footing. Dalton's will, like “*Le Roi il veut!*” with which the sovereign declares his gracious permission, was law from attic to cellar; and Dalton willed it that his young *compagnon de voyage* should be welcomed as an honoured guest in his mansion as long as he chose to remain in it.

Dalton's wife, who still possessed that rare and imperishable loveliness which owes its charm more to intellectual beauty than sensual, and who was still in the August of her age, seemed to attach herself to the young man from the first, and would often sit with her fine, dark eyes fixed upon his manly countenance, which, shifting and changing as an April day, seemed at times to a third observer, to catch something of her own lofty expression, although the character of the two faces was essentially different.

Camilla—the sprightly Camilla—whom Alfred de Vigny likened to Ariel, so fantastic, and tricky, and *spirituelle* was she; and whom Alexandre Dumas would have certainly immortalised in one of his thousand-volume romances, had not the revolution just at this juncture driven his kingly protector into exile, and himself into the Gazette;—Camilla alone uniformly treated poor Cecil with a cold politeness, and studied reserve, which bitterly offended his pride, and very effectually prevented his doing the very ridiculous folly of falling violently in love with this charming incarnation of the graces.

In sooth, Camilla was a very terrible personage indeed in her own immediate circle. Lovely she might be declared to be by some people, although after the first five minutes you were in her company, you found yourself totally forgetting whether her face was pale or rosy, or her hair blonde or dark; or whether her figure owed its grace more to its classical shape, or sprightly carriage. It was not to any of these, however, that Camilla owed her prestige, nor yet to the reputed wealth of her father, although no people in all the world have a greater reverence for a well-filled purse, than have your true Parisians. Camilla was a "*femme incompréhensible*,"—an incomprehensible so completely changing with every hour that she fairly killed all her lovers from sheer hard work, and had never been two months, one week, three days and a quarter, without having had a single sonnet penned to her eyebrow, or the ghost of an ode on her manner of singing the *Casta Diva*. Then too, her taste or dress would have been exquisite even in a Parisian, but in a daughter of "Perfide Albion," it was absolutely miraculous, and added to her saucy wit and sprightly manners, it intoxicated you very much the same as a bumper of champagne would do before dinner; it was so poignant, and so audacious, at the same moment.

Cecil was absent one evening,—a rather unusual thing with him, but he had accepted a vacant seat in a certain Sir Algernon de Vere's curricle to Neuilly. When Camilla came, bounding, graceful as a fawn, into the room in which Dalton and his wife were sitting, apparently discussing old times between them,

from the gravity of their demeanour, and the subdued tone in which they had been talking.

Dalton looked up as his daughter approached, and a majestic smile for a moment lighted up his lofty features as he gazed upon the radiant beauty of the wilful, yet generous-hearted girl, who the next moment was encircling his neck with her beautiful arm, whilst her dewy lip impressed a kiss upon his brow. It was a charming picture: the rich sunset, and chastely furnished apartment, with its decorations in the style of Louis Quinze—the lovely girl clinging to that stately and still handsome man, as gracefully as a vine throws its tendrils round the sturdy oak,—and the mother, scarcely passed the midsummer of her age. And Dalton felt the hallowing influence of the season and scene, and his lips moved involuntarily a thanksgiving to the Divine Being, who had blessed him with so much happiness even in this world.

At that moment, Cecil entered the room, accompanied by several young men, one of the handsomest of whom approached Camilla, whilst Cecil and his companions approached Dalton and his wife.

Dinner was at that moment announced, and Cecil approached Camilla, who usually took his arm on these occasions; but Camilla was in one of her incomprehensible humours, and chose to take the arm of Sir Algernon de Vere, whom she usually neglected, simply because he was handsome and rich: the young man smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and to console himself began to talk with Dalton, of England.

In the midst of their conversation, a servant came to say that a man was asking for Cecil, who would take no refusal.

"Tell the man Mr. Clarendon is at dinner," said his host.

The footman went out with the message, and presently returned, with vulgar curiosity visible on his countenance. The man had said that Mr. Clarendon must see him instantly, as life and death were at issue in the interview, and Cecil went out accordingly, promising to be back presently. An hour elapsed, and he had not returned.

SONG.

MY HIGHLAND HEATHER BELLS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SWEET heather bells ! sweet heather bells !
Ye boast for me a thousand spells ;
Ye bear me back to childhood's hours,
To highland hills, and sunlit flowers.
Whene'er your purple buds unfold,
I dream of friends and scenes of old :
Oh, how my lonely bosom swells
At sight of you, sweet heather bells !
My native mountain heather bells !
My Highland heather bells !

O heather bells ! sweet mountain bells !
The wild bee loves your dewy cells ;
The pretty fays—those charming things—
Sport round ye with their starry wings.
Let wiser heads disdain my lay,
I love the things of childhood's day ;
I love their magic, *sinless* spells,
My native Highland heather bells !
My own sweet mountain heather bells !
My highland heather bells !

LITERATURE.

Travels of his Royal Highness Prince Adalbert of Prussia in the South of Europe, and in Brazil, with a Voyage up the Amazon and Xingú. Translated by Sir Robert Schomburgk and John Edward Taylor. London: Bogue. 1849.

For the adequate appreciation of the present volumes it is necessary that we hold in remembrance the peculiar circumstances which attend their publication.

A desire cherished from childhood of making a long sea-voyage, and a laudable ambition to acquire new and enlarged ideas by the acquisition of knowledge, were the motives which induced our author to lay aside for awhile the pomp of princely rank, and enter as a private travelling gentleman upon an expedition, the result of which is the work before us, containing simply an unadorned journal of observations and events. When we consider, moreover, that it was originally printed in German for private circulation only, it can scarcely afford matter for criticism that there should be subjects of comparatively trifling import detailed, and descriptions minute to tediousness—blemishes which may disfigure, but cannot annul the intrinsic value which the work undoubtedly possesses.

Indeed, many features which might constitute its chief interest in the eyes of the Prince's German friends, are altogether wanting in entertainment for an English public already possessing in abundance travels in the South of Europe. It rested with the translators, therefore, by judicious curtailment, to have rendered the adaptation of the work to English readers more complete. It is, nevertheless, both entertaining and instructive, containing, as it does, observations of nature, and customs which reflect a striking picture of the varied scenes witnessed by the Prince and his party. An unpretending simplicity of style lends an additional charm to the work. Upon the author's return, he tells us, from a voyage round Sicily and to Malta, accompanied by his younger brother Waldemar, who so heroically

shared in the glorious deeds of the British army in India, after taking leave of his father and brother at Naples, he was joined by his two faithful travelling companions, Count Oriolla, and Count Bismark of the Prussian military service. The first arduous steps of their journey was the ascent of Mount Etna, which they performed accompanied by the mountain spirit, he is regarded by the people around Baron Waltershausen, familiarised by the study of the volcano with its fearful convulsions, on one occasion did not quit his dwelling on the mountain during an eruption. After a steep zig-zag course in the lava of the mountain, our travellers, borne by their trusty animals, at length reached the pointed summit of Etna, assembled at a height of ten thousand feet, raised a *Vivat* to their beloved king, which resounded far into the clear air. The reflections induced by the sublimity of nature, aroused in the mind of the Prince, he thus records to us:—"How august, how grand was nature all around! In the waters at our feet, Ulysses once cruised and navigated the straits between Scylla and Charybdis, which we saw in the far distance as drawing close together. The ancient Taormina, the black rock of the Cyclops, the old inhabitants of this fire abyss, Catani and the harbour of Syracuse, where Archimedes burned the Roman fleet, all lay spread out before us; in fact, the view extended over the whole eastern part of the southern side of the triangular island." During their ascent, our author expresses his pleasurable surprise at meeting with "two adventurous and indefatigable Englishwomen," the younger one of whom, however, only reached the summit. A fresh proof this, he says, of a woman's resolution, which, by its triumph, seems to verify the proverb, "*Si femme le veut, Dieu le veut.*" This admiration was not a little enhanced on seeing the ladies up and stirring at seven o'clock the next morning!

Upon our author's arrival at Granada, his first impulse was to hasten to that polestar of attraction, the Alhambra, which he says appeared to him "as a magical fairy palace, with which nothing can compare. On entering it a person feels himself transported, as by a magic wand, to the East—the land of imagination and indescribable longings—the lovely, yet solemn, land of the East."

On their way to the Brazils, their frigate, the San Michele, for which the Prince was indebted to the King of Sardinia, touched at Madeira and Teneriffe. They ascended the giant Peak, and our author thus describes his impressions on attaining its summit:—"A glorious panorama surrounded us! We stood upon the central volcano—at its foot, the scene of desolation out of which it arose, skirted by the smiling fields of Teneriffe,

and all around the volcanic islands rising from the ocean, looking up to the Teyde as their common head: he is the fixed star, they the moons; their fires, their eruptions are all his work."

In this expedition the more adventurous Count Oriolla, inspired by the fearful and majestic scenes with the desire of exploring the secrets of the mountain, had the temerity to attempt a solitary ascent of the Peak. Having reached the edge of the crater, it being no easy matter to return, he was compelled to wander about nearly the whole night in the dark among sharp masses of rock, where one false step would have proved fatal. He continued to descend lower down the cone, and his joy may be imagined, when, almost despairing of ever meeting his companions again, he beheld, high above his head, the welcome beacon of their bright blazing fire.

From Teneriffe our traveller proceeded to Rio de Janeiro. He thus describes the entrance of the bay:—"Stretched before us—at first visible only through the telescope, but soon by the naked eye—lay those wonders of tropical vegetation which, seen in books and drawings, often appear to border on the fabulous. The mountains were clothed with forests, above the outline of which rose single, slender palms, while various trees, of forms which a European has never seen, overtopped the plants and shrubs that covered the hill sides—trees with gigantic crowns, or shooting lightly upwards, and stretching their slender and fantastic boughs high into the air. But it is impossible to form a conception of the beauty of outline of these mountain-ranges, broken here and there by the tall stems and branches of picturesque colossal trees." Even our author's admiration of the Alhambra seems to yield before the beautiful aspect of the City of Rio. "Wonders revealed themselves to our sight," he says, "the existence of which we had never imagined; and it is now clear why the discoverers of this land gave to it the name of the New World!" The Prince here met with a most courteous reception from the young Emperor of the Brazils, who created him Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Southern Cross.

We have all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of the Imperial Court presented to us, with an account of the celebration of a grand festival to commemorate the establishment of the independence of the country. Soon the festivity of court balls was exchanged for an excursion through the province of Rio de Janeiro. The expedition was not commenced under the happiest auspices; "for, with the exception," says the Prince, "of my own active grey nag, we were wretchedly mounted * * * the frisky steed of the Arrieros tried our patience to the utmost, every few minutes breaking through the hedges, running into

the meadows, or dashing along the rivulets at full gallop, resisting all our attempts to bring them back to the proper road, by violent kicking."

Notwithstanding these inconveniences, the travellers resolutely pursued their march through the primeval forests, and describe to us, *en passant*, all the varied wonders of the vegetable world in these regions, from the gigantic trees to the tangled creepers. Every object is said to be colossal; everything appearing to belong to a primeval world. A shrub or fruit tree in our country is here transformed into a gigantic tree twice or thrice the height, in all the splendour of bloom. The variety of foliage is represented as infinite; among others, the enormous fern-leaves from ten to fifteen feet long, and gracefully agitated by the slightest breeze; and, above all in beauty, the slender, pliant palm, emulating in height the tall forest trees. "The grand and sublime, the lovely, and even the fantastic, all unite to form the charming picture which these tropical forests of the New World display."

The Prince next recounts his voyage up the splendid river Amazon. "Ebb and flood," he observes, "are of the greatest importance in the navigation of the Amazon, in those parts affected by their influence—in some instances presenting obstacles; in others, facilitating navigation." He relates the El Dorado tradition, too well known to English readers to require comment here. We have also a hunting excursion in the forests, an encounter with a boa constrictor, and an amusing account of the author's "pitiable condition" during a bivouac. "There was I," he says, "lying on my back in pitch darkness, my face upturned to the rain, which, together with the water that poured as from a gutter, threatened finally to wash me away, while my person offered a welcome refuge in the deluge to a swarm of ants (the scourge of these forests). I can only compare myself to a pitiable beetle lying helpless on its back, while the crowd pressed round me!"

This unenviable situation (no pleasing contrast to the accustomed luxuries of rank) was the result of the Prince's benevolence in endeavouring to share his hammock with a companion, which ended in their both falling to the wet ground.

Prince Adalbert visited also the Xingú, which falls into the Amazon, and gives us a full description of its features and phenomena.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNEY IN CALIFORNIA, IN 1848.

ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL DUPLESSIS.

BY HANNAH CLAY.

PART I.

COMING from Vera Cruz, I landed at New Orleans, whither I was called by business, the morning of the 22nd of May. I inquired for the nearest boarding-house to the port, and was conducted thither, followed by my luggage. After being shown to my chamber, I descended to the sitting-room: breakfast was served, and we seated ourselves.

Three persons, amongst my yet unknown companions, particularly attracted my attention.

The first was a young girl of from eighteen to twenty years of age. The regular features of her fresh face, her large blue eyes, her magnificent chesnut-coloured hair, her splendid, though rather sunburnt complexion, formed a whole, if not poetical and distinguished, at least very agreeable. I learnt afterwards that she was the daughter of the mistress of the house, and that her name was Annette B.

The second person was a colossal American, probably a Kentuckian. He was seated by my side. His black coat and pantaloons, his white cravat, his *favoris* cut level with the inferior extremities of his ears, his newly-shaven face, his cold manner,—which he evidently desired to render imposing,—made him very much resemble a village doctor, called to a consultation at the neighbouring castle. His severe costume contrasted in a curious manner with the athletic form and the enormous limbs that it covered. Scarcely had he seated himself, when he commenced with prodigious celerity upon the dishes before him. Slices of cold veal and roast beef, boiled fish, eggs and ham, greens, fruits, and sweetmeats, were soon heaped in the form of a pyramid, upon one and the same plate.

The third person, who sate opposite to me, was a man whose face, bronzed by the sun, lean, bony, and beardless, made it diffi-

August, 1849.—VOL. LV.—NO. CCXX.

B B

cult to assign him a precise age between twenty and thirty-five. His lank arms, his round, narrow shoulders, and emaciated bust, certainly did not evince a corporeal strength equal to that of my neighbour, the Kentuckian; still, I believed that I discerned in him one of those dry and nervous organizations that we Spaniards denominate *aguanté*, and which, like the reed, easily endure the tempest; while the oak falls, broken and vanquished. This man, to judge of him by his brilliant and tasteless toilet, belonged but recently to that which we, by a vulgar conventionalism, call the world. His cravat, of a changing colour, was attached to his shirt-front of embroidered cambric by two large emeralds, heavily set in a rich, gold-mounting, which was itself covered with little rubies and topazes. An enormous chain of equally massive gold surrounded his neck, and meandered down as far as the pocket of his brocaded waistcoat; the chain served to suspend a somewhat large and old-fashioned watch, the case of which was enamelled with little diamonds and precious stones. The fingers of his slender and admirably-formed hands, half disappeared under a number of rings of all species.

This singular personage turned from time to time towards the servant behind him, pronounced, with his foreign accent, the more or less bungled name of some costly European wine; disdainfully touched with his lips the glass presented to him, and relinquished the rest of the bottle to the persons at table. During the whole repast he took nothing but one egg and an orange.

Even without his extravagant toilet and his strange appearance, this man would yet have awakened the attention of an observer, by the curious expression of his eye. This organ, though naturally brilliant, was fixed, and seemed at first sight to discover an intelligence less than ordinary. Some restrained flashes that it threw out in turning towards the beautiful Annette, flashes imperceptible to a person who had not been accustomed, as I was, to the red-skinned savages of the prairie, apprised me that the air of nearly idiotic indifference of my *vis-a-vis* was simply a mask placed by the force of his will over his real countenance. From that moment, I was able to assign him a nation.

While they brought us tea, the Kentuckian, after having carefully trimmed his nails, occupied himself with reading an American journal, the "Daily News." At length, he uttered a loud exclamation, which caused all the others to lift up their heads.

"Important news, sir?" asked another American.

"Yes, very important!"

"Might we know it?"

"No;" replied the Kentuckian, after a moment of reflection. "This news is a good thing; and the less a good thing is known, the more it is valued."

"Then you were wrong to show your surprise. I shall carefully examine the 'Daily News!'"

The American giant, perceiving that one of his nails was not quite perfect, began to scrape it with his table-knife.

The breakfast finished, the guests of the boarding-house left the parlour, with the exception of the Kentuckian—of the American, who had interrogated him with so little success,—and the man with the bronzed face, and fingers loaded with rings.

This last commenced smoking a tiny cigarette in white paper. The American questioner took the journal, to seek for the wonderful intelligence; while the Kentuckian devoted a short time to a tender conversation with the beautiful Annette, and then left the room. Scarcely had the gallant Kentuckian shut the door of the parlour, than the American, who had continued to read the "Daily News," uttered a cry of surprise, exclaiming—

"Ah, if it be only true, it is a very fine thing!"

"You have found it, then?" said I, pointing to the journal.

"Ah, it is marvellous"—he replied;—"marvellous! So extraordinary, that I almost fear it is all a puff!"

"Let us hear the puff!"

"A Californian correspondent informs the editor of the 'Daily News' that such a quantity of gold-dust has been discovered on the shores of the Sacramento, that a man can easily collect a pound a day. Incredible!—is it not? Still, this article abounds in details, and carries an appearance of truth that confounds me. Read! This blessed Sacramento, if the 'Daily News' says true, would enrich the United States more than the possession of all the silver mines of the new world!"

I was stretching out my hand for the journal, when the man with the bronzed complexion bounded like a tiger from the chimney-corner, where he had been sitting, and placed himself before me.

"What do they say about the Sacramento?" asked he, in Spanish, in a hollow voice.

His action had so surprised me, that I remained for a moment without making any reply.

"Answer me—answer me!" continued he, furiously. "What say they about the Sacramento?"

"They say that rich mines of gold have been discovered there!"

"A *placer*, or mines of gold?"

"A *placer*, with us Spaniards;—mines, according to the English language."

My reply produced a terrible effect upon my interlocutor; his paleness, notwithstanding his bronzed complexion, became livid; he ground his teeth hard together, and his eyes lighted up in a strange manner. I feared he was ill.

"What interest attaches itself to this discovery for you, *caballero*?" asked I.

"What interest?" repeated he, with fury, mingled with astonishment; "the interest with which the possessor regards his property. This *placer* belongs to me."

I gazed upon him with compassion, thinking that I was talking to an insane person.

"Oh! I comprehend the language of your eyes," resumed he, in a melancholy voice. "You imagine yourself conversing with a madman. My name will re-assure you, I hope, by explaining my despair. I am Rafael Quirino."

"Ah! You are Rafael Quirino?" repeated I, mechanically.

The fact was, that the name of Rafael Quirino was perfectly unknown to me.

"You are a Mexican, doubtless?" said I, a little after, in order to continue a conversation that began to interest me.

The proprietor of the gold mines of the Sacramento appeared much surprised at my question.

"What do you think I am, if not a Mexican?" said he; "every one knows that Rafael Quirino, the king of the gold-seekers, was born in California, near the port of San Francisco."

This reply, explaining to me the emphasis that Quirino had laid upon his name, recalled a half-forgotten reminiscence of travel. In fact, I had often heard of this man, in the year 1845, during my last sojourn at Monterey.

The individual who stood before me was not only far from being a madman, but was, on the contrary, a rare and curious specimen of those hardy *Gambusinos*, or gold-seekers, who traversed with so much cool courage the vast solitudes of New Mexico, braving the scalping knife of the Indian, the anguish of extreme thirst, and the teeth of tigers and jaguars.

The despair that he had showed upon learning the discovery of the *placer* of the Sacramento, convinced me that the existence of this *placer* was a fact, and gave me the most lively desire to enter further into the business. I proposed to him to come and smoke a cigar in my room; and he accepted my proposal without any pressing. This accidental meeting with a

man speaking the same language, appeared to afford him extreme pleasure.

In the course of the conversation that followed, I learned that the Gambusino's presence at New Orleans was owing to a violent passion which he had conceived for the daughter of our hostess, whom he had met with in California, six months before, where she and her mother were at that time travelling. He had in vain solicited her hand; and in his despair had followed her to New Orleans, where he had the bitter mortification of witnessing the progress of the Kentuckian in her affections. There was evidently a deeply-seated hatred in the Gambusino's bosom against this man, whose name was John Bell; and I began to fear that he would take some dreadful revenge. Still, there was much about my new acquaintance that deeply interested me, and our conversation ended by my offering him my friendship, an offer which he cordially accepted; and we separated, to attend to the claims of business, mutually pleased with our interview.

The rest of my day passed in a series of annoyances. The serious events taking place in France, the deplorable state of Mexican commerce, and the little confidence that reigned in a country delivered up to anarchy, caused me to meet with formal refusals in all the houses where I presented myself for the purpose of obtaining on credit the goods that I wished to convey back with me to Vera Cruz. I was in an abominable humour upon re-entering the boarding-house. I found all the company at table, and dinner about to commence.

After having pressed the hand of my new acquaintance, the Gambusino, I took my place, as in the morning, near the large Kentuckian, John Bell. The American Goliath, faithful to his habits, had already erected upon his plate a formidable pyramid, composed of all the divers and mingled meats that encumbered the table; but, a thing unheard of, the summit of his gastronomical construction, was still intact.

John Bell, absorbed in reflection, forgot to eat, perhaps he was not even hungry! I could not, notwithstanding my pre-occupation, help remarking upon this fact.

"Is it because you feel indisposed to-day?" asked I.

"No," he replied, after a moment's reflection, "it is my mind that is sick."

"Your mind!"

"Yes, my mind! I have been thinking, ever since this morning, of the article that I read in the 'Daily News.'"

"The discovery of the mines of the Sacramento?"

"The Sacramento—the Sacramento? Oh, oh! you have

found it out, then. It is extraordinary that you should have found it out,—truly extraordinary!”

“Well, in what does the discovery concern you?”

“How does it concern me?” cried the Kentuckian. “If this news be true, I go at once. In three months, I shall have gained forty thousand dollars.”

“Then go—the news is true!”

I feared that the colossal John Bell was about to have a stroke of apoplexy, so purple became his visage. It was several minutes before he recovered from his emotion.

“I hope you are in earnest,” said he, at last.

“I am! I speak all the more decidedly, that I know the person who discovered the mines of the Sacramento.”

“Really—really!” cried the Kentuckian, pushing far from him his plate, yet ornamented by the pyramid. “And may I ask the name of this person—may I?”

“This person is no other than the Señor Rafael Quirino, here present.”

“The Señor Rafael!” cried Miss Annette B——, blushing in a charming manner.

“The same, Miss! and upon this subject he has entered into details which do not permit me to doubt his words one single instant.”

“*Que disca?* what say they?” asked the Gambusino, who did not understand English very well, “they speak of me, do they not?”

“It is Monsieur —,” Miss Annette hastened to reply, in Spanish, at the same time pointing to me, “who positively pretends that you have discovered the gold mines of the Sacramento.”

“The Señor speaks the truth,” replied Quirino, coldly.

“Then,” continued Miss Annette, with a certain agitation in her voice, and somewhat hesitatingly, “that half million of which you spake to me, was not a tale made up to deceive me?”

“I spoke to you of half a million, not to pass for a madman in your eyes; but it was two millions that I ought to have mentioned.”

“What have you done?” cried John Bell, with an accent of despair, “you would have espoused Miss Annette, and you and I would have associated together for the purpose of working the mines of the Sacramento. We should thus have all been happy!”

Rafael Quirino began to whistle between his teeth the air of a Mexican fandango.

On leaving the table, the Gambusino took me by the arm, and proposed that we should walk together. I assented.

During our promenade, my singular companion, whose friendship for me became more and more apparent, inquired how I had succeeded in my business. I related my various disappointments, with which he appeared sincerely to sympathise, and at length he abruptly proposed that I should go with him to California, whither he was immediately returning, with a caravan that was about to set out for Monterey. I at first thought that he jested, but finding him quite serious in his offer, I agreed to consider the proposal; and, after mature deliberation, I consented to accompany him.

Three days later, we left New Orleans for Monterey. The first person we encountered upon arriving at the place fixed for meeting the caravan was the Kentuckian, John Bell. His waggon overflowed with carefully closed trunks; as to that which I had hired for my friend Rafael and myself, it simply contained, besides our provisions and a small travelling tent, a flask of quinine and a pickaxe. Besides my carbine I carried a poinard attached to my leathern girdle.

PART II.

I WILL not enter into any details of the fatigues and the labours we had to endure before reaching Monterey, where we arrived after forty-seven days of travel. The distance that we traversed was more than four hundred leagues.

The port of Monterey, situated between the Pacific Ocean and the lakes of Tola, latitude 37° north, longitude 125° west, was then so much depopulated by reason of the emigration of its inhabitants to the Sacramento, that it was impossible for Rafael Quirino and me to procure mules and servants.

John Bell, in whom cupidity had awakened invention, found means to hire a little coasting schooner, to conduct us to San Francisco. Once there, Rafael Quirino made himself sure of procuring the men and beasts that we should require.

Thanks to the activity of the American, we left Monterey the same evening of our arrival for the port of San Francisco, where we cast anchor the third day at sunrise. The distance between these two ports is, in a direct line, twenty-five leagues.

Never shall I forget, if I live a hundred years, the sublime and

admirable picture that met my delighted gaze, when the sun, appearing to rise suddenly out of the ocean, filled the wide heavens with his vivid and resplendent beams. I uttered a cry of rapture and surprise. Never had I even dreamt of so splendid a panorama.

"Yes, I comprehend. You find mine a beautiful country," said Rafael, who was standing near me. "Could not one live happily here?"

The Gambusino stifled a sigh; then continued almost immediately, with a calm voice that betrayed no inward emotion:—

"The port of San Francisco is, they say, one of the finest and largest in the world. Often have I beheld seamen, habituated to marvels, pause like you in ecstasy before this magnificent prospect. Will you permit me to do the honours of my native place? The port is enclosed, as you may remark, between two bays: that to your right, situated to the north, is called San Rafael; the other, to the south, is known by the name of Yerva Buena, because of the rich pastures bordering upon it, and which present to us, perceptible from hence, all the diverse and mingled shades of vegetation. These three lines of mirror that you see, and upon the surface of which are reflected large aquatic plants, are three rivers. All three, after many capricious windings, empty themselves into the bay of San Rafael. The first of these rivers, and the nearest to us, is called San Joaquin; the second is named Jesus-Maria; the third is that of the Sacramento."

"How? this little thread of water the Sacramento!" cried John Bell, opening his large eyes with surprise. "I can see no gold!"

We were forced, in landing, to admit that Quirino had gone much too far in engaging to procure us both servants and beasts of burden. The town of San Francisco, formerly remarkably gay and animated, presented the aspect of complete abandonment; it was a singular circumstance if, from time to time, an old woman, a young child, or a man bent with age, came to relieve the solitude of the streets. I remarked that the few persons we met uncovered themselves respectfully, as soon as they perceived the Gambusino. Don Rafael received the homage with the indifference of a man who was accustomed to it.

We were deliberating what we should do, when a succour of which we had little dreamed arrived very opportunely to help us out of our embarrassment. The crew of the schooner—five men in all—deserted, and came to offer us their services. The brave sailors wished to go and try their fortune at the Sacramento. We eagerly accepted their company.

Rafael Quirino procured almost immediately a pretty good

bargain, excellent mules, old saddles and pack saddles, and we began our journey without delay.

Upper California, before it was ceded to the United States, was the largest department of Mexico, and also the richest and most fertile. It furnished wheat, hides, meal, and *tasajo* (or beef dried in the sun) to a large extent of the coast of the Pacific, and to all the interior country of the department of Sonora-y-Cinaloa. Yet, at the moment when we traversed it, the abandoned *harricudas* (farms), the wandering flocks, the deathlike silence that reigned around, caused it to resemble an accursed land, the inhabitants of which had fled, chased by some terrible plague, by one of those tremendous catastrophes contained in the annals of nature. The villages of Bodega and Sonoma offered us hospitality without landlords.

The sixth day after our departure from Monterey, we reached at nightfall a little fort occupied by American troops.

Some buildings of small importance standing against the fort, appeared to me a very likely shelter for us. I eagerly entered into a little, unwholesome, badly furnished shop, to ask hospitality for the night.

"If you pay well for it," replied the tradesman.

"To be sure I shall pay well. Done!"

"No; the bargain is only entered upon. How much will you pay?"

"The ordinary price."

"Then you can come. You know, doubtless, that the ordinary price per night is twelve piastres each." (Above sixty francs.)

"Very much obliged. It is no bargain. Good night."

This far from seducing sample of hospitality caused us to continue our journey the next morning before sunrise. Rafael Quirino assured us that we should arrive the same day at the *placer* of the Sacramento.

It was time. The Kentuckian and myself could have borne little more. Our incredible fatigues, the dangerous and sudden atmospherical transitions through which we had passed, the dry and burning days, the icy nights, full of abundant and continual dew, cold as winter rains, kept us constantly in danger of serious illness. As to Rafael Quirino, he was much the same as usual. I had only once seen his strength give way, his forehead moistened with perspiration.

Never had traveller experienced more complete disenchantment, in finding a long dreamt-of place quite different from his preconceived idea, than the aspect of the famous *placer* of gold caused to me.

First, there was nothing melancholy in the valley of the

Sacramento; a vegetation, tolerably rich, it is true, but coarse, sordid, and intersected by vast strips of a blackish grey sand, clothed with sombre green a smooth and almost unvaried plain.

A few groups of trees scattered through the valley, together with a hill situated to our left, alone interrupted the monotony of the straight and level perspective. Lastly, the Sacramento, the new Pactolus, rolled its tranquil and limpid waters between two banks, so close together that they gave it the appearance of a mere rivulet.

"Is it possible that one can find gold here," cried John Bell, somewhat disappointed.

"Can you see from hence those points of all colours that stand out in relief against the hill, and above the borders of the river? Well, those are gold seekers," said Quirino; "those points may number from three to four hundred."

The Kentuckian gave his mule a stroke with the spur enough to overturn it; the poor beast set off at full gallop, and we followed.

About a thousand steps further, we found thirty civilized Indians and half-breeds collecting gold. Their manner of proceeding was very simple. Furnished with *chiquinites*, or very finely woven baskets, with old stuffed hats, and blankets fastened by their four corners to stakes driven into the earth, and forming in their centre a dome reversed. These men filled *chiquinites*, hats, and blankets with sand, over which they threw water, and then agitated the mass by the aid of a stick or cudgel. The sand was washed away by these repeated ablutions, and at length left a residue composed of small pieces of granite, stones, gold dust, and grains of gold. Several of these latter, laid aside to dry in the sun, were of the size of large walnuts, of various and undecided forms, and still contained veins and fragments of quartz in their substance.

This view produced such an effect upon our brave Kentuckian that he was obliged to hold by the pommel of his saddle; it completely turned his head.

"Well, *amigos*," said Quirino, addressing himself to the Indians, who, be it said, *en passant*, were all clothed in shirts of embroidered cambric, and magnificent *calzoneras* of bright colours; "Well, *amigos*, are you lucky in your researches?"

The Indians made no reply. In fact, they did not appear particularly rejoiced at our arrival.

"Do you know who does you the honour to interrogate you, dogs?" continued Quirino, knitting his brows.

"Did you say *dogs*?" cried a half-breed, throwing down a load of sand that he carried upon his back, and advancing towards us, knife in hand.

"Yes, I repeat it,—dogs. But take care; my name is Rafael Quirino."

"The celebrated Gambusino, the terrible knife?" asked the half-breed, trembling.

"Himself. Now reply! How long have you worked at this strip of sand?"

"Fifteen days, seigneurie."

"On your own account?"

"No; on that of an American merchant, seigneurie."

"What have you got?"

"About fifteen hundred ounces of gold. Of these fifteen hundred he has given us five hundred, without reckoning these beautiful shirts and magnificent *calzoneras* that you see. Besides, he feeds us. Yet we do not consider that we have sufficient hire."

"Not sufficient hire!" cried John Bell. "What! fed, clothed, and five hundred ounces of gold in fifteen days, and you are not content? Gold must turn up in shovels-full, here!"

The American enthusiastically fell to embracing his mule. He was half crazy.

"We are far from being satisfied," continued the half-breed. "Know, señor, who embrace your mule, that many of our friends who labour on their own account gain as much as fifty piastres a day. And for these five hundred ounces of gold, know that they would have been divided between forty persons, if ten among us had not happily died of fever during these last fifteen days. Our treaty with your countryman will be at an end in five days. We shall not renew it."

"Ah: then many people die here?" asked John Bell, less joyful.

"Die here? by hundreds."

"Bah! I shall not die," cried the Kentuckian; "I shall become rich, and remain so."

"Who knows? My dear señor," said Quirino, accompanying these words with a singular smile, "after all, what matters it to you? If you die here, you will be interred in gold."

"If I may advise, señors," continued Quirino, after we had quitted the Indians, "we install ourselves at the foot of this hill, and take our siesta tranquilly. The heat is overpowering, and a few hours of sleep will refresh you sufficiently to enable you to proceed this evening."

"How! proceed?" asked John Bell, uneasily. "And whither?"

"To the true *placer* of the Sacramento, from which we are more than eight leagues distant."

"What do you tell me? Is it possible that a *placer* where

miserable Indians gain up to fifty piastres a day is not a complete *placer*? What shall we see, eight leagues further? gold, instead of sand, doubtless."

"Not exactly; but a soil still richer than this, not, perhaps, in respect of gold-dust, but in the grains which are found there. I have myself seen grains that weighed forty pounds and more."

"Let us go: let us go at once," cried John Bell, thinking no more of fatigue.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm and the supplications of our eager travelling companion, we installed ourselves at the foot of the hill. This hill, which was not very steep, had constructed upon its sides an infinity of little cabins, built, some of boughs, others of thick canvass.

"Will you lend me your carabine?" said Quirino to me.

"Willingly. But what are you going to do with it?"

"Kill a buck for our dinner."

"You are not then fatigued?"

"With what? unless it be with inaction. Thank you."

When Quirino returned, it was ten o'clock. I had slept four hours without waking.

"See what a fine beast!" said he, throwing a magnificent roebuck at my feet. "I have been already offered, on the road, two ounces of gold for it."

"You should have taken it," cried John Bell. "We would have divided the two ounces between us three. To-morrow's breakfast would have tasted all the better."

An hour after, the roebuck, cooked whole, and done to minute by the care of Quirino, offered a splendid repast. John Bell ate as much as Rafael Quirino, the sailors, and myself, all put together. The whole time he bitterly reproached the Garbusino for not accepting the two ounces.

At one o'clock in the morning we continued our journey. At ten we had arrived at our destination. This time the surrounding country resembled in nothing that which we had quitted. The atmosphere was sensibly changed, which led me to suppose that we had been ascending all night. The aspect of the real *placer* was far from being gay and smiling. Rocky mountains, cloven either by accidents of soil or former earthquakes, presented on all sides precipices and ravines. Black and sombre pine-trees, suspended along the rocks, darkened the picture still more, adding to it an appearance of profound melancholy. Cabins built with branches of pine, and known in Mexico by the name of *euramadas*, were capriciously scattered all over, and served as habitations for the gold-seekers.

The number of these latter, though the various and rugged country concealed many of them from my view, appeared to me

to be much more considerable than that of those whom we had encountered the preceding evening. Two wooden houses, open in front, and filled with merchandise, near which were grouped five or six miserable huts, representing cafés, alone proved that civilization, that is to say, the spirit of commerce and gain, had already penetrated into these remote regions.

The sailors who had accompanied us from San Francisco, after having breakfasted with us upon the carefully preserved remains of our repast of the preceding evening, hastily erected my travelling tent at the foot of a rock, and were all soon engaged in searching for gold.

"Will you come and take a turn with me?" Quirino asked me, while the Kentuckian, armed with a hatchet, occupied himself in opening the cases, the contents of which were yet known only to himself.

"I am somewhat fatigued. If it be all the same to you, I should prefer deferring our walk until a little later."

"Pardon me if I insist upon your coming with me; it is your interest to do so. In a *placer*, believe my experience, sudden and strange deaths are extremely common. Besides, I shall experience no tranquility of mind until I have recompensed you for the trust you have reposed in me, and the consequent fatigue you have had to endure."

"But, Don Rafael, you appear to me to have a very gratuitous fear of these sicknesses. Nevertheless, you brave with the utmost indifference the extremes of heat and cold. Your iron frame, habituated to the privations and the dangers of the desert, appears to me inaccessible to sickness."

"To sickness—yes; but not to bullets, to knives, or to poison."

"Diable! then many people are killed in these *placeras*?"

"And how would you have it otherwise? The vertigo produced by the sight of gold, the almost certain impunity promised by the deserts that surround us, the facility with which crime can introduce itself beneath canvass tents, or under euramadas open to the winds, are motives more than sufficient to yield cupidity elbow-room. Now, *caramba*, shake off your idleness, and come."

"Tell me, Don Rafael," said I to the Gambusino, as I walked beside him, "if so many assassinations really take place in these *placeras*, how is it that the journals never mention them? The 'Daily News,' for instance, the reading of which first caused me to make your acquaintance—the 'Daily News,' in its article upon the mines of the Sacramento, says nothing of the murders which, according to you, are committed there every day."

"Your question is *naïve*," replied the Gambusino. "Are these *placers* organised like towns, encumbered with idlers, policemen, curious people? At a *placer*, each one lives for himself, and avoids friendship; for friendship may hide a snare, or offer a danger. In a *placer*, the gold-seekers, encamped according to the position of the ground which they work, find themselves removed from each other upon a thousand different places. Suppose they discover by chance a human body, decomposed beyond recognition—which of them would disquiet himself about the way in which that body has become a corpse? The isolated gold seeker is exposed to so many accidents, without reckoning fevers, falls, and famine! They content themselves by passing on, after having examined if a sack of gold be near the body. But gold is never found near corpses. Many times, I have myself seen, in *placers* already known and invaded, birds of prey descending and whirling about in clouds over the bottom of a ravine or precipice. 'Ah,' thought I, 'a crime has been committed,' and I continued my way; but I never dreamt either of writing to a journal, or of telling any one that the vultures were occupied at their repast."

"If the questions that I address to you are *naïve*, Don Rafael, your replies are terrible. Why did you not enumerate to me at New Orleans all the dangers with which the *placer* threatened me? I had not then come."

"I would not deprive you of the fortune that my friendship intended for you," smilingly replied the Gambusino. "Fear not; so long as I live, and I do not reckon upon dying yet, your life and your riches will not run any danger. After all, this *placer* of the Sacramento contains fewer dangerous chances than if it had been long explored. Let the soil of the Sacramento become impoverished, gold more rare, and the difficulty of procuring it greater, and assassination will replace labour. Woe upon the greedy Europeans that will soon rush hither! Their bones, stripped of the flesh by the birds of prey, shall whiten upon the ground which in their dreams they have beheld enamelled with gold. They will well merit their fate."

Quirino quickened his pace, and I followed him in silence. During more than an hour, we scaled rocks and leapt ravines.

We might have walked from four to five miles, when he stopped near a place where fifteen Indians were occupied in washing gold.

"You devote yourselves to sad labour there, children," said my friend. "This place is ill chosen."

"Seigneurie," replied one of them, who probably knew him, for he humbly saluted him; "Seigneurie, you are very good to occupy yourself with the fate of poor Indians, but this place is

the best of those which the Americans have left us. We ask only one favour, that they will leave us in peace."

"Does not the soil of a *placer* belong to the first occupant?" said Quirino.

"Alas! *Seigneurie*, it was so once, and ought to be so yet; but the Americans, since California was traitorously delivered to them, act and speak like masters, and see in us only servants and beasts of burden, in place of independent men. Look! here is one who is just advancing towards us, his *chiquinile* in his hand. I would bet ten ounces of gold that he is about, without saying anything, and as if it were his right, to work our furrow."

In fact, an American, distant about a thousand paces from the spot where we were standing, appeared and disappeared, according to the inequality of the ground, while directing his steps towards us.

"I am curious to know if the Indian be right," said I to Quirino; "remain here. While waiting for the Yankee, I will go and quench my thirst at this beautiful spring of clear water, twenty steps from us, which sparkles like a bed of rock-crystal."

Quirino quickly seized my arm.

"Do you advise the señor to drink this water?" asked he of the Indian, accompanying his question by an inexplicable smile.

"Hum—seigneurie—" replied the Indian, rather embarrassed, "fresh water, to tell the truth, is a bad thing for the health; it often gives *frios* (intermittent fevers.) If I were he, seigneurie, I would not touch this spring."

"You hear the advice given you by this brave fellow?" asked Quirino, still retaining me firmly by the arm.

"Yes, I hear it, and thank him for it; but as I am by no means in a state of perspiration, I believe I may be excused from following it."

"Then surrender to my prayer—do not drink."

"You are my guide, and I must obey you," replied I, rather surprised at his persistence.

"Very good," said he. Then addressing himself to the Indians, who, during this debate, so apparently insignificant, nevertheless had suspended their labours, he continued.

"Children, the American approaches; let us speak little, and speak well. How much do you gain here a day? Eighteen to twenty piastres each, is it not?"

"Yes, seigneurie, twenty piastres."

"Will you work for this sieigneurie? He will pay you forty piastres per day."

"Certainly, sieigneurie."

"Good. Gather together your shovels and your *chiquinites*, and follow us without delay."

"Ah! come! señor Don Rafael," said I in a low voice to the Gambusino, while the Indians obeyed his orders, "this is too much; why, you impose upon me the payment of six hundred piastres a day!"

"Well, what matters it to you, if you *do* pay six hundred piastres, if there remain to you six hundred of profit?"

"Oh! if it be thus, I comprehend nothing more, and shall henceforth hold my tongue."

I had scarcely finished my sentence, when the American, whom we had already perceived for a long time, arrived. His dripping forehead, his dust-besprinkled clothing, his oppressed breathing, testified that he had made a long and rapid journey. His first look was for the spring of fresh water of which I have already spoken; his first action to plunge his *chiquinite* therein, to withdraw it full, and to drink with avidity.

"Here is a man less prudent, and more happy than I am," said I to Quirino.

"*Quien sabe*, who knows?" replied he, shaking his head.

The Indians having taken up their shovels and *chiquinites*, we set off. Quirino walked before as guide.

We proceeded onwards for about an hour, in a northerly direction.

"Children," at last said Quirino, turning towards the Indians, "we are arrived. Let us exchange a few words beforehand: good reckonings make good friends. Your time is precious; I will be brief. I am about to discover to you a place yet unknown, and easily worked. A man can readily collect there from eighty to a hundred piastres of gold per day. You are going to labour on account of Monsieur (Quirino pointed to me). These are his conditions. Each of you will deduct from the produce of the day's labour the sum of forty piastres, and afterwards faithfully remit to him the remainder. Each time that this remainder exceeds forty piastres, which will always take place, however deficient in activity you may be, the overplus will be again equally divided between you and him. The señor depends entirely upon your honesty; still he has authorised me to use as a sheath for my knife the breast of him amongst you whom I surprise abusing his confidence. They call me Rafael Quirino. It is very difficult to deceive me, and I always hold by my given word. Now, my conditions, or to speak more correctly, those of the señor, are agreeable to you,—yes or no?" "Que viva el señor Quirino!" cried the Indians; "Yes, yes, your conditions suit us perfectly."

"Then follow me," said the Gambusino.

Don Rafael glided immediately between two rocks, so close one to the other, that a corpulent man could not have passed through the opening.

"Here it is," cried he, five minutes later, pointing with his finger to the bed of a dried up torrent, encased in a girdle of rocks. A little rivulet sufficient for the purpose of gold-washing meandered in the middle.

Scarcely had the Indians examined a few handfuls of sand than hurrahs of frenzied joy, doubtless the first that had ever been repeated by the echoes of the desert, arose towards the heavens. The sand at first sight appeared to enclose nearly a tenth part of gold.

"I did not imagine that this place was so rich," said Quirino to me, carefully examining a pinch of sand in the hollow of his hand, "receive my most sincere congratulations. Each man might, with little pains, collect at least two hundred piastres of gold-dust per day."

"But, Quirino, you oppress me—my gratitude —."

"Bah, bah! none of these great words; the discovery is hardly worth the trouble of making it. In three weeks the bed of the torrent will be exhausted. But it is late, come."

"Ha!" said the Gambusino, after having explained to the Indians the precise place where they would find my tent, "you are still thirsty."

"Certainly."

"Well, then, quench your thirst at this brook before we set out on our return."

"You do not fear fever for me then any more?"

"Drink, drink, without hesitation. I will answer for you."

When Quirino and I arrived near the place where we had met with the Indians, we thought we heard several sighs. A little after we perceived the American whom we had left there, lying upon the ground, and a prey to the most frightful convulsions.

I was about to rush forwards to his assistance, when Quirino retained me.

"It is useless to trouble yourself," said he, coldly, "the man will be dead in five minutes. Hold! he is dead."

It was true; I remained stupified.

"You see," dear friend, "said the Gambusino, with the same *sang-froid*, "that people often die in a strange manner in these *placeres*. This young and vigorous man carried himself only this morning to admiration. Behold him a corpse!"

"And what might be the cause of so terrible and sudden a catastrophe, Don Rafael?"

"Who knows? probably an imprudence. Ha! I remember, August, 1849.—VOL. LV. NO. CCXX.

the American, not so well advised as you, drank of the neighbouring spring. Yes, it is that, the fever will have seized him."

"But, Don Rafael, a glass of cold water does not kill like a bullet."

"It is according to circumstances. Suppose this water has been poisoned, for example, by the accidental falling in of some venomous plant."

"What do you tell me?" cried I, with horror, "you believe that the Indians poisoned the spring?"

"Who knows? the Indians are vindictive when one injures their interests, and they handle poison very ably. I have always avoided, for my part, drinking in any *placer* of the water of a spring near which I saw traces of human beings. After all, each to his habits and his manners. Let us go on."

From this moment it became evident to me that the Gambusino, by hindering me, thanks to his prodigious sagacity, from quenching my thirst the first time that I had manifested a desire to do so, had saved my life. I must avow that my gratitude to him, believing as I did that he had allowed the poor American to die so miserable, was not what it ought to have been. Either because this tragic event had made too lively an impression upon me, or that the fatigues of the day had been above my strength, certain it is that I was happy to see again the sharp roof of my tent point to the horizon. I felt myself becoming feeble, and I advanced with extreme difficulty.

Scarcely arrived, I allowed myself to fall rather than threw myself upon the bison skin extended upon the ground, by way of carpet and bed. The Gambusino looked at me for a few seconds with great attention, then, drawing his *zarape*, or blanket, off his shoulders, he enveloped me carefully in it.

"Dear friend," said he to me, "you have the commencement of an intermittent fever; do not alarm yourself, but endeavour to sleep until I return."

An hour later the Gambusino re-entered my tent with a handful of plants that were unknown to me, lighted the fire, and made an infusion of the herbs; then seating himself on the ground near me, and sustaining my head, caused me to drink this infusion at little mouthfuls, with a care and kindness worthy of a sister of charity. I fell into a profound slumber.

It was night when I awoke; the obscurity but half vanquished by a species of small lamp placed in a corner of the tent permitted me to perceive Quirino, seated at two steps from me, and watching over my slumbers.

"Well, dear friend," said he, softly, "have courage; a fever taken in time is a warning rather than a sickness. Swallow

the contents of this spoon, and to-morrow there will be nothing the matter with you."

"Oh! how dreadfully bitter," cried I, after having drank; "what have you given me, Rafael?"

"Some grains of the quinine that we brought from New Orleans; you see that the event has justified my caution. Now sleep without anxiety."

The Gambusino, after this recommendation, laid himself down outside, across the door of my tent, and remained there until the next morning, insensible to the freezing dews of the night.

PART III.

RAFAEL QUIRINO was right in saying that a fever in time was a warning rather than a sickness, for I found myself the next day entirely re-established. I reproached him tenderly for his imprudence in having passed the night in the open air.

"If you knew the Gambusinos better, you would not speak thus," replied he. "The Gambusino has need to see and to hear that which is said and done around him during his slumber. He sleeps with his eyes open. The idea of finding myself shut up in a tent that hides danger from my view, yet does not guarantee me against it, frightens me much more than the possibility of an encounter with Yakies or Apoches. But come, and let us take a little walk. I will procure you a surprise, See," said the Gambusino, as I stepped out of my tent, "here are a café and a warehouse, that have grown up in one night out of the sand of the *placer*."

Two large canvass tents, solid, well planted, and coquettishly adorned with the American colours, elevated themselves at a few steps from where we were standing. A large writing fastened to the door of the largest, bore four words, written in immense letters, the one Spanish, the three others English. The Spanish word was, "*Fonda*," the English words were, "The Washington Arms."

"Civilization takes possession of the desert," said Don Rafael, laughing. "Do you suspect who is the conqueror?"

"My faith! no."

"It is my rival, the seductive John Bell. Let us go and pay him a visit."

We found the ingenious Kentuckian seated astride a long

plank, his counter, which was loaded with balances, a species of transparent goblets, made of thin horn, and magnificent sieves. About forty gold-seekers were speaking to him at the same time.

"How much for a sieve? how much for a pair of scales?" cried they in Spanish and English. The Kentuckian, his arms crossed, his air dignified and cold, seemed buried in profound meditation, and answered not. Seeing us enter, he made us, in guise of salutation, an amicable sign with his foot. Quirino bowed to the ground.

"How much for this pair of scales?" demanded anew an impatient gold-seeker, shaking the giant rudely by the collar of his black coat.

"These scales are not to sell."

The buyer appeared a little disconcerted.

"And these sieves," continued he, "how much for them?"

"These sieves are not to sell," repeated the Kentuckian.

"Bah! the talk of a greedy tradesman. I will give two ounces for one of them."

"And I four."

"And I six."

"And I ten."

"And I fifteen," cried several goldseekers, one after another, whom the sight of these commodious and useful utensils tempted strongly.

The face of the Kentuckian became scarlet. John Bell, we know, had very lively passions when his pecuniary interests were affected.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "I do not sell these sieves. I let them out on hire."

"For how much?"

"Two piastres per hour, and upon a deposit of a hundred ounces of gold for each sieve. Each hour commenced, be it but by one minute, will count for an entire hour. I am very fond of regularity."

Furious cries followed the declaration of the Kentuckian. A quarter of an hour later, all the sieves were engaged.

Going out of the shop of the Kentuckian, we entered one of the two eating-houses of which I have already spoken, to buy our breakfast. A pound of *tasago*, some handfuls of maize meal, and half a bottle of brandy, cost us the *moderate* sum of seven piastres. Quirino maintained that it was nothing, and that these same things at Nabogame would have cost at least forty piastres. Our breakfast finished, the Gambusino proposed to me to go and seek a roebuck, and I accepted the proposal.

The number of gold-seekers that we encountered during the

day, might amount to two or three thousand. I remarked that the crevices of the rocks, and the ravines, were the places most abounding in gold. Some words exchanged between the Gambusino and the *rascadores*, apprised us that magnificent acquisitions were made every instant. The average gains of the searchers amounted to about twenty piastres each. One of them showed us a grain of gold—since that is the conventional term—of the size of an orange. He had found it in throwing his shovel to the earth, at the moment when he was about to deliver himself to his *siesta*, and he seemed but tolerably satisfied with it. Some fragments of quartz, enclosed within the grain, and lessening its weight, diminished his joy; still its value might be from twelve to fourteen thousand francs.

Cupidity is certainly of all human passions the most difficult to content, the most insatiable.

Feeling fatigued, I consulted my watch, and found that it was two o'clock. "Give me your carabine," said Quirino, "and rest yourself at the foot of this rock. If, until I return, you wish to sleep, sleep. This place appears to me perfectly secure; I perceive around us neither human imprints, nor traces of serpents. In two hours I will bring you a young and fat buck."

"I willingly accept your offer. I will take my *siesta*."

Two hours later, the Gambusino, faithful to his promise, returned; a very fine buck, the fore feet of which he held in his hands, hung lifeless across his back.

"Will you help me to carry this game to your tent?" asked he, without entering into any details of the chase.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Ah! ah!" said the Gambusino to me, when we were arrived.

"The sun marks six o'clock."

"Well?"

"Well, I wait," replied he, throwing on the ground the leathern sheath that covered his poignard, and leaving the bare steel hanging to his belt.

"What then, Don Rafael!—You puzzle me: what do you wait for?"

"This Indian who directs his steps towards us, my dear friend."

"And who is this Indian?"

"This Indian is he whom I yesterday named director in chief of the works that you cause to be executed."

Hardly had the Gambusino finished speaking, than my director in chief arrived. He humbly saluted us. I remarked that he carried in his hand a small canvass bag.

"My good fellow," said Quirino to him, taking the first word, "I have just lost the sheath of my poignard,—is it necessary

that I try to replace it? Ah! apropos, you bring the señor the produce of the day's work, do you not? Come, deliver it up."

The Indian, in place of obeying, precipitately turned back.

"This is an honest thief, who experiences remorse, and positively intends to let my poignard grow rusty," said Don Rafael to me.

"In the mean time he carries the harvest of the day with him."

"Oh! do not disquiet yourself; he knows too well that distance exists not for me, to dream of flying. See, he returns."

In fact, the Indian delayed not to present himself anew before us. He yet carried his little canvass bag, but it appeared to me that it had augmented in size.

Quirino took it from his hands, and threw it two or three times into the air.

"This weighs from ninety-six to ninety-eight ounces," said he. "Counting sixteen Indians, that is six ounces and some grains per head. It is pretty well worked. Only, my friend, you could do better yet."

"But, sieigneurie, we are no longer sixteen men. Since yesterday evening, there are two deaths amongst us."

"By stabbing?"

"Yes, seigneurie."

"I can very well fancy, my good fellow, that the day's work finished, people divert themselves, for nobody is more indulgent than I am. Still, as you are this time engaged in the service of another, and do not for the present belong to yourselves, I forbid the use of the knife. You hear.—Each one of you who kills another, shall the next day be obliged to measure his poignard with mine. Repeat what I say to your companions."

"You shall be obeyed, seigneurie. I kiss your hands."

"*Au revoir, mon garçon*; come again to-morrow at the same hour, and above all be careful to play no more comedies with me. I am rarely indulgent twice together."

The Indian gone, I examined the gold which he had brought me; it was of the finest species.

I had so fully accepted the protection which Quirino had arrogated over my person, that I dreamt not for an instant, either of offering him half the gold, or even of thanking him. He appeared to be obliged to me for my egotism.

During the twenty following days, the Indians who laboured for me brought me each evening six pounds to six pounds and some ounces of gold. These twenty days passed, they signified to me, as Quirino had foreseen, that the bed of the torrent was exhausted, and that they were about to withdraw. My share of the result obtained during these twenty days, was more than

a hundred and twenty pounds of gold, that is to say, in European money, a hundred and fifty and odd thousand francs. I must do myself this justice, that this rapid commencement of a fortune neither dazzled me nor inspired me with any ambitious ideas. I had but one thought, that of returning to Europe.

About three weeks after my arrival, Quirino entered, one day, into my tent, with a more sombre air than usual.

"Dear friend," said he, "I may quit the *placer* at any moment, and I wish, before my departure, to complete your fortune. Do you feel yourself strong, and determined enough to undertake a long expedition with me?"

"Yes, Rafael!"

"Very well. Put on your leathern spatterdashes, fill your gourd with eau-de-vie, your buffalo-horn with powder, and carefully clean your good carabine. Be ready in an hour. *Au revoir!* Ah! I forget, make a hole within your tent, and hide your gold there!"

Rafael Quirino was punctuality personified. The hour was just expiring, when he returned. I had done all according to his recommendation, and he found me ready to follow him. The costume of the Gambusino differed not much from mine, save that he carried a kind of little leathern portmanteau upon his shoulder.

"Shall we go?"

He inspected my accoutrements.

"Your pick-axe?" said he.

"You did not mention it;—is it necessary to take it?"

"Certainly!"

The Gambusino conversed for a short time with three armed Indians, who waited at the door of my tent; then, turning towards me, who had stood a little apart:

"May God protect us!" said he. "We will now commence our journey."

We took the same direction that we had taken twenty days before, when Don Rafael had found my little *placer*."

At six o'clock in the evening, Quirino stopped.

"Here our first stage ends," said he; "we will not go any further until to-morrow, at sun-rise."

We then lighted a great fire, and Quirino prepared our dinner, which consisted of about a pound of *tasago*. For a month, I had not seen a single morsel of bread. Our modest repast was scarcely finished, when we found ourselves enveloped in darkness; night, as we know, succeeds to day, in these latitudes, without any termination. Twilight is there unknown.

"Let us revive the fire, before sleeping," said Quirino; "its

light will protect us against the attacks of jaguars and of serpents. Now, lie upon your side, that you may avoid the dews of the night falling on your eyes, which might render you blind. Farewell, until to-morrow !”

I extended myself upon the earth, after having enveloped myself in my blanket. I was not without inquietude, but fatigue soon put an end to my anxieties, and I fell into a profound slumber.

The next day, the Gambusino awoke me, as he had promised, as soon as the sun showed itself above the horizon. Some still burning brands of our fire of the preceding evening permitted us to roast a new strip of *tasago*, before re-commencing our journey.

This second day appeared to me still more fatiguing than the first. The ground, more and more rugged as we advanced, retarded our walk, and rendered it painful.

Precisely at six o'clock, Don Rafael stopped, as on the preceding evening ; it was time ; my legs refused to support the weight of my body. I allowed myself to fall upon the earth, without thinking of assisting my companion to light the fire.

“ A little courage, friend,” said he, in bringing me my unavoidable morsel of *tasago* ; “ we have already accomplished two-thirds of our task.”

In fact, the evening of the next day Rafael announced that we were arrived. An hour after, I was unconscious of fatigue ; I slept, without power to eat.

The following morning, my first action was to examine the objects which surrounded me, and which my weariness of the evening before had not permitted me to remark. The landscape was far from gay. Before me, extended plains covered with high grass, and a few groups of trees, and separated from one another by slightly-elevated hills : behind, stretched a belt of greyish rocks, until they were lost in the distance.

“ You will not complain of having slept ill, dear friend,” said Gambusino, whom I perceived at about ten paces from me, busily occupied in skinning a buck, “ for I have taken your carabine from your side, and pulled the trigger, at a short distance from you, upon this game, without your knowing anything about it.”

This time, I made amends for my last evening's abstinence, by doing full honour to the repast improvised by the Gambusino. The idea, that I was at length arrived at my journey's end, contributed not a little to give me courage.

“ The eventful moment is come,” said Don Rafael. “ You see this rock, through the fissures of which oozes an impercep—

tible thread of water? Well, this rock above separates us from success, and it is necessary to attack it."

I had been so much accustomed to play a passive part, and the Gambusino inspired me with so great a degree of confidence, that I did not even dream of asking an explanation.

"I am ready," I said; "what am I to do?"

"To enlarge these fissures, by means of the pickaxe, until they form an opening of about a foot square," replied he.

I immediately set to work. The rock appeared less hard than I had at first believed. Numerous fragments of stone covering the ground, proved at the end of an hour with what zeal I had executed the orders of the Gambusino. But I began to fall away."

"Rest yourself!" said Rafael to me, taking the pick-axe from my hands.

My companion, though far frailer in appearance than I, struck the rock above three hours, without stopping; while the thread of water, which continually augmented in volume, rendered his task more and more difficult. At length, at a last and furious blow, the water rushed out with so much violence, that he was obliged to step backwards, to avoid being overthrown.

"Well, the business is finished," said he, "we must now wait until the water is entirely run out."

The water flowed for nearly five hours, and we remained inactive more than half the day. Towards three o'clock, Quirino rose from the earth, where he had been reclining.

"Now, dear friend," said he, "we are going to climb these rocks: only I ought to tell you, that they are infested with rattlesnakes. Do you fear these reptiles?"

"Exceedingly! My antipathy against them is so strong, that the very contact of a serpent, even were he dead, would make me ill."

The Gambusino immediately began, after a slight search, to gather certain plants that were unknown to me, and which were near the place where we had encamped.

When these plants formed, collected together, a pretty large bundle, he tied them upon his back, and began to scale the wall of rocks that was behind us. I almost immediately lost sight of him. Five or six minutes had scarcely elapsed, when a thick smoke, and an odour equally sharp and aromatic, coming from the direction in which the Gambusino had disappeared, awoke my attention.

Several greyish shadows glided precipitately over the rock, and fell upon the ground without producing any other sound

than a strange, burring noise, similar to that which a covey of partridges makes in rising.

I had not even strength to utter a cry, so great was my fright on seeing myself literally surrounded by serpents, who escaped on all sides. Several of these reptiles passed scarcely half a foot from the place where fear held me immoveably nailed.

The voice of the Gambusino recalled me to myself.

"You can come, now, dear friend," cried he; "the *cascabelles* are gone."

He had not to repeat the invitation, for I hastened to climb the rocks, the height of which might be from twenty to twenty-five feet.

"I hope they were numerous enough," said Quirino, when I rejoined him; "there must have been at least eighty. Truly, one would believe that a genie had placed them here, to guard the gold which we are about to snatch from its hiding-place."

"And where shall we find the gold, Don Rafael?"

"There," replied the Gambusino, pointing to an excavation in form of a funnel, nearly a hundred feet wide at its orifice, and from twenty to twenty-five feet deep. "Few words will suffice," continued he, "to dissipate your astonishment. The torrential rains that each year descend from the mountains, carrying with them particles of gold, of which I alone know the source, will have necessarily, perhaps for hundreds of years back, accumulated in the excavation stores of gold dust and grains."

"But, Don Rafael, the bottom of the excavation is yet covered by at least a foot of water, and we have not any instrument—"

"Bah! we have intelligence. You shall see."

The Gambusino then descended into the excavation, and, with stones which I threw down to him, constructed a species of dike, or bank, forming a semicircle, and leaning by its two extremities against the walls of rock.

In two hours it was quite finished, and Quirino re-ascended.

"It ought to be nearly five o'clock," said he; "let us occupy ourselves with dinner. I should not be sorry to warm myself a little before a good fire."

We dined in our usual manner, and then extended ourselves on the ground, wrapped in our blankets. It was four o'clock in the morning when the Gambusino awoke me, and scarcely daylight.

"Now, idler, to work," cried he, shaking me gently by the sleeve of my coat. "It is late, and we have yet much labour before us. Take your pick-axe."

The Gambusino then produced out of his little portmanteau a flattened leather bucket and a long cord; restored its ordinary form to the bucket, fastened the cord to the handle, and directed his steps towards the excavation.

"Descend in your turn," said he. "You shall fill this bucket with water, and I will draw it up, until we have dried the little space of ground enclosed between my bank and the rock."

Three hours of violent and continued labour obtained the result that the Gambusino desired.

"Now we must dig as deeply as possible into the space that we have dried," said he. "Use your pick-axe, dear friend."

At the first stroke I gave I uttered a cry of surprise. The removed earth was mingled nearly in equal parts with gold dust. I am not covetous; still, the sight made my heart beat violently, and my head turn round. I was obliged to sit down upon the bank.

"Stop," said the Gambusino from on high; "here is a large flat stone which I have sharpened at its extremity, and which now forms a good shovel. It will serve to put the earth raised by your pick-axe into the basket. Courage, friend!"

This recommendation was useless. I was in a fever of activity. I felt in me the force and power of ten vigorous men. Nothing seemed impossible. When I re-ascended, two hours later, the earth was dug to the depth of nearly three feet.

"What shall we do now, Raphael?" asked I.

"When we shall have dug deeply the space of twenty feet comprised between the rock and my dike," replied the Gambusino, "we will overthrow the bank, to the end that the water may retire into the hole, and leave the rest of the ground dry. Then we shall be simply *rascadores*. Do you approve of my plan?"

I will not describe the labours that we accomplished, and the manner in which we lived, during the eight following days. Suffice it to say that, at the end of that time, I found myself possessor of a mass of gold that Quirino judged might weigh from fifty-five to sixty pounds.

"My excellent friend," said the Gambusino, the morning of the ninth day, "my determination will perhaps surprise and afflict you. We return to-day to the *placer* of the Sacramento."

"Already, Don Rafael?" cried I, dolorously.

"Yes, dear friend, in an hour."

"And wherefore?"

"For a thousand reasons. The first is, that if we continued to work our *placer* you would soon become avaricious and covetous. Oh! do not exclaim. Cupidity is a malady produced by the mere contact of gold. The second reason is, that the time

approaches when the Indian Yakis invade the latitude where we now are. Lastly, not to enumerate the other reasons, I can no longer dispose of my time—for you.”

“Pardon me, Don Rafael; I believe you are right. The contact of gold produces a malady, a fever, that borders upon madness. For see; I have not once, during these eight days, testified my gratitude towards you. Let us go.”

“Oh, as to gratitude, dear friend, I excuse you from it entirely. I need of you but one single thing, and I hope you will not refuse it to me.”

“Speak it, Don Rafael; it is accorded beforehand. Do you wish half of my gold?”

“No; I wish only that you engage yourself by an oath before me never to reveal to any one the position of the *placer* that we have now worked, and never to return thither yourself.”

I eagerly took the required oath.

“Thank you, dear friend,” said the Gambusino, in his calmest voice; “you have lifted a heavy load from my heart.”

The Gambusino filled his leathern bucket with stones, and threw it into the auriferous excavation; then, descending the rocks, he very carefully closed up with fragments of granite, mingled with clay, and diluted by deer’s blood, the opening that we had made, eight days before, to facilitate the escape of the water.

This done, the Gambusino shut the gold that we had collected carefully up in his empty portmanteau, and we retook the road to the Sacramento, where we arrived eight days later, an hour before sunset.

I found before my tent two Indians, who appeared to be mounting guard, and whom I recognized as the same with whom Quirino had talked, the day of our departure.

They made us a profound salutation.

“Where is your companion?” asked the Gambusino of them.

“Fifty steps from hence, seigneurie. He is resting from his watch.”

“Go into your tent,” said Quirino to me, “and see if the gold that you buried be yet there.”

I hastened to obey; I found my gold untouched.

“Then you owe to these Indians two thousand one hundred piastres,” said the Gambusino. “I hired them, at the rate of fifty piastres each per day, to guard your tent during the time of your absence. Did I well?”

“Don Rafael, I know not how to thank you.”

The Indians gone, the Gambusino proposed that we should go and weigh our gold with John Bell.

“What! you here!” cried the giant Kentuckian, disdainfully.

fully, on perceiving us. "I suppose you come from scraping the earth?"

"You suppose justly."

"The trade of dupes! After all, each one according to his intelligence. I am rich now, *I am*."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Gambusino. "And how have you become so?"

"In a very simple manner, and without much fatigue. Here is my register. Read. The letting out of ten sieves, at the rate of 20 piastres per day, comes to 200 piastres; my hotel, that contains twelve lodgers, at 2 piastres per head, brings me 24 piastres per day. Add to this a deduction of a piastre that I make upon every quantity of gold that is brought to be weighed, which deduction amounts each evening to 20 piastres, and you will see that in thirty-five days I have gained 8,540 piastres, without counting the sale of a hundred little measures, of my own invention, measures made of transparent horn, graduated by the inch, which I have sold at ten piastres each. I now possess 10,540 piastres. My food has not occasioned me any expense; I have always gained in cooking for my customers. I give you all these details because I do not fear that you will enter into competition with me. What think you of my spirit?"

"Here is a piastre," said the Gambusino, without replying to the question of the American; "weigh us this little quantity of gold that we have gathered in scraping the earth according to our degree of intelligence."

Rafael Quirino, while speaking, deposited upon the counter the portmanteau that he carried under his *zarape*.

"God bless me!" cried John Bell, "sixty-four pounds! Reckon only an ounce of gold-dust to 14 piastres, and this will yet make 13,454 piastres that you have gained."

"Bah! it is only a commencement," said Quirino, quietly.

The Kentuckian took the two little hands of the Gambusino into one of his own, and pressed them almost to breaking.

"Brave and noble *caballero*," said he, "you know that I have always been your friend, have I not? I conjure you, cause me also to find sixty-four pounds of gold."

"What will you give me?"

"What will I give you? All that you wish: the twentieth of the sum, for instance."

"It is not enough," said Quirino.

"Not enough! more than three pounds of gold!—that is to say, 760 and odd piastres! Well, listen,—yes—one owes it to one's friends—I will sacrifice myself. Find me sixty-four pounds of gold, and I will yield to you Miss Annette B."

"Done," said the Gambusino.

This word acted in so powerful a manner upon the American that he could scarcely stammer,—“When?”

“To-morrow, at five o'clock in the morning,” replied Quirino.

“You do not deceive me?”

“Fear not: I will be punctual to the rendezvous,” said the Gambusino, accompanying his reply by one of those doubtful smiles which I loved not to see.

I was so tired, in consequence of the incredible fatigues that I had undergone, that I hastened to go and throw myself upon my bison skin in my tent.

The three Indians that came the next day, to ask me for the 2,100 piastres that I owed them, aroused me but for a moment from my slumber.

I prayed them to bring me a little water, and something to eat; then, after having eaten and drank, I slept again.

At eight o'clock in the evening the Gambusino entered into my tent.

“Dear friend,” said he, “I come to make you my adieu. I depart this instant for my great journey.”

“So suddenly, Quirino?”

“Yes, dear friend, I am, indeed, about to depart. See, the moon lights up the country magnificently. Will you accompany me during one or two hours?”

“Oh, very willingly, Rafael,” cried I.

“I have to speak to you seriously, dear friend,” said he to me, after an hour-and-a-half of walking; “listen to me with attention. You are now rich, for I believe you gifted with a happy and easily contented disposition. Mar not, by an insensate cupidity, the tranquil future that awaits you. After to-morrow, there will return to Monterey a convoy, that arrived a few days ago, with victuals for the Sacramento. Join yourself to this convoy. This *placer* of the Sacramento, already so dangerous to inhabit, will soon present a spectacle to render the evil one as happy in his hell as if he were in paradise. Steel, famine, and poison,—three terrible divinities, that have often disputed my poor existence between them, will pitilessly decimate the ranks of the insensate crowd that will rush hither and strew the sands of the desert with their bones. You cannot even imagine what a *placer* becomes, when delivered to the competition of pillage,—it is frightful. Will you promise me to go?”

“Yes, Rafael; upon my honour, I promise you.”

“Good. Now, adieu! Think sometimes of me in your prayers.”

The Gambusino pressed my hand cordially, and rapidly walked away. For a long time I watched his retreating figure by the

light of the moon, with a humid and softened eye. Whither went this man, who had so wonderfully influenced my destiny?

I sadly retook the way to my tent, and passed the night in melancholy reflections, without power to deliver myself anew to slumber.

The next day they found the corpse of John Bell transfixed upon the point of a rock, in the middle of a ravine. A stab from a poignard had passed through his heart. They attributed his death to an accidental fall, and the *rascadores* took his gold.

The following evening, faithful to my promise, I departed with the convoy to Monterey. I sold in England the gold dust that I had brought from the Sacramento, for the sum of 232,000 francs.

Often do I think of Quirino. I expect each day to hear the news that a poor gold-seeker has discovered a *placer* much more marvellous than that of the Sacramento,—a *placer*, the working of which will have a powerful influence upon the fate of Europe. Sometimes I fear, when I recall to my memory the way in which Don Rafael bade me adieu, that he experienced an invincible presentiment of his approaching death.

THESE adventures were related to me last June, by a Spaniard, Señor Carlos Urriaga, who had just arrived from the Sacramento.

Señor Urriaga is a young man, full of frankness and loyalty, gifted with much good sense, and little imagination. I believe him incapable of having invented, or even altered, any of the facts relating to his acquaintance with the Gambusino, Quirino and his sojourn in the *placer* of the Sacramento.

As to the short descriptions of country that occur throughout the tale, I know them to be exact.

I have myself visited the ports of Monterey and San Francisco, and the shores of the Sacramento. But I was, indeed, far from suspecting, when I occasionally bathed in the waters of this new, and then unknown Pactolus, that I swam upon gold.

PAUL DUPLESSIS.

SONG OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

We part not yet—the rich red rose
Around our path its perfume throws ;
The warm, bright sunbeams glance between
The boughs, that form our leafy screen.
O'er the calm bosom of the sea,
Light barks are floating peacefully ;
Gay summer smiled when first we met,
'Tis summer still—we part not yet.

I know that autumn's wind and rain
Shall sweep these blossoms from the plain ;
The waves shall moan with sullen sound,
And yellow leaves shall strew the ground ;
Yet here, 'mid sunshine, birds, and flowers,
Why sadly dwell on future hours ?
Why are thine eyes with tear-drops wet ?
'Tis summer still—we part not yet.

Blue, cloudless skies are o'er our head,
Wild lilies spring beneath our tread ;
And ocean, from her hidden cells,
Pours forth her store of rainbow shells.
Earth, air, and sea, with cheerful voice,
Tell the glad spirit to rejoice ;
Then hence with sighs of vain regret,
Friend of my soul, we part not yet.

THE STORM AND THE CONFLICT.

A TALE OF THE FIRST REBELLION.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

CHAPTER IV.*

IF poverty, which in these latter days is most generally treated as a crime, be not actually a curse, it has all the visible effects of one on mind and body, deteriorating both, despite of religion and philosophy; neither the promises of the one, nor the precepts of the other, sufficing to bear up our weak human nature in the entire absence of all that is most requisite in the opinion of the world around us, and under the pressure of evils for which earth offers no cure and no sympathy. Seeing in how many cases men cease to care for or to honour themselves when the world ceases to care for or honour them, we may well restrain our wonder at the degradation of those to whom poverty and all its attendant evils have been a birthright, so that not only have the faculties been stunted in their growth, but every natural aspiration crushed out, leaving the mere husks of what might have been, under laws less sordid and less selfish than those by which men govern men, recognizing nothing beyond their mutual corruption. Great was the difference betwixt the Sir Thomas Greystock, who at Darren Court held his head high above all for miles around him, and him that some few months later might have been seen stealthily passing forth in the twilight, from his poor lodging near the Pont Neuf, for a walk on the Boulevards of Paris, or along the Rue Honore; now learning all the advantages enjoyed over him by the wealthy traders of the latter place; and now shrinking with painful consciousness from the stately hotels of the noblesse, experiencing that most desolate feeling of all, that to the equivocal place assigned to him by circumstances, no legitimate sympathy or fellowship might come, but only such stray manifestations of either as

* Concluded from page 431, vol. lv.

August, 1849.—VOL. LV. NO. CCXX.

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must be a further humbling, or perhaps, degradation to receive. But another change had come over Sir Thomas, besides the merely earthly one occasioned by the loss of earthly position, and the imperative necessities harrassing him from day to day. In the solitary home, solitary as if it had been in the heart of a desert, from which he thus issued forth, he left behind him one who might no longer be to him what she had hitherto been—the light of his life. Since her arrival in Paris, Alice had drooped daily; and her slow wasting was more than a bitter sorrow to him, it was a scarcely endurable reproach. If, as the still proud man, he felt keenly the reverses of time,—as the humbled and heart-stricken father, he yearned for a consolation beyond all its promises: and more frequently than elsewhere, he might have been found in the solitude of the dim cathedral aisles, pouring forth his soul in prayer for the strength that he felt was not in him, and of which he hourly had greater need. Desperately combating with destiny in this one particular, he would now determine, that when all was over, he would end his days in a cloister; and anon, marvel how he could have had the heart to plan for the future of a life so desolated, and hoping against hope, would for a short time believe, that such an utter extinction of all joy upon earth could not be. But there were also times during which he was conscious that there are worse evils upon earth than death. It was worse to know, that to the daily drudgery of two beings, on neither of whom he had any claim, he owed his own subsistence, and the roof that sheltered his daughter. Coming punctually with the proceeds of his daily labour, and going none knew whither, Laithwaye had attended faithfully to his self-imposed task, until summoned away by Lancelot Errington. The money produced by the sale of Sir Thomas's plate had mostly disappeared in physician's fees, a waste against which Alice had in vain remonstrated, for the three devoted hearts about her would have resigned more than a world's wealth to have brought the freshness back to her cheek, and the light to her eyes. The labour of Jessy, meanwhile, had been more lucrative than that of Laithwaye, and for some time Alice shared it with her; but before the summer deepened into Autumn, the willing hands of the latter had become powerless. The very strength and earnestness of Alice's spirit and heart had defeated their own purpose. The efforts of the bravest and most faithful are limited, and in striving to crush out at once her own regrets, to live hopefully for the future of others, to build over the perished structure of her lost happiness a holy temple, from which no selfish aspirations might ever rise, she had given no thought to the frail mortal part, until compelled to acknowledge its incapacity for the un-

equal struggle. The same strong affection that enabled her to cling to life, compelled her to shrink from death, when the first shadow of its approach fell upon her; but as time passed, and the shadow became more dense, shutting out much that was merely earthly in her regret, and habituating her spiritual vision to the ineffable light of a purer and farther-seeing love, her heart ceased to rebel against the decree that had gone forth; and save that it had been, as she thought, so altogether useless, she no longer lamented the life that was passing away from her. On the morning of a day towards the close of December, Alice reclined upon a couch in the single sitting-room, well wrapped up in cloaks and shawls, yet shivering before the hearth, on which the heaped faggots blazed cheerfully. Her luxuriant black hair was hidden beneath a muslin cap, save where it lay quietly braided over her pale forehead. The "death in life," upon which agonized hearts are so often compelled to look, had sharpened her features, and given an unnatural largeness and brilliancy to her eyes, from which, however, the softened light of her loving spirit yet beamed forth; and tenderly was that light directed to the fair, pale face of the young girl seated nearer to the window, beside a table strewn with the embroidery work at which her fingers were busily plying. Ah, those busy fingers! busy through the long day, and through the longer watches of the night—how had their incessant toil robbed the transparent cheek of the toiler of its bloom! how had sorrow dimmed the light of her serene eyes!

"You first taught me, dearest Jessy," said Alice, after a lengthened pause, "what a beautiful thing was labour; what a joy it was to be independent by the work of our own hands. But like every other human institution, it is liable to abuse. I recognize in it the pronounced curse, rather than the covert blessing, as I sit idly watching you day after day, and through the night hours that so rarely bring you rest. This harrassing life, this labour beyond your strength, cannot last, Jessy, and ought never to have been. If I could once more share it with you, I should be satisfied; our united labour would be comparatively light, and I should be enabled to prove to you how really grateful I am for all your kindness. As it is——"

"Do you wish to break my heart?" exclaimed the other; "do you regret that you have allowed me to call you sister? that you have awakened within me all the love existing in ties I never knew? How happy has been my labour, and how light! Knowing what a blank has been my past life, can you not believe this? Whilst you are by my side, I feel no weariness—how should I? I look upon it as my highest privilege

to labour; it is to me the greatest of blessings that I am allowed to love as I love you."

"Ah, dearest Jessy, it is your goodness, your devotion, that overwhelms me. How poor and powerless I feel in return! Imagine our situations reversed for a moment. How would you bear the load of obligation you have heaped on me? You first saw me miserable, friendless, half dying; you tended me as a sister, and well earned the right to bear that title. When my father, proscribed and penniless, took refuge here, you devoted yourself to our misfortunes; and in my helplessness, you have clung to me as a mother would cling to a beloved child. Yes; after all, labour is a beautiful thing: it has enabled you to do more than this, more than I can recount or repay. In a better world, great must be the reward of labour!"

"Believe, dear Mrs. Alice, that the reward is great even in this—that mine has been great; that until I knew you, I had known little of happiness. It was you that first gave me a home, that surrounded me with hearts I could respect and love. The obligation is wholly mine—alas! what should I be without you?"

Alice sank back amidst her pillows, and shivered.

"Forgive me," she said; "I do wrong in seeking to paralyse the efforts I cannot aid. Dear Jessy, be to me a sister indeed, and speak calmly with me on matters that are nearest my heart, and on which I can speak to none other. I am dying, Jessy."

Jessy's work fell from her fingers to the floor, and she hid her face in her clasped hands.

"I am dying, Jessy: you must know this as well as I do; but with the natural repugnance of mortality, we have all of us turned away from the stern truth, striving to deceive ourselves and one another. This is unworthy of creatures who through death only are allowed to enter into life. I have had a long battle with dark thoughts, but I have come off victorious. It seemed hard to die so soon; it was strange to me, with my wild, sanguine dreams, to be compelled to acknowledge my own nothingness,—to yield up everything around me so suddenly. But these feelings have passed away. I am dying, Jessy, and I feel that my father will not be quite alone, if, for some time at least, you remain near him. You are like my mother, and on that account he strangely shunned you for some time; but he now clings to you for the same reason, and because you have shown such attention to his child. God will be with you both when I am gone; tend him, strive to console him, for indeed he will require consolation: I know you will do this."

Jessy had not uplifted her head, and tears dropped heavily through her clasped fingers.

"All your teachings, dear Jessy," continued Alice, "have been good and beautiful. I often repeat to myself the words you sometimes read to me,—‘I charge you that ye love one another.’ The divine precepts of that proscribed book have certainly made me happier,—more contented with myself, more tolerant of others. I have been taught to condemn, to distrust all heretics; yet in them I have found the good Samaritans whose benevolence has helped me by the way. It is too late for me to enter into questions of creeds; I am thankful to feel and to acknowledge the power of the Christian kindness I have met with, and search no further. Then how unbounded is the influence of goodness! through you I have learnt to reverence it in others: in spirit I have had communion with the gentle, pious-hearted women, to whom you owe so much, and I am conscious that I should have been better for knowing each of them. I am glad you have written to Mrs. Blake, and to your earlier friend, Sir Richard Steele; you owed to both the explanation you have now given them. For me, how useless my life has been, and how ill-directed! how aimless all my pursuits, how vain my purposed sacrifices, how much vainer my aspirations and my hopes!"

The girls had opened their hearts to one another, as two tributary streams flow on and blend together.

"And wherefore vain?" asked Jessy; "not because they were ill-directed, not because a true heart was wanting for their accomplishment, but because it was God's will that you should be tried, as gold is tried in the furnace, that it may not be found wanting."

"Ah, thou art a flatterer, Jessy! I can no longer deceive myself. It was fearfully sinful to purpose,—blinded by passion and self-will,—as I did; to resolve upon unscrupulously vowing before God love and obedience to the man whose hand, in the very instant that the vow was pronounced, I meditated flinging from me, defying him to exact more than the sacrifice I had already submitted to: as thou knowest, I contemplated all this,—I deserved punishment."

"Rather, you did not deserve to be so tried;" said Jessy. "Ah, Louis, is that you? You are early to-day," she added, addressing a fair-haired young boy, who had entered the room, laden with a large bouquet of flowers.

"Dear, kind Laithwaye!" exclaimed Alice, receiving and bowing her face over the fragrant offering, "though absent, he makes us feel his presence. How his good heart shines forth in these fresh blossoms! How thoughtful it was, and how like

him, to leave such a charge as this, knowing how we should miss the sweet favourites he brought us day after day! What rare flowers these are; how imperishable seems the beauty of earth!"

"How is mademoiselle, to-day?" asked the boy.

"Better," replied Alice; "always better for the sight of these sweet things; better, too, for the sake of the kind feeling that bestowed them,—both in him and you, Louis. But you have never told us how you manage this constant supply?—some fair garden must suffer for our sakes."

"They are most of them from Versailles," said the boy; "but they do not all come from one place: there are so many people that would do anything for Laithwaye."

"I understand," replied Alice; "they are the contributions of many kind hearts:—how the thought enhances their worth and beauty! And you, too, Louis, would do anything for Laithwaye?"

"And for you, mademoiselle," answered the boy.

"Ah! yes,—and for me! I believe you, Louis: how good every one has been to me, of late! you would make a spoilt child of me. But listen, Jessy,—there is my father returning: we shall hear now on what strange errand he was summoned out this morning. His step is quicker than has been wont of late; and see! there is pleasure in his face."

And in truth, the light of some secret satisfaction was displayed in the countenance of Sir Thomas, just then protruded at the doorway.

"May I come in?" he asked; "I have brought an old friend with me, who is waiting to know if you will admit him. I am glad to see thee smile:—why, cheer up, wench! thou hast a look of old times again. Blessings on Laithwaye, for providing thee with these flowers! Aye, and thou shalt have sunshine, the sunshine of the warm south, Alice; and the soft breezes on Italian shores shall bring the bloom back to thy cheeks! But you are mighty incurious, methinks; you do not ask who this friend is;—neither thou, Jessy, though *he* enquired kindly after his old favourite."

"Enquired after me?" cried Jessy; "nay, then I know not who it can be, if not Laithwaye."

"Not Laithwaye: guess again."

The two girls fairly gave it up.

"What think you of the old skipper, Lancelot Errington, coming all this way to see us, and to bring glad tidings? Some kind well-wisher to us, and to the cause, who chooses to be nameless, has sent money for our need; aye, girls, and not by single pounds, but by hundreds; so no more heavy night-work,

Jessy, if you wish to please me : give up this labour for awhile altogether. Shall I bring the skipper in, Alice?"

"By all means : we shall be glad to see him, and he will be glad to see *one* of us, I know," continued Alice, as Sir Thomas left the room : "I have not forgotten what Laithwaye told us he had said about his little favourite, at Christie Fraser's. As for me, he never saw me but once, and then for so short a time, that he will scarcely remember me again."

The skipper entered, as she ceased speaking, preceded by Sir Thomas. He had evidently taken some pains about his personal appearance : his canvas trousers, and blue jacket, with its immense horn buttons, were quite new, as was also the straw hat, covered with oilskin, which he twirled in his hands nervously, on entering the presence of the two girls.

"My daughter," said Sir Thomas : "she remembers you well ; and you have not forgotten her, I am sure."

The skipper stopped short beside the couch on which Alice lay, and gazed from its occupant to Sir Thomas in a bewildered manner.

"You don't mean to say that's the young woman I saw at Lytham?" he asked, abruptly, neglecting, in his consternation, to take the small, thin hand that had been extended to him.

"You think her changed?" asked Sir Thomas, his lips growing white, as he anxiously watched the skipper's astonished look : "and what wonder?—see what anxious days she has gone through ! But matters are mending now, and we shall do bravely by and bye."

"In course," said the skipper, still keeping his eyes fixed on Alice in astonishment, and speaking so abstractedly as to render his testimony in favour of Sir Thomas's views of little value ; "in course."

"You are overlooking me altogether, Mr. Errington," said Jessy, anxious to put an end to a scene so painful ; "won't you shake hands?"

The skipper made but one stride to the spot where Jessy stood, and placing his hat on the table, took between both his own the hand held out to him, looking anxiously in her face as he did so.

"Ah, it's a bad place, this here France," he said, shaking his head ; "our English flowers can't bloom here, nohow ; I never saw such a change as has come over you two,—the young lady here 'specially."

"I am thinking of taking them to Italy," said Sir Thomas, "and only await Laithwaye's return. Laithwaye is gone to Preston, Alice, to see his mother, who is ill. How we all miss him !—he was useful to us in a hundred ways ; and then he was

always so cheerful, that it was a pleasure only to look upon his bright face."

"To be sure it was," said the skipper; "and he's like a fish out of water himself, away from you all. I'm only an awkward squab myself, but if I can be of any service till he comes back, I've nothing else to do but make myself useful; and if the young uns here, or your honour, can find me any employment, I shall take it kindly."

"You're a good soul, Errington," said Sir Thomas, "and friends are not so plentiful that we should disregard your offer. You can do us great service, no doubt of it;—you are the very man I want to talk with about our voyage to Italy: so, girls, cheer up, while Lancelot and I talk matters over. Louis, thou art the page of pages: heap up the hearth, boy, till the fire blazes merrily; thou shalt be rewarded, as is only thy due."

So saying, he kissed his daughter's cheek, and the two girls exchanged a mournful glance as he went out, leaving nothing of the sunshine of his own hope behind him.

CHAPTER V.

AFFLICTION, the humbler—sorrow, the purifier, united to work great changes in Sir Thomas Greystock, and his daughter, before either entertained such thorough appreciation of the girl Jessy as ultimately served to identify their interests; so that their connection no longer seemed the casualty of a dark day, which circumstances might sever, but bore with it in every particular the impress of an indissoluble bond, too holy to be questioned or broken. The nameless girl, without lineage to conciliate the prejudices of rank and birth, and with much in her disjointed story that was offensive to both, had appealed, by the true independence of her spirit—by her instinctive resistance to evil—by her gentleness and constancy, and by the self-sacrificing affection of her nature, to whatever was most noble in the hearts toward which her own had been attracted; and the appeal was not vain. And it was rather through this earnest appreciation of the girl's innate worth, than out of the vague details of her personal history—rich as they were in surmises—that both Alice and her father rejected the thought of her having sprung from a parentage either low or unworthy. The extreme

beauty of her person, in full harmony with the beauty of spirit which she exhibited, placed the idea so far out of nature that less prepossessed investigation might well have come to like conclusion, and with the same strong sense of right. Beyond all this, and, though unacknowledged, above it all with both of them, was the strangely perfect resemblance of Jessy to the deceased Lady Greystock, which to Sir Thomas became more and more apparent when further intercourse had enabled him to trace in her mind and manners a still closer likeness to those of his long-lost wife. Inclined to be superstitious, alike by his creed and solitary habits, he gradually began to look upon the girl as a being especially provided by providence to cheer them in their exile; and to prove, at their greatest need, such a stay as he could not have anticipated for the waning existence of his daughter. Respecting her he was soon compelled to yield up the brief hope inspired by the human aid that came too late to be available. The physicians pronounced her to be too weak to undertake the contemplated voyage, and without inquiring further he knew that no other trust awaited him in time. And it was in this the darkest hour of his trial, whilst shrinking from the contemplation of changes inevitable on the approach of death, that he fully comprehended how blessed a boon was the presence of that solitary girl for him and his. Still able to sit up, and occasionally to converse, Alice was thankful to feel that her father in his suffering was spared so much of the care for which he would have been altogether unfitted; that he could leave her to the untiring watchfulness of Jessy, and know that whatever might would be done. Nor were either of them unmindful of the deep, suppressed sorrow of her to whose devotion both were so much indebted in their mutual helplessness. The ties that linked them together became closer as the hour for their earthly severing approached; and in this also Alice found cause for thankfulness often expressed—that when she was gone, her father would not be quite alone in the world. The new year had come in, and through their window, overlooking the Seine, an occasional sunbeam, struggling amid the dense mists hovering over the river, would fall on the couch where Alice lay, pallid and helpless, yet still so far clinging to the beauty of earth as to give glad welcome to the bright visitant, as well as to the flowers still supplied by the boy Louis with indefatigable zeal. Patient in her departure from life, as she had been earnest in entering on its appointed duties, she expressed only one wish—that she might once more see Laithwaye, and thank him for the past, and commend her father to his further care. The kind-hearted old skipper knew enough of this wish, and the probability of its not being gratified, to feel annoyed at the pro-

longed absence of Laithwaye, whose arrival in Paris he had long before expected ; and when at length a letter from his young friend was put into his hands, he was so far forgetful of self as to hurry with it at once and unopened to the lodgings of Sir Thomas. On the landing place beneath the flat containing the rooms occupied by the baronet's family, he encountered the boy Louis.

"It's no use wasting good English on you, my lad," he said ; and making a sign equivalent to his words, added, "how's all up yonder?" The boy shook his head.

"Aye, I know all that—it's bad enough, I dare say ; but may I go up?" Again the boy understood him, and made signs for him to remain where he was whilst he himself went to ask whether or not the old man could be admitted. Returning almost immediately, he bade the skipper advance. A sister of mercy was quitting the room as he entered it. Alice and Jessy were alone, and the former had just recovered from one of the fainting fits to which she had latterly become subject ; but though in a state of extreme exhaustion, she extended her hand, and received him with a smile of kindly welcome.

"I've brought something that I think will please you both," said the skipper, drawing forth Laithwaye's letter. "You see, when I left London to come here, Laithwaye knew nothing about it ; he didn't know but what I should stop at Christie Frasers' till he came back from Lancashire, and thinking I was there, he sent this letter, which Christie has forwarded. Now, I'm not much of a reader myself, 'specially of writing, and as I know you'd both like to hear what he said of hisself, I've brought it for Jessy to read out to us."

Alice expressed much satisfaction ; and Jessy opened and commenced reading the letter :

"My good friend,—I have to inform you that my mother is dead, and that in consequence of a disclosure which she made on her death-bed, she has left me as completely miserable as it is well possible for human creature to be. For heaven's sake, remain where you are, so that I may see you directly I arrive in London, which I expect to do on Friday next."

"Avast there!" cried the skipper, "you don't mean to tell us that's what he says?"

"It is, indeed," said Jessy, who had hurriedly glanced over the conclusion of the epistle, which shook in her hands, while her face became of an ashy whiteness.

"Something has made him unhappy," she said, refolding the letter as she spoke, and striving by signs to make the skipper understand that she wished him to drop the subject ; "he will soon be here, and we shall learn all about it."

"Well, but if the lad's in trouble," said the obtruse skipper, holding out his hand for the letter, in spite of Jessy's appealing looks; "I should like to try and make out what it's about. Perhaps he wants me to go over and help him."

"No, no," Jessy said, hurriedly, "it is nothing you can help him in."

"We can at least sympathise with so true a friend, Jessy," remarked Alice; "give the letter to me." This the skipper, who had got possession of it, readily did; but Jessy advanced to take it back, with a scarcely suppressed cry.

"I will read it!" she said, "pray, let me read it!"

"What is this, Jessy?" asked Alice, retaining the letter with one hand, while she motioned the girl back with the other; "here is something that you wish me not to know, and in such circumstances as mine none should attempt to deceive me; I am stronger than you think; I must read this myself," and suiting the action to the word, Alice glanced over the concluding portion of the letter, which ran thus:

"I am just distracted, Lancelot; but don't think me mad when I say that Jessy is the daughter of Sir Thomas Greystock, and that Mrs. Alice is ——. I will tell you all when we meet. My God!"

"L. O."

CHAPTER VI.

For some days after reading Laithwaye's brief communication, Alice spoke no word. During that bodily prostration the spiritual light remained unclouded; and recalling minutely the circumstances attending her birth, as they had been detailed to her:—the subsequent strangely altered character of her nurse, Betty Oates:—the interest manifested in her by the mysterious old woman whom she first encountered at Darren Court (and for the first time comprehending that this woman and the grandmother of Jessy were the same):—the perfect resemblance of the girl to the deceased Lady Greystock, and its effect on Sir Thomas, amounting to a presentiment of evil; she felt that, dreadful as was the surmise that she herself was not the daughter of Lady Greystock, it bore all the impress of probability. Then, who was she? It was terrible in such an hour to come to a knowledge of these facts—to busy her imagination with vague conjectures respecting the origin of a life she was so soon to

yield up—to fear that upon the love to which her spirit was clinging, even to the end, she had no claim! If through long months past she had been tried beyond her frail mortal strength, here was a sterner trial to which her spirit—so unexpectedly summoned back to contend with the events of time—felt altogether unequal. The peace into which her regrets had gradually become lulled, was broken; in the passion of her contending feelings, whatever of resignation or serenity she had previously attained to, was lost. For the first time in her life she began to fear, to plan, to struggle for herself. How terrible it would be if reason was overthrown at the last moment—if she should die mad! Dreading to learn more, she prayed that the discovery, whatever it was, might be delayed until she was beyond the reach of further suffering; and, conscious of what passed about her, she was glad to know that Jessie's affection had anticipated her wish, by keeping from Sir Thomas all knowledge of Laithway's communication. She *could* not give up her own claim to the love of him for whom her young life had been willingly laid waste; to the place in his heart and memory to which she had looked forward with a sorrowing joy!

Sir Thomas Greystock meanwhile experienced all the agony consequent on the loss of an only child, rendered peculiarly dear by circumstances. Less brave, or less self-forgetful than his daughter, he only seldom entered the presence of one whose silent suffering and rapid decay were more than he could bear to contemplate. On the days during which Alice remained speechless, he shut himself up in his own room, only venturing to look upon her each night and morning, desiring that, except in case of speech being restored, or of the approach of death, none should disturb him. Love and affliction, differently expressed by different natures, and only to be understood by their outward visible signs, are often liable to be underrated where they abound most: and Alice, through the long hours during which her eyes wandered as if amid vacancy, never meeting the face she most desired to see, suffered such pangs of disappointed affection, as that absent, distrusted heart would have freely yielded up its life-blood to have spared her.

The night of the third day was dark and stormy. Beneath the window of the room in which Alice lay, the turbulent waters of the Seine, swelled to a deluge by incessant rains, and agitated by the down-sweeping wind, rushed onward with a hoarse roar that, mingled as it was with the loud wail of the tempestuous elements above, united to create such a confusion of hurrying and discordant sounds, as was calculated to try beyond all power of endurance the excitable nerves of an invalid. Painfully susceptible of all outward influences, Alice, as the night wore on,

experienced a kind of vague horror which momentarily, even whilst wearing away the frail cords that bound her to existence, seemed to give added strength to her remaining energies; so eager was her desire to hear other sounds amid that war of nature—sounds that should breathe of peace and gentleness, and the quiet rest for which she at length yearned in such weariness of life, as took away all lingering terror of the grave. And the power for which she had struggled came at length, and she spoke. At the sound of her own name, Jessy startled from one of those brief slumbers to which, during the last few nights, she had given way unconsciously, rousing up at the slightest noise with a remorseful pang at her involuntary forgetfulness, as if it was in the power of nature to go beyond its own strength.

"Alice! my friend!" she exclaimed, bending over the couch with clasped hands, "Alice, speak to me!"

"I would see *him* once more, Jessy, once more!"

"Your father, dear? I will call him, and, oh! how he will rejoice to hear you speak to us again!"

"Stay!—Laithway's letter—has he yet seen or heard aught of that?"

"No, dear; why should he? Laithway has been misinformed—let not that subject disturb you for a moment."

Alice waved her hand in token of acquiescence; she had no further power to enter upon the subject anyway. Overcome by the exertion, she closed her eyes for a few moments, and when she again opened them, her father was bending over her.

"Mine own! mine own!" he murmured, kissing her forehead, on which the damp death-dews were gathering. A bright smile illuminated her face as she held out her hands to receive his.

"Dear father," she said, "I have only one wish ungratified, and my time is short:—cannot we to-night receive the sacrament together?"

"We will, darling," he replied, and he turned to Jessy, who quitted the room at once to dispatch the skipper, who now occupied a garret under the same roof, for the priest. A quiet satisfaction once more stole over the spirit of the dying girl, while with him she had cleaved to as a father by her side, she awaited the great change that was so soon to separate them on earth. Engaged in mutual prayer, neither of them noticed that the door of the room was again opened, until a sudden gust of wind that nearly extinguished the single taper, caused Sir Thomas to turn round, when he distinguished the tall, dark figure of a woman, whom he supposed to be one of the sisters of mercy by whom Alice had frequently been visited, and he asked her to walk forward. Before he was obeyed, however, a light footstep was heard without: Jessy entered, and springing

before the woman, motioned her back with such vehement gesticulation, that Sir Thomas in surprise arose, and advanced to where they stood.

"What is this?" he asked, in a subdued tone, "who are you, that seek entrance here?"

The woman made no reply, but suddenly wrenching her arm from the grasp of Jessy, and sweeping past Sir Thomas before he had power to detain her, she walked rapidly to the side of the couch, and looked down steadily on the dying girl.

"What is the meaning of this?—Who is she?" asked Sir Thomas, turning to Jessy. The girl only wrung her hands in mute distress.

"Who is she?" repeated the woman, turning round fiercely, and throwing back the hood of her cloak, and disclosing her face, about which the grey hair floated wildly, "Who are *you* that ask, with the same proud, arrogant tone that, long years back, was raised to expel the mother of Marian Redding from the doors of Darren Court? Who are *you*, on whom, since that time, so many changes have fallen, and what have you become?"

"Woman, or fiend," exclaimed Sir Thomas, grasping her arm, roughly, "I know you now! though I did not recognise you when we met, twelve months back, at Lytham. At any other time or place upbraid me as you like with my past sins, but not here. You have nothing to do with *her*," pointing to Alice, whose large, glassy eyes were rivetted on the woman's face.

"Nothing to do with *her*! Who says that? It is *you* with whom I have nothing to do!" and she flung off the baronet's grasp as if it had been that of a child. "Double villain and liar that you have been, setting the example of deceit. I owe you—from whom *I* received none—no mercy in this hour, when the sins of the past are about to fall on you heavily! Listen to me," she continued, turning to Alice, towards whom she extended her arm, exhibiting all the wild energy of a sybil of old; "you are the daughter of that man, but not the daughter of his wife!"

"It is false! Alice, believe her not. It is false!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, kneeling by his daughter's couch, and taking one of her hands in his own. With the other, Alice motioned him to be silent, and kept her eyes fixed on the woman.

"I repeat, you are *not* the daughter of Lady Greystock. Sir Thomas had two daughters born to him within one month; but he treated not as the same flesh and blood the child of the humble girl, whose only dower had been her innocence and

beauty. And the mother of that dishonoured girl took deep and deadly revenge on the destroyer ! ”

Alice moved not, nor relaxed for an instant the fixed rigidity of her gaze ; Sir Thomas Greystock, however, started slightly, and turned, and looked also at the woman.

“ How she contrived it, I will tell anon—the children were changed. Aye, *changed*, Sir Thomas Greystock. Hear you that ! And in what have you found *her* wanting ? ” and she pointed to Alice,—“ *her*, the child that you spurned and scorned, as unworthy to bear your name, as incapable of upholding the honours of your house ? Have you been proud of her ? ha ! ha ! Have you heard those of your blood assert her to be a true Greystock, and stood the while glorying in your own belief that they spoke well ? ha ! ha ! Do you comprehend it all at last ? —the likeness of yon pale girl to the dead lady, the scion of the Radcliffes of Dilston ? ” and she pointed to Jessy, who stood apart, pale, and cold, and motionless, as if petrified into stone.

“ What is this you say ? ” exclaimed Sir Thomas, starting to his feet, and looking round wildly. “ Wretch ! monster ! what is it you have done, and what have you to tell me ? ”

“ Ha ! ha ! you are in the toils, are you ? ‘ See how calm I can be,’ said the philosophic Sir Thomas Greystock, when he attempted to reason with a raving mother, who charged him with the destruction of her child. Ha ! ha ! Time, the wonder-worker, since then, has changed places for both of us : it is *my* turn to be calm now. Why should the stately Sir Thomas Greystock chafe and fume like a baffled woman ? What ! cannot the blood of the Greystocks bear up better than did that of the churls ? Is the boast of birth after all a cheat and a lie, and must the working of the passions be perforce alike in all of us ? Said I not it would come to this ? Do you remember my words ? ”

Sir Thomas was like a madman : he struck the woman, in his blind fury, and her arm withstood the blow, as if only a feather had lighted on it.

“ Aye, strike ! ” she said, “ coward-like to the end, be anything save a man. But you know not yet with whom you have to deal ! God, at divers times, has struck me down with afflictions that have rendered me powerless to do anything save reflect, and from every attack I rose up with renewed resolution to pursue my revenge ! Think not that *you* can stop me !—no : nor this solemn death-scene. I have delayed the explanation to a late hour ; but it must come. Exhaust your vain passion as you will : you can in no way touch me. I am animated by a stronger motive than any that can now nerve yourself—

by revenge ! and I will have it, and you shall drain the bitter cup I have provided for you to the dregs ! ”

The spell of the woman's words and presence lay upon them all, and she went on without interruption.

“ That man,” she continued, pointing to Sir Thomas, and addressing herself to Alice, “ at the very time that he was preparing for his marriage with another, thought fit to amuse himself by making professions of love to a young and beautiful girl, the only child of her parents, humble tenants of the second earl of Derwentwater. He was then a visitor at Dilton, where there was no rumour of his intended marriage ; and he won the hearts of the peasantry, by frequently going amongst them with a frank appearance of good will, and expressions of interest in their pursuits. Amongst the rest, he introduced himself into the home of Luke Redding, the miller, and father of the girl of whom I have spoken. Who there wanted his condescension ? who cared for his notice ? who recked aught of his birth, his dignity, his heart-festering pride ? There was as much pride in the hearts of them he injured—pride, too, of a better sort—the pride of an honest name, that had known no stain until he came to blacken it with the foul shadows of dishonour. When the news of his marriage reached the village, the mother of Marian Redding first learned the disgrace of her child, and thenceforth a blight lay upon her soul. Luke Redding, himself, was a strong-passioned man ; he had been proud of his daughter, of her beauty, and of her natural gifts of mind. Her very gentleness, in contrast with his own stern nature, drew him towards her with an idolizing love that knew no bounds ; and, when he heard the dark tale of her dishonour, the glory of his life was brought to nothing. Yes ; he, the man known amongst his neighbours as being of a hard, harsh, unbending nature, fell at once under that blow to his best affections, as the hart drops at the first aim of the practised hunter. With his hands lifted above his head, and his eyes fixed, as if gazing on some horrible illusion, Luke Redding sank down upon his own hearthstone, while the dark tale—to which he never replied—was yet ringing in his ears ; and they that lifted him up had thenceforth to deal with a mindless man. The mother did not love her child less : certainly not less did she feel her child's ruin ; but she was more capable of endurance, and she lived on. Luke Redding died, leaving little of worldly wealth behind him ; but his brother, before the tale of his niece's disgrace reached him, died also, and left her considerable property. The mother removed with her daughter from the scene of their misfortunes, and before the birth of the child she appealed to Sir Thomas Greystock on its behalf, herself refusing to keep it ; and he

mocked at her misery, and proffered a niggard pittance for its keep. Baffled in her attempts to carry her complaint to his wife, she yet obtained more than one interview with Mrs. Dorothy Greystock; and that proud, insolent woman was astonished at the presumption that brought the injured within the walls of the injurer; she repulsed her as she would have repulsed an importunate dog. The widow of Luke Redding treasured these recollections in her heart, and, when the child was born, turning a deaf year to the entreaties of its mother, she bore it away, with the determination of never returning with it. Concealing the infant beneath her cloak, she boldly entered Darren Court, at a moment when circumstances favoured her purpose beyond all that she had hoped. Lady Greystock had just given birth to a daughter, and she was dying. All was confusion in that house of pride; and the woman hid herself in one of the upper rooms, without exciting such observation as would have defeated her plans. Her first purpose had been merely to leave the child in its father's house; but the opportunity offered, and she resolved upon effecting a change of the children. Every way she was favoured. Anxiety for the dying mother caused the child to be neglected; and the woman easily contrived to exchange the two, and fled with her prize. During her retreat she encountered Mrs. Dorothy Greystock, whose indignation at her intrusion knew no bounds. The woman boldly confronted her, and told her that when they two next met, time, the wonder-worker, the avenger, should have changed places for both of them. And truly so it happened; for, when next they did meet, the woman was rich in the secret of her hoarded vengeance, and Mrs. Dorothy was only a sojourner by sufferance in the house of her fathers. The woman returned to a desolate home; her daughter was dead: and she devoted herself to what thenceforth became the one purpose of her life. Marian Redding had made over her property to her mother, who, with the child she had brought, dwelt for many years in an obscure village in Cumberland. From time to time the woman gained intelligence of Alice Greystock, whose nurse, dreading disclosure of what had occurred through her own negligence, kept the secret of the fraud she could not avoid discovering, but, years after, pined away, and sank into a species of insanity. The woman brought up the child hardly, and in ignorance, and, when it was twelve years old, travelled with it to London." Here Jessy uttered a sharp cry, and the woman turned, and looked at her, and then went on. "It pleased God to arrest her purpose on her first entry into that place. During a brief absence from the child, the woman was seized with paralysis, whilst in the street, and was conveyed by some of the

passers-by to St. Bartholomew's hospital. There she remained helpless for a long space of time, and it was still longer before she had strength to prosecute her purpose as before ; but that purpose remained unchanged. She had lost the child ; but, after three years, she, with much difficulty, obtained a clue to the place of her retreat—a school at Wanstead, where she had been placed by Sir Richard Steele. The mother of Marian Redding had a proud heart, and it rejoiced when reports reached her of the beauty and high endowments of her daughter's child ; but she had her own plans with regard to the child of Lady Greystock. She had been taunted with the obscurity of her origin, had been told that for one like her it was nothing to bear such ignominy as the pride of the Greystocks might never brook ; and she vowed to bring that pride low. Yes, Sir Thomas, I, even I, had so determined to humble you through yonder girl. I inveigled her from the school by threatening an exposure of her parentage, which I represented to be low and infamous. The girl had a sensitive nature, and the threat filled her with a terror that enabled me, for a time, to work my will. The education she had received marred my purposes ; but I strove to effect them by alternately rousing and wounding her pride. I compelled her to herd among outcasts, and live on beggar's fare, for I knew, the lower she sank, the greater would be the impossibility of returning to the protection from which I had withdrawn her. I laboured to bring upon her such disgrace as you brought upon mine, to be able to present her to you one day such a thing as you must have blushed to own : but to do this has been denied me ; and the proud hopes I once entertained for *her*," pointing to Alice, "have been laid in the dust ! No matter ! in some sort, I have my revenge. Transfer to another, if you can, the love that has been allowed to grow with the growth of that once despised child ; deny, if you can, that she has borne herself nobly ; trace, if you can, in one circumstance of her conduct and life, the taint of the ignoble blood mingling with your own :—I defy you ! And now, child of my child," she continued, with a burst of deep feeling, "one kiss, before we part on earth for ever—the first I have given you, and the last ! I had a heart tender as your own, once, Alice ; deny me not, for the sake of that time, child of my child !" and she bowed her face over that of the dying girl, and none resisted her.

There was a sound of footsteps on the landing without, and, as the door opened, and gave admittance to the priest, *Jessy* recognized the voice of *Laithwaye*, rendered discordant by some strong agony :—

"O my God!" he exclaimed, "I am too late! *She* is here—I am too late!"

In the confusion of the moment the woman quitted the room, and escaped. Sir Thomas looked round vacantly for a moment, and then turned to the couch, on which he fell forward helplessly, for he saw that Alice was a corpse. The widow of Luke Redding had received her last breath.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK after Alice had been placed in her humble grave, in the burial-ground of the convent at the Place Royale, Sir Thomas Greystock had an interview with Sir Richard Steele and his coadjutors, Reginald Herbert, and Mr. Arthur Boyle. The united testimony of the three, borne out by the attested confession of Betty Oates, in which she voluntarily confessed her knowledge from the first that the child of Lady Greystock had been changed for another whilst under her charge, and during the time that Lady Greystock lay dying, left Sir Thomas no room to doubt the truth of the statement made by the woman, or the fact that Jessy was indeed the child of his deceased wife. Bowed down by this double loss of one to whom all the best affections of his heart still clung, and humbled also by a conviction that God had thus judged him in just punishment of his sins, he received meekly and submissively, without feeling or exhibiting any violent resentment against those who had planned and perpetuated it, those details of the deception that had so long been practised upon him. It was not so easy to reconcile his mind, and school his affections to receive the new tie with which he so unexpectedly found himself burdened. Loving, if possible, more than ever, the child he had lost, it seemed like sacrilege striving to transfer any portion of that affection to another; and the disquiet thus introduced into his heart stirred up, most unjustly, much latent anger and dislike against the unoffending cause of it. This feeling with regard to Jessy was too pervading to be disguised, and it did not escape the keen observation of Sir Richard Steele. Knowing enough of human nature to understand in what strange conflict of feelings this particular one had its rise, and having his

own plans concerning the future disposal of Jessy, he neither blamed the unhappy baronet, nor regretted the absence of an affection that might have materially interfered with his hopes and wishes respecting his former protégé. Willing, too, to put an end to an embarrassment that on the part of Sir Thomas was daily increasing, he addressed him at once on the subject of his newly-found daughter.

"After all I have seen and heard of Jessy, and the part I have already acted by her, you may well believe that my interest in her is undiminished, though I have lost all right to exercise such authority over her as I should at one time have felt justified in assuming. You are aware, amongst other things, that your daughter has been brought up a Protestant?"

Sir Thomas coldly signified his knowledge of the fact.

"Have you any objection," continued Sir Richard, "to her remaining in this belief, or is it your wish to convert her to your own creed?"

"I have no such intention," said Sir Thomas, "and at present I am scarcely conscious of a wish on any subject unconnected with that of my retreat from the world."

"A friend of mine, an honest gentleman, and a minister of the church of England, entertains such sentiments towards your daughter as would, I think, if she can return them, conduce to the happiness of both. The gentleman is Mr. Reginald Herbert, whose attachment was formed before he knew anything of Jessy's parentage, when all the circumstances surrounding her told to her disadvantage, and when he must have been attracted by her individual merits alone. His own character is more than unexceptionable, and considering the gentleness of Jessy's nature, and the life-long trial she has undergone, I can imagine no station better suited to her than that now offered for her acceptance. She, having suffered, would be a meet help to one whose life is peculiarly devoted to the amelioration of suffering. You have seen how capable she is of undertaking this labour of love; and if not towards the young man himself, I think she must entertain towards his relations some regard and affection. Of course it is for you to decide whether the connexion would be acceptable to yourself."

"I have lost the power of deciding as to matters merely of station," said Sir Thomas, "and I repeat that I have no intention to interfere with Jessy's conscience. Let the subject be broken to herself, with the full understanding that she is, so far as I am concerned, at liberty to choose. I can do no more for her, and I owe her this."

Well pleased with the baronet's apathy, Sir Richard opened the subject to Jessy, whose pleasure and gratitude on the one

hand were counterbalanced by the evident readiness of her father to yield her altogether to the influence and the keeping of others. There was, too, much that was repulsive to her feelings in this sudden proposal at such a moment, for all the necessities of the case were not at the same time forcibly brought home to her. She did not fully comprehend that her friends, compelled to return to England, were loath to leave her behind in the charge of one to whom her presence only brought bitter recollections, and who had already announced his intention of entering a monastic institution in Italy. She wished to remain with him for at least a season; to be to him all that Alice had trusted she might become—the soother and the sharer of his sorrows. But when she spoke to him on this subject, her hopes were dispelled.

“Setting me aside altogether, as though I had never been,” he said, coldly and hardly, and he spoke as if he considered the task an easy one, “would this proposal of Mr. Herbert’s be gratifying to you or otherwise? Could you be to him what he requires—a faithful and attached wife?”

Conscious as Jessy was that she could freely reply in the affirmative to this question, the chill cast upon her heart checked her utterance, and she dropped her face in her hands.

“You understand my circumstances,” continued Sir Thomas in the same tone, “I am poor, and likely to remain so; more than that, I am weary of the world, and only anxious to hide myself from it. What provision can I make for you on my retreat? None. You must believe that it will be a consolation to me to know that you are, under the circumstances, so well provided for as you would be by this marriage. My estates are confiscated; I have no hope of their being restored to me. I am every way a bankrupt: my heart is in the grave with Alice, and its affections may not be called back. I need not say this to yourself; you know it already; and prolonging this discussion is only prolonging pain to us both. Decide conscientiously and at once; by so doing you will best prove your duty to myself.”

Cold words! duty alone was required by him who so calmly recommended the transfer of her repulsed love to others. The regard that Sir Thomas had shewn her as a stranger was withdrawn from her in the character of his child. What could she say; or of what avail was the parade of wasted feeling? Dashing the blinding tears from her eyes, she lifted her head, and spoke quietly: “You have heard under what circumstances Mr. Herbert and his family first noticed and befriended me: it is impossible for me to feel otherwise than honoured by his preference. But I would gladly have been spared the subject just

now ; I, too, have my regrets ; and the past—nearly all sorrow to me—has some claims on the present that I would not have wholly put aside. Would the dead have expected from me that which is exacted by the living ?”

Sir Thomas was touched, or rather, he felt that he could afford to display somewhat more of feeling after *Jessy's* avowal with regard to Mr. Herbert.

“We have each of us suffered, *Jessy*,” he said, “and have learned the need of self-control. This schooling of the feelings is necessary in cases like ours, where action, whether agreeable or not, is compulsory. Circumstances bind us as with a chain. Did I occupy the same position I occupied at your birth, I could have made some reparation for the involuntary neglect of the past, by acknowledging you as the rightful heir of my name and wealth. I have now neither to bestow ; for the one has passed from me, and the other could only be claimed as a disgrace, in the land to which you are returning. The world and I are weary of one another ; I long to enter the retreat to which, previous to *her* death, I purposed retiring. I have not attempted to exercise any authority over you ; I should not have felt justified in doing so, and I feel thankful that, with your own consent, I can leave you so well protected in the world.”

Sir Thomas parted from his daughter with the understanding that she had no wish to reject Mr. Herbert's offer, and he saw her no more. Neither did he again see Sir Richard Steele or Mr. Herbert, but to the former he forwarded, by Mr. Arthur Boyle, a long letter of thanks for the kindness for which his daughter was already so much indebted, hoping he would continue to evince towards her the fatherly interest which it had been denied to himself to manifest. Finally, he forwarded for her use the sum of three hundred pounds, all he had to bestow, and prayed that Sir Richard would impress upon *Jessy* the necessity of considering him as already dead : when the letter was received, he said, he should have set out on his journey to Italy. Himself kind-hearted to excess, Sir Richard was irritated at this abrupt departure and unkind mode of taking leave through another of a child who had proved herself rather an honour than a disgrace to him. The money was given in the peculiar way, not over agreeable, that makes it harder to take, at the same time that it is impossible to reject it ; but there was no alternative : so, softening all the harsher features of the case as well as he could, he broke to *Jessy* the intelligence of her father's departure. Though expecting no better, *Jessy* experienced a desolation of heart proportionate to the momentary joy opened to her by this endearing tie of kindred, dis-

elling as it had done all the haunting horrors of the past. Once more she was alone in the world, save that the kindness of her old friends still remained to her; and roused by the recollection of all she owed Sir Richard, and what he had a right to expect from her in return, she resigned herself implicitly to his guidance, conscious how much was left for which she ought to be grateful; and feeling that she might yet be happy in the society of those to whom she was returning, no longer as a stranger and an outcast, but as a sharer of their affections and home.

Mr. Arthur Boyle and Reginald Herbert were the first to take their departure for England, after the latter, in a brief interview with Jessy, had delivered to her all the kind messages with which he had been charged by his aunt and uncle; delicately forbearing to speak of his own hopes, but promising in their name a joyous welcome to the old house in Holborn, which had been long saddened by her mysterious disappearance from their protection; and soon after, having paid a farewell visit to the grave of Alice, Jessy also finally bade adieu to France, accompanied by Sir Richard Steele, Lancelot Errington, and Laithwaye. Retaining all his old confidence in, and grateful feeling towards the latter, Sir Thomas had parted from him with much emotion; never, for a moment, allowing the delinquencies of the mother to overshadow the good qualities in the son, to which he had so long been indebted. Laithwaye himself was an altered man; moments had worked in him the change of years, and such change as time alone never could have effected. It was a grief to the old skipper, to miss daily and hourly the open, cheery look, the hearty laugh, and the free, independent bearing that had so well become his young friend, and that had departed never to return to him as of old; for the sudden shock of all he had lately heard and witnessed had roused him to reflection, and he was resolved to begin a new life. Sir Richard much wished him to remain in London, or at least to allow him to redeem his promise by accepting from him a lucrative situation elsewhere, but Laithwaye respectfully and gratefully declined his proffered services, having made up his mind to return home and devote himself to the declining years of his father. Accordingly on their arrival in London, he took a kindly leave of Jessy and Sir Richard, making the best of his way to Preston, where he busied himself in shutting up the old shop, and giving fair notice of quittance to Nehemiah Snuffle-grace; to neither of which assumptions of authority he experienced any resistance from his father, who had also become much changed, and, better still, much humbled; and who quietly followed his son to the homestead of John Forrest, under whose

willing instructions Laithwaye manfully applied himself to agriculture. And thither, after a short period, he was followed by Lancelot Errington, who laid up his hulk, as he termed it, at Lytham; dividing his time pretty equally betwixt the household at the sea-side farm, and the frequenters of the hostelry of Nancy Moss; consoling himself for the failure of his speculation with regard to Laithwaye and Jessy, with the certainty of having his own way in a matter that at present remained secret betwixt himself and the one half-starved lawyer at Lytham.

Jessy's fortunes, begun so humbly, were not in the end what may be termed brilliant, for the world is not yet wise enough to recognise the true glory that settles upon the quiet possessor of a happy home. In the autumn of 1716, she became the wife of Reginald Herbert, and the old house in Holborn was gaily decorated for the occasion with fresh flowers from the garden of Mr. Evelyn's house at Deptford, brought by two of the invited guests, Christie Fraser, and his wife. There, too, was Sir Richard Steele, who gave away the bride; and Mr. Henry Burton, who was invited in compliance with his own especial request; and the doctor—a happy man, as he had always been—who was the life of the party, and who had the satisfaction of seeing something like her bright smile of other days on the sweet face of his sister. Sir Richard Steele's watchful care over the interests of Jessy did not end with her marriage, for he never rested until he had obtained for her a grant from government out of her father's alienated property; to which he shortly afterwards added the gift of a valuable living to her husband. The latter circumstance caused their removal to a pleasant home in Devonshire, whither they were accompanied by Dr. Blake and his sister; and where Jessy found—in the quiet happiness of her own hearth; in the earnest discharge of her christian duties to her husband's flock, and in training the minds of her children—such near approach to perfect happiness as few could have attained, whose previous trials had been less. If sad thoughts would sometimes inevitably come back, they were not such as compunctious feeling prompts the heart to put aside, but rather were cherished as salutary reminders of the darkness out of which light had sprung,—the earnest of that better day, while waiting for which she and hers were as yet only sojourners upon earth. On one recollection she would often muse with a mixed feeling of pain and pleasure—her encounter with the young Earl of Derwentwater on the day of his ignominious entry into London, and the strong feeling of sympathy on the one part, and its recognition and acknowledgement on the other. Did her features—said to be so like those of his race—recal to him, as in a dream, the pictured, ancestral faces in his far-off home,

drawing him towards her with a power he could not resist?—Who might tell?

Not long after her arrival in London, Jessy received a letter from her father, sent through the medium of Sir Richard Steele, in which he informed her that he had written a full account of the late disclosures to her aunt, Lady Shirley, earnestly commending her to that lady's notice; and, as his first and last request, he enjoined Jessy also to write to her, and strive to conciliate her regard, as the only near relative left to her in the world. This Jessy did; and, fortunately for her, Lady Shirley's reply, worded as follows, precluded all further communication between them:—

“Spring Gardens.

“Madam,—I have received your letter, and, as you seem informed, the strange communication of my brother, Sir Thomas Greystock. I was not astonished at learning the low origin of the young person who had been palmed upon me as my niece, to my great detriment in many ways; for her conduct had fully borne out the discovered vileness of her birth. Sir Thomas unfortunately always gave me credit for stronger nerves than I am possessed of, which must be my excuse for at present declining to enter into such rigid examination of the claims set forth by yourself as would alone justify my running the risk of being again so grossly imposed upon; with which declaration I must pray you to rest content.

“And am, your obedient servant,

“LOUISA TREVOR.”

Nothing more was ever heard by those to whom her interference had been fate, of the widow of Luke Redding; and in the fashionable world the story of Alice Greystock soon gave place to subjects of fresher interest. Even at Darren Court, except amongst a few, the old family was rarely alluded to, until, after the lapse of some years, recollection was revived by the appearance, in the church at Darren, of a simple slab of white marble, bearing the following inscription:—

In Memory of

A L I C E,

the beloved Daughter of Sir Thomas Greystock,
who died at Paris, in her nineteenth year,
this Tablet is erected by her
surviving sister.

The Greystocks, with their pride of blood, and boast of ancestral deeds, have passed from the face of the earth; but the Her-

A crown of hyacinths weave for me—and, as fleeting time rolls
by,
Those lovely blossoms emblems prove of memory's secret sigh ;
For the letters traced on human hearts, when earthly hopes
decay,
Leave a mystic impress there—" *alas !*"—that never may fade
away.

C. A. M. W.

EDITH BROOKLEY.

BY C. A. M. W.

EDITH was the only child of Sir Everard Brookley, of the Grange, a fine old place situated in the midst of a picturesque and verdant country ; Sir Everard had married late in life, and when Edith attained her twenty-first year, her father numbered rather more than the three-score and ten years, man's allotted portion. A disposition naturally studious, and averse to society, was not the sole reason for the retirement in which Sir Everard lived, a retirement fully acquiesced in by his daughter ; the latter, motherless from her birth, had met with an accident in infancy, which rendered her not only mis-shapen for life, but in a great measure accounted for the delicacy of health, which made her doubly an object of interest and tenderness to a doting father. Then she was so lovely in mind, so gentle, resigned, and cheerful in disposition, and so full of affection and charity towards all, that to live with, and not to love her, was next to an impossibility ; nor were her intellectual gifts and accomplishments, combined with an artless fascination of manner, less likely to make Sir Everard lavish the profuse love of a peculiarly noble and chivalrous heart, on one so painfully afflicted as Edith was, and so sensitive, and fully aware of her misfortune. It had been the aim of her father to bring Edith up, in entire dependence on herself and her own resources for happiness and amusement ; and to inure her to contemplate an isolation from the gaitics of life, not only without regret, but with positive contentment and cheerfulness. In this sweet task,

and also in conducting her education, Sir Everard had been ably seconded by a lady of exemplary piety and rare acquirements, one who had indeed been to Edith Brookley in the place of a mother. It might be, that the fastidious, high-bred, old, Sir Everard, carried his morbid delicacy on the subject of his daughter's deformity, somewhat beyond due bounds; and Mrs. Gray, who had lived much in the world during prosperous early days, and well knew the hollowness and frivolous texture of society in general, though she felt no regret that her beloved pupil was preserved from its collision, even by means of that which they, in their short-sightedness, deemed her heaviest misfortune, yet could not always refrain from expressing to Sir Everard, her own conviction of Edith's many attractions. "The angelic expression of her countenance, speaking of the inward peace which 'passeth show,' " Mrs. Gray would say, "her fascination of manner, and the intellectual graces and charms of mind and disposition, render Miss Brookley so pre-eminently interesting, that I have seen few, if any, who might compete with her in the power she has, not only of *obtaining*, but of *retaining* affection." "Ah, my dear madam," returned the worthy baronet, "you gladden a father's heart to hear you speak thus of so beloved a child. But, though partiality too often blind parents to defects in their offspring, it hath not blinded me from a knowledge of the truth, that my poor Edith must be debarred from ever hoping to form those holy and sweetest ties, which solace and gladden our earthly pilgrimage. I would fain hope that we are both clear-sighted in this particular, and that she may pass onwards to the final bourne in tranquillity and blessedness, unvexed by the storms of life."

The attached friend and preceptress to whom Sir Everard addressed this conversation, was shortly afterwards summoned from this transitory scene; but in the last hours, as if her thoughts were employed for the welfare of her weeping pupil, Mrs. Gray expressed an earnest wish that Miss Brookley's future companion might be left to her selection; the dying woman, naming a lady whose praises were familiar to Edith, she had so often heard them sounded by Mrs. Gray. This lady was a clergyman's widow, middle-aged, and left with three sons to provide for, their father having suddenly died in the midst of a highly-promising career.

In compliance with the recommendation and wishes of the deceased, Mrs. Vivian became an inmate of the Grange, in the pleasant capacity of companion to the kind and gentle Edith, a few weeks previous to the period when we first introduced her to the reader.

Sir Everard and his daughter found as much consolation in

the society of this excellent woman, as their recent bereavement permitted; they could speak to her of the lamented Mrs. Gray, for truly did Mrs. Vivian sympathise with their sorrow, and also mourn the loss of a valued friend; a friend from whom they had learned Mrs. Vivian's story, from whom they had heard of her fortitude, piety, and singleness of heart; but Mrs. Gray had not prepared them for the elegance of manner and person, which added to more solid and intrinsic merits, did indeed render Mrs. Vivian a charming addition to their small and secluded circle. This lady's history was a simple one, and may be told in few words; well-born and highly-educated, but penniless, and dependent on a capricious uncle, who first sanctioned her choice, and then withdrew his approval, giving neither reason or explanation, Mrs. Vivian became a wife at an early age, disobliging her relative, from whom she had never heard since her marriage. Her eldest son, Cyril, about two years older than Miss Brookley, had been intended for the church; but on his father's death, not having succeeded in obtaining a promise of the vacant living, higher interest being opposed, and without the prospect of any other, with noble self-devotion had offered himself as usher in a large school, where his two little brothers were placed, in consideration of Dr. S— continuing all advantages to them, Cyril's services being the full equivalent. It was not for a long—a very long time indeed, that Mrs. Vivian could be induced to speak of her sons; she evidently avoided the subject, and her eyes filled with tears whenever Cyril was named. But Mrs. Gray had told Sir Everard and Edith of this good son and brother's *self-sacrifice*—of his splendid abilities and gifted powers; and when Edith looked on Mrs. Vivian, she sometimes wondered if this dutiful son was like his mother in personal appearance, for, thought she, "he must be *very* handsome if he has such beautiful dark eyes, and *very* loveable if he has half her virtues and refinement!"

But as time progressed, and Sir Everard learnt more and more to esteem and respect Mrs. Vivian; and Edith, notwithstanding the difference in their ages, found her a congenial and sympathising companion, in all respects well worthy her warmest love, somewhat of this reserve wore off; a reserve which her friends fully appreciated, knowing that it proceeded on Mrs. Vivian's part, from motives of delicacy, and an unwillingness to intrude domestic sorrows on those already so considerate and kind.

But Edith won the fond mother, by imperceptible degrees, to speak of her children, to dwell on their sweet dispositions, talents, and many virtues: though Edith soon perceived that

Mrs. Vivian, albeit unknown to herself, clung more closely and earnestly to her eldest born, than to the others; this was indeed natural, inasmuch as Cyril's character was more fully developed, and he had *proved* himself a son worthy of all her deepest love and devotion. Mrs. Vivian did not dwell on the particulars of his unpleasant situation and manifold trials,—how could she, when he studiously kept them from her knowledge? He did not betray, that Dr. S— was illiberal, and a hard task-master; nor did he allude to his own weariness and jaded spirit; but Cyril Vivian had been delicately bred, and his mind nourished by luxurious food; and now, as day by day, and all day long, the same dull din went on, the same endless toil! what wonder that the imaginative and high-spirited young man was heart-weary? His firmness in pursuit of his appointed duties begat respect from all, and no murmur ever escaped his lips: he was working for his idolized mother, for his two dear brothers—and he was supported by undying religious principles; but a pale cheek, and often heavy eye, told the tale to Mrs. Vivian, though she could only *imagine* it in part, and happily for the anxious mother's peace of mind, imagination in this instance fell far short of reality. How grateful that widowed mother was, how overcome by contending emotions, when, as the long midsummer vacation approached, Sir Everard, after consulting his daughter, requested Mrs. Vivian to do him the favour of inviting her three sons to pass their vacation at the Grange. "You know, my dear madam," said the benevolent old gentleman, "that Edith and myself are the obliged; for Mr. Cyril's musical talents will be so valuable an acquisition to our circle, and so welcome to my daughter; and besides, she is studying Italian just now, and his aid will be most gratefully appreciated. Your other two boys shall be free as air;—there is John, and the grey ponies, at their disposal, daily; and when they tire of the quietude of the boudoir, Mrs. Marsden, our worthy house-keeper, will feel flattered by their presence in her pretty parlour. She will try and make them happy and comfortable, my dear madam; and *I* shall enjoy to talk over my own by-gone days, with one so fresh from the University as Mr. Cyril."

It was very long ere the agitated mother could reply, or sob her thanks, for all the delicate consideration evinced towards her and hers; indeed, her heart was too full for many words to find utterance. Those were pleasant midsummer days for them all, and Edith wished that Cyril was never to leave them again; she would fain have kept the merry-hearted Sidney, and the fair-haired gentle Willy, too; and the summer weeks seemed to her to be flown away, ere they had well commenced. Youthful companionship was as novel as delightful to Edith; and the

wish had more than once arisen in her guileless heart, that heaven had given her such dear brothers, though the unspoken wish was unaccompanied by a shadow of repining or discontent; and when the time of parting came,—for come it would,—she could by no means fathom her new-born feelings, on account of the extreme pain she endured on saying “farewell” to Cyril Vivian. Edith had no suspicion that her young affectionate heart was in danger; and this ignorance arose not because *she* was the heiress of Brookley, and *he* was a poor usher, but because she considered herself his inferior, as a separated being from all that was gay and beautiful, or likely to win the regard of one with such fine taste and high aspirations as Cyril Vivian. And what were Cyril’s feelings on bidding adieu to the peaceful retreat, where he had passed a few weeks of dream-like happiness? The deep gratitude, respect, and esteem he cherished for Sir Everard Brookley rendered him, in his own estimation, little less than an ingrate; because, although in the secret shrine of his inmost heart, he had dared to forget the immeasurable distance between himself and Miss Brookley, and to offer her the homage of fervent human love; it is true that his secret was safe, and unknown to all save *himself*, but Cyril’s conscience was a peculiarly sensitive and tender one. How earnestly he desired that she were poor in worldly circumstances, then perhaps he might not fear to cast himself at her feet, and to express his hopes and wishes for the future, however distant that future might appear; but *now*—not only was the separation impossible between them, as to wealth and station, but her very misfortune added an insuperable bar; for the morbid shrinking of Sir Everard on that subject, and the way in which he had trained Edith, to contemplate her personal deficiency, utterly precluded the approach of any suitor, unless, in point of rank and fortune, his superiority rendered the bare supposition of mercenary motives (so dreadful to the noble-minded) impossible.

“Oh, shame and horror!” sighed Cyril, in his lonely communing, “if Sir Everard Brookley for one moment imagined *me* actuated by such base and unworthy feelings;”—how Cyril’s proud heart swelled with emotion at the supposition!—“If Edith were a cottage girl, and *I* were rich and powerful, how different would the case be; *then*, I might win and wear this ‘pearl of price;’ but *now*,” sadly smiling, “poor usher—return to thy drudgery, and forget the short-lived dream of bliss.”

But Cyril Vivian was not doomed to be a drudge at Dr. S—’s school much longer, for the friends he had left at the Woodland Grange, were busied arranging and planning in his behalf. Mr. Lauriston, the venerable incumbent of Brookley, (the living

being attached to the property, and in Sir Everard's gift), was quite willing, on their representation, to receive the assistance of so valuable a coadjutor; and, ere Christmas arrived, Cyril was established in the Parsonage of Brookley, the excellent Mr. Lauriston much wondering in his own mind, how it was he had never thought of such a plan before, so comfortable did the companionship of his amiable curate make the lonely old bachelor.

Through the interest of Sir Everard, Mrs. Vivian's two younger sons were transferred to Harrow; and Edith's unselfish, benevolent nature, never appeared more fully developed, than when employed in assiduously considering and forming arrangements for the welfare of this interesting family. But, although the daily current of their lives flowed on as usual, and Edith and Mrs. Vivian occupied themselves with their round of duties and simple recreations, yet the observant eye of the latter lady detected a change in Miss Brookley, which gave her no small concern; a change inimical to the quietude and peace of mind which she had hitherto enjoyed. With a woman's perception in these matters, she felt assured of the truth; but at the same time she reposed such implicit confidence in her son's high principles and stern sense of rectitude, that she feared no weakness, or betrayal on *his* part, though she more than feared the affection was reciprocal. But for Edith, her heart bled; what joy unspeakable to *her*, to know that she was loved for herself alone—not for the fleeting charms of mere personal beauty—but for the imperishable graces of the mind; how peculiarly sweet such knowledge to one afflicted like Edith; yet it must ever be withheld; and Edith, in her humility and singleness of heart, be left to imagine that she was an object of pity and respectful interest only to him, whose unbounded love and devotion were hers. Her son's unspoken wishes found an echo in the mother's bosom. "And, oh! that she were a cottage girl—poor, and lovely—that I might hail her joyfully as my Cyril's gentle bride!" soliloquized Mrs. Vivian: there was no hope; the path was dark and cheerless to human foresight for both these good young creatures, and Mrs. Vivian opened her heart to Him alone who can direct in the right way, and point out the safest and surest track, amidst the thorns and briars of the wilderness.

Midsummer days came round again, and Christmas tide went by, unmarked by any change, except the growth and improvement of Sidney and Willy, who spent their happy holidays equally between the Grange and the Parsonage; Mr. Lauriston was rapidly declining, and Cyril was immersed in the duties of his sacred calling. With a quick step, one fine spring morning,

Mrs. Vivian traversed the fields leading to Brookley, in order to seek an early interview with her son; she had just received a letter, the contents of which appeared to agitate her excessively; but whether hope, joy, or sorrow reigned paramount, it would have been difficult to decide, so varying was the expression of her tearful countenance. "My son—my noble boy—to you, first and alone, may I impart these tidings; truly it hath been said, that we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth; and sure, my prayers to heaven are answered, and *this* hour a flood of hope and light hath been poured on my heart!" Thus speaking, half aloud, Mrs. Vivian arrived at the Parsonage; Cyril was alarmed at the unusual emotion which his mother betrayed, notwithstanding all her efforts to appear calm and collected. Involuntarily he exclaimed, "Is anything the matter, dear mother,—is Miss Brookley well?"

"All is well, Cyril; but read this!" putting the business-like epistle into his hands; "and be prepared for strange, though not bad news."

As Cyril read, his mother watched his speaking countenance, she saw the rapid flush pass athwart his pale cheek, and she met the earnest gaze of his dark eyes, as he looked up from perusing the short but pithy communication. The mother and son understood each other; and as Mrs. Vivian folded her first-born to her maternal bosom, smiles and tears struggling for ascendancy, she whispered,—

"What mercenary creatures we should appear, could any by-stander witness this scene, after reading the contents of that letter, and not reading our hearts at the same time, my child!"

The letter alluded to, was from a house of business in Madras, enclosed to agents in England, notifying the death of Mrs. Vivian's uncle, the bulk of whose enormous wealth was left entirely to his grand-nephew, Cyril Deverne Vivian; with handsome portions for the two younger children. He left Mrs. Vivian, his "disobedient niece," entirely to the care of her eldest son, "thinking," as it was said to be worded in his will, "that he could not do better for her."

It is a common, though foolish saying, that women cannot keep secrets; and certain it is, that even the prudent and circumspect Mrs. Vivian had a hard trial to keep hers, during the ensuing week or two, subsequent to the receipt of the fateful letter. Cyril had been summoned to the metropolis, relative to his deceased uncle's affairs, and he had thought it best to set off without calling at the Grange, merely leaving a note for Sir Everard, pleading urgent business of the greatest importance, as the reason of his sudden absence. It was when Mrs. Vivian watched Edith's silent anxiety, that words of

comfort trembled on her lips, but she checked herself, "not yet — not yet;" Cyril and her had both agreed, in case of raising false hopes, "*not yet*," until the news were assured beyond the possibility of doubt. Then, when certainty was made doubly sure, from Cyril himself, must Sir Everard Brookley first learn his change of circumstances; but still it was very hard for poor Mrs. Vivian to keep silence, while her fluttered demeanour and restlessness might well excuse so tender and sympathising a being as Edith, from experiencing a slightly wounded feeling, in that she was not permitted to share her friend's anxiety for weal or woe.

But Cyril soon returned; he came direct to the Grange, and after a few minutes' conversation with his mother, he sought Sir Everard in his study, and long they were closeted together. Edith was sitting by an open window, whence the garden sweets were wafted on the summer air; her hand clasped in Mrs. Vivian's, and neither of them speaking, as they watched the changing hues of a glorious sun set; when the latter, pushing gently back the clustering hair on Edith's brow, imprinted a fervent kiss thereon, gazing earnestly on her sweet, placid face. There was so much happiness, so much thankfulness expressed in Mrs. Vivian's eyes, that, as Edith met their speaking glances, her heart began to flutter strangely, as if coming events were indeed casting their shadows before! Sir Everard hastily entered the apartment, his step was not so measured as usual, and traces of recent agitation were visible on his fine countenance; he requested his daughter to accompany him to the library, where Cyril was awaiting them. Sir Everard advanced towards him, with Edith clinging to his arm, and saying, as he quitted the apartment, "Plead your own cause, Cyril; I would have given her to you willingly, when you were poor, according to the world's judgment, had I known that you coveted the possession of my best treasure;—more, I cannot say."

Nor was more necessary; yet it appeared as if Cyril had a long and difficult cause to plead, for the sun had disappeared, and the moon was up, ere he led forth Edith to seek his mother's side; but the verdict may be guessed, from the fact of the latter hiding her tears and blushes in Mrs. Vivian's arms, whispering, as she did so, "*May I call you mother, too?*"

Sir Everard, who contemplated them with unmixed satisfaction, tears of joy coursing each other down his furrowed cheeks, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear madam, though you have stolen my daughter from me, yet you have given me a son, whose past career is the best guarantee for my beloved child's future happiness!"

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY ROBERT M. HOVENDEN.

A bark, bound for another hemisphere,
 Came out of harbour with a gallant crew ;
 How swift her canvass wings, how trim her gear,
 As o'er the wave exultingly she flew.

My thought went with her to the tropics : first,
 With idly-drooping sail, becalmed she lay ;
 But soon the hurricane upon her burst,
 And all her symmetry was swept away.

Once more I marked her, labouring in the surge,
 Dismasted, rudderless, a wreck complete ;
 'The tempest's wail shall chaunt her funeral-dirge,
 The breakers' foam shall spread her winding-sheet.

And such, in youth, in manhood, and in age,
 Is the true type and emblem of our life ;
 Fond hopes, high purposes, and counsels sage,
 Wasted in apathy, or marred by strife.

So fares it with the most, but not with all ;
 There still is safety for the faithful few :
 He, that would die for us, will hear our call,
 He, that is risen, will our life renew.

When, vexed by storms, we count the hours of gloom,
 Through this long, weary day of wreck and loss,
 Our only haven the Redeemer's Tomb,
 Our only sea-mark His atoning cross.

Thither, oh thither, let our access be,
 To give full scope to joy, free vent to sorrow ;
 And in the gates of death our faith shall see
 The promised entrance to a glorious morrow.

THE SECRETARY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "GUARDS, HUSSARS, AND
INFANTRY," "THE BEAUTY OF THE RHINE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.*

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"I trust this visit may prove beneficial," said Lord Dropmore to Sir George Elms, when on their way towards Gracechurch-street.

"Undoubtedly it will," replied the other, "the cards are in your own hands, and all that remains is to play them with common judgment."

"Common judgment, indeed," repeated the young nobleman somewhat peevishly; "what on earth has common judgment to do in the matter? Upon my word, Elms, you seem to take the matter as coolly as though I was only called upon to sign a parcel of black-lettered parchments, in order to obtain this abominable money I am now so much in want of."

"Exactly so," answered Sir George, "you have hit upon the very thing required; and having once conquered any frivolous objection you may have entertained against the merchant's proposal, all will be arranged to your satisfaction."

"You are extremely kind," was the quick reply, "and your *non-chalance* in the business may readily be accounted for, since I am to act as principal, and offer up myself as the sacrifice, while you, as a spectator, merely perform the part of looker-on. I've half a mind," he continued, laying hold of the check-string, "I'm half-determined to order the coachman to drive back, and so cut the whole concern together."

* Continued from page 323, vol. lv.

"A sapient resolve," coolly remarked the baronet, "and a promising mode whereby to obtain the necessary funds for liquidating those debts of honour which you are well aware must in a very few days, in some way or other, be cancelled. Keep up your spirits, Dropmore, and show your strength of mind now that you so much require its assistance. What is it you dread? The tedium of passing two or three hours in the house of this rich, old alderman? Nonsense! view the matter in its proper light. Consider the sacrifice but as a necessary evil, and ——"

"Necessary evil, forsooth!" sharply exclaimed his lordship. "By all that is tormenting, Elms, I think you'll drive me mad, if you continue in this strain. Here am I going to this infernal place, for no one object in the world save to force myself into a marriage with this humpbacked daughter of the miserly money-lender; and the moment I open my lips and give an opinion on the subject, you interpose with your assurances of 'utmost satisfaction,' and bestow upon this odious entanglement, the mild appellation of a 'necessary evil,' as if it were an unsound horse I was compelled to purchase, or any other trifling annoyance; whereas, if I mistake not, the object is to link me for ever to a woman I detest, and force me into connections I must ever despise."

"Is that your picture of conjugal happiness, Dropmore?" laughingly interrupted Sir George; "but to be serious and talk like men, you take the matter far too earnestly in this stage of the business, at least. Remember, you are not driving to Mr. Vernon's distant abode for the purpose of being married, but merely with the laudable intention of benefitting by his possibly by no means to be despised *cuisine*. Besides which, Handstop will be there, and if the alderman has tact, undoubtedly others of your friends are invited to meet you. Then, as for the lady whom you have just described as being deformed and humpbacked—but to whom, if I rightly understood you yesterday, you are as yet an entire stranger—it is to be hoped, and not without reason, that the original will prove far superior to the portrait you have been so kind thus gratuitously to draw."

"I trust it may prove so," answered Lord Dropmore; "not, however, that it can possibly make any difference to me; for money or no money, marry the lady I never will;" and so saying, as if to end the conversation, he threw himself back in the carriage, and gazed listlessly at the passengers thronging the, to him, unknown streets, through which his aristocratic equipage conveyed him.

In this mood, Sir George did not deem it advisable to continue the subject; but although for the time ceasing to prolong the theme by words, he firmly resolved in his own mind that no

exertion which he could command should be wanting to bring about the marriage—the only, or at all events the easiest plan, which appeared for extricating his companion from present difficulties, and at the same time adding to his own consumptive exchequer.

Silently the two gentlemen continued on their way. Lord Dropmore's mind reverting to the remembrance of his beautiful cousin, while his friend diligently exerted his ingenuity in the attempt to frame some plausible means whereby to divert Dropmore's affections from that magnet, which his own sagacity had some time since assured him was attractive indeed.

Chiefly dependent on his natural, as well as acquired abilities, to maintain the rank in society, where, for a long period, he had held an elevated position, the baronet was no despicable coadjutor, whether for good or ill; and in the instance before us, where his own interests were so deeply mixed up with those of his associates, it may be readily conjectured, that nothing was allowed to escape his observation which might appear calculated in the most remote degree to thwart his plans.

Narrowly had he watched Lord Dropmore's growing attachment for Emily Beecher; but all his penetration failed in detecting any reciprocity of feeling on the side of the lady. Thus far nothing tended towards the annihilation of his scheme, since he treated the increasing predilection of Dropmore but as a boyish passion, which, if not returned by its object, he felt confident could in time be changed to a sentiment of a far different character.

Thus, having decided within himself as to the end to be attained, the means whereby the consummation was to be achieved gave him no immediate trouble; for not being over-scrupulous as to the assistance employed, he considered finesse, stratagem, and even deceit, justifiable, so that the object aimed at was accomplished.

But the most difficult part of the manœuvre yet remained; for, although not a doubt existed relative to the power he trusted to possess in weaning Lord Dropmore from his thralldom, he felt far less certain of his ability to bring his lordship at the feet of the merchant's daughter.

The obstacles that presented themselves were numerous and difficult, and required considerable ingenuity to overcome, even when attacked by so experienced and determined a person as the baronet.

In the first place, pride, the hereditary pride of family, stood an insuperable bar against his machinations; and even should the strong scruples of the young nobleman yield in that instance to the sophistry of his ally, Sir George was well aware that

neither argument nor entreaty would for an instant cause the strongly declared sentiments of the marquis to waver on the point. In the next place, a private marriage, and one moreover so diametrically opposed to the wishes of his family, was sure to entail estrangement during Lord Blanchard's existence, and a very considerable diminution of income to the son at his decease. Exclusive of these objections, Sir George felt far from confident in the anticipated supineness of his victim, for though the merchant was evidently bent on the marriage, and anxious to sacrifice his golden stores, in the hope of bringing about so exalted an alliance; yet it could hardly be supposed that the wealthy alderman would submit to the chilling neglect, and almost expressed distaste to the match which his intended son-in-law would not fail to display. A secret marriage was entirely out of the question, since the primary object of Mr. Vernon was the sounding though empty satisfaction of seeing his daughter's name enrolled in the peerage, and taking her place amid the magnates of the land.

These and many cogitations of a similar nature, were far from agreeable, as they passed in rapid succession across Sir George's mind. Yet the greater the difficulties appeared, and the more laborious seemed the task to be overcome, in equal ratio did he steel his nerves to the labour, with the determination to succeed.

In short, Lord Dropmore had through his imprudencies become so deeply involved, that his confidant well knew that excepting by the fulfilment of the marriage, no alternative remained save a candid avowal of his difficulties to the marquis—a course of proceeding as disagreeable to Lord Dropmore as it would eventually prove unprofitable to his friend.

For his own part, Sir George Elms would willingly have taken the engagement off the hands of his lordship, if accompanied by the pecuniary adjunct, and whether the lady was, as his cousin asserted, "humpbacked and deformed," or happily the reverse, the most distant inquiry as to either her mental or personal endowments would never have entered his imagination.

But to this desirable consummation he well knew no chance existed; for exclusive of not having the coveted title to offer in return for the merchant's riches, Mr. Vernon had too plainly hinted his opinion of the baronet's value in *his* estimation, to allow the latter to harbour any hopes in that quarter; therefore he argued since the money must be got in that quarter, and moreover obtained through marriage; and seeing the impracticability of seizing the whole as the principal in the affair, the wisest thing was to gain some portion of the spoil; and as that could only be effected through Dropmore's instrumentality, he and his title were determined on as the bait, and so that the

baronet reaped the advantage, little did he heed whether his friend were sacrificed or not.

This, to him, satisfactory conclusion reached, Sir George determined narrowly to watch the proceedings of the evening; and with a confidence in his own powers far from unmerited, felt certain of turning each occurrence in some measure towards his personal benefit.

"Here we are, Dropmore," said the baronet, as the carriage stopped at a small door, not remarkable for the brightness of its paint, and about the middle of a street as little to be noted for its cleanliness: "here we are at last after a ten mile stage, at least."

"When shall we order the carriage, Elms? shall I say ten?" asked his companion when alighting.

"Ten! why, it's eight now, and since you *are* here, 'tis no great hardship to bestow a few minutes, so it gains you the good opinion of your host."

"Well, well," rejoined the other, "do as you like—name your own hour; for as this is my first, so shall it be my last appearance on this stage."

"Twelve, then," said Sir George, addressing the servants; "have the carriage here at twelve."

Lord Dropmore turned a glance towards his companion somewhat partaking both of resignation and despair, and drily remarked, "A stranger might suppose, Elms, it was *you* who were to marry the girl, and not *me*; and by the late hour you have named for our departure, I for one should say you considered the *partie* in no measure disagreeable."

In this remark Sir George mentally coincided; but not deeming it necessary to enlighten his lordship more fully on the matter of his cogitations, he silently followed his aristocratic friend to the drawing room.

As predicted by Sir George Elms, there were other persons assembled to partake of the alderman's dinner besides Colonel Handstop, some of whom were well known to Lord Dropmore; but by what means they had been collected together in a place so unsuited to their habits, remained an enigma to his lordship; neither would he have felt much gratified had he been told that they were there gathered together principally by means of an invitation wherein his own title figured as the chief attraction of the evening.

Amid this strangely assorted party, Mr. Mark Cooley's Indian visage was eminently conspicuous, and at the moment of Lord Dropmore's entrance, he was busily engaged in conversation with a most bilious, bullet-headed looking gentleman, whose round shoulders and stooping gait, approximating closely to a

hump, never would have pointed out their owner as a member of the military profession ; but that such *was*, or had been his province, was momentarily brought to light by the prosy remarks of the gallant officer. He was a curious specimen of the old school, but certainly not one of the most attractive class ; yet whatever opinion others might have entertained regarding him, he was so well satisfied with his own person and abilities, and had for so many years been accustomed to consider his judgment on all points as superior to that of others, that his empty conceit and pretence to knowledge on all subjects gained ground daily in proportion as his faculties became more and more impaired.

This gentleman had never had the fortune to be employed on active service, yet through some distant channel he had invariably contrived to engage a sufficient portion of interest at head-quarters, by which he was enabled to appropriate many small emoluments to his own benefit. Latterly he had been employed in one of our colonies as a sort of military lawyer, which occupation not only increased the contents of the functionary's purse, but in the opinion of the officer himself, most materially contributed to his consequence and wisdom.

Added to other accomplishments, Major Storkley had latterly indulged in an inordinate use of snuff, and a small attempt at methodism ; yet as his additional religious fervour neither brought grist to the mill nor patronage from the higher powers, his "call" sat but lightly on his conscience, and steadily he persevered in his routine of duty, laudably interfering with matters which could in no way concern him, and speculations as to the amount of profit which his various labours might engender.

According to the antique, though, possibly, not erroneous, system, Lord Dropmore was severally made acquainted with the occupants of the room ; but neither the novelty of his position, the prosy address of the major, the officiousness of his host, nor the obsequiousness of the sheriffs and some half-dozen members of the Corporation, though all brought into full play, afforded him a portion of the surprise which he experienced when presented to the merchant's daughter.

For some reason, best known to himself, but probably through mental comparison with his cousin, the young nobleman invariably coupled the idea of the heiress with every species of deformity, as unprepossessing to the person as injurious to the mind. Great, then, was his astonishment when, instead of encountering an amalgamation of vulgarities and plainness, accumulated together, and all centred in that one person, he found himself engaged in conversation with a young, well-informed,

and extremely pretty girl, whose evident timidity, naturally attendant on her novel position, considerably heightened the interest which her appearance unavoidably, and with good reason, created.

It must be remembered that, some time previous to this meeting, the worthy alderman neglected no opportunity of decanting largely in favour of Lord Blanchard's family; and, never having found her parent so eloquent on any former occasion, in behalf of aught except mercantile pursuits, it may readily be surmised that the daughter listened to his observations on that subject with far more interest than any dry detail of city business was calculated to claim, especially from a girl of her age, and, moreover, one whose education had extended far beyond the narrow limits which bounded the acquirements of those with whom she chanced to be acquainted.

Poor Mary! her heart was kind and gentle as any beating in the fair breast of woman, and, although doating on her father, as her naturally affectionate disposition prompted, there was abundant space in that bosom for harbouring a stronger and more engrossing attachment.

If the first sight of Mary Vernon excited Lord Dropmore's astonishment, the impression made on the former was far from unfavourable towards her guest. The person who now addressed her appeared to Mary as if cast in a mould to her altogether new, and surpassingly superior to those among whom she had existed.

In his mode of speaking, and in the tone of his voice, there was an elegance of manner, and a modulated sweetness of sound, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. The very plainness of his costume, so unlike the gaudy-coloured vests and dangling chains which she had hitherto witnessed, forced a mental comparison by no means advantageous to the denizens of the city.

How different was the conversation of Lord Dropmore to that which she had listened to daily! Replete with anecdote, and stored with no contemptible portion of information, cultivated and improved by a long residence abroad, her new acquaintance had the rare gift, when it pleased him to exert it, of compelling his auditors to acknowledge how agreeably, and to what account, his conversational powers might be exerted.

In this instance his lordship was particularly successful,—the more so as, being pleased himself, he seemed well inclined to contribute towards the amusement of others. Is it then surprising that the events of that evening were indelibly fixed and fondly treasured in Mary's recollection? And for the time, at least, the hours to the titled guest appeared to vanish with somewhat more than their accustomed quickness.

All that money could purchase of a comestible description, whether in or out of season, as ancient novelists were wont to affirm, "groaned upon the board." The wines were, as the *Morning Post* of the following day stated, "of the very finest description, and inimitably cooled." The honourable civilian from Bombay discovered a curry such as could hardly be surpassed in India. The major poured endless, as well as fruitless, anecdotes into the deaf ear of his neighbour,—a most inestimable listener, in as much as he never offered a remark, for the excellent reason of having remained during dinner wholly unconscious of having been addressed. Sir George Elms was naturally delighted at the visible progress the young lady seemed to make in furtherance of his schemes. And the alderman willingly deluded himself into a belief that the acquaintance thus auspiciously commenced would speedily ripen into a nearer connection. Colonel Handstop had a great regard for good dinners, and on this occasion ample scope was afforded for his gratification. Some were delighted at the presence of a lord; others at the presence of the feast; and, by a concatenation of circumstances, often desired, but impossible to command, the party, strangely assorted as it was, progressed to the satisfaction of all present.

"I trust you approve of that curry, Mr. Cooley," remarked the host, on seeing his guest luxuriating amid a pillau of rice. "I had the recipe direct from Bengal."

"Impossible to be surpassed, sir," answered the oriental. "I do not recollect having tasted better, even in India."

"Strange country, India, sir," advanced a corpulent old gentleman opposite. "Wonderful country, sir. Pray allow me to ask, were you long there?"

"Long!" replied the oriental, as if in astonishment. "Long enough to catch fourteen fevers—four jungle, eight liver, and two *coup-de-soleils*; twelve times given over, and once buried."

This assertion somewhat astonished all his hearers, more particularly those worthy civic functionaries who had ever been accustomed to couple the idea of a burial with long-tailed horses, mourning coaches, cake and wine, a stone vault, and laudatory epitaph; and accordingly their features visibly expressed their wonder how a person could have gone through the extremely disagreeable ordeal, and yet re-appear, so little incommoded by his decease, as was there exemplified in the case of the Honourable Mark Cooley.

The conversation which Lord Dropmore was assiduously carrying on with his fair hostess had far more attraction in his eyes than any elaborate detail of the most marvellous of eastern

wonders, and consequently he paid but small attention to the account of the miracles then relating.

The astonishment which succeeded Mr. Cooley's last assertion produced a momentary silence, an event little in accordance with the baronet's wishes, who, unwilling that Lord Dropmore's attention should for an instant be diverted from its present object, essayed to prolong the subject.

"I was not previously aware of your having penetrated so deeply into the earth, Cooley," commenced Sir George.

"Nor I, neither," added Major Storkley, "though I recollect a circumstance which occurred when I was a boy at school: a very singular circumstance, which I will relate, and which makes me fully understand the position in which Mr. Cooley was placed."

"The plague you do," thought the gentleman alluded to, and he immediately turned his sallow countenance towards the major's face, as if to gather from the scrutiny whether the speaker was laughing at or with him, there being a very considerable difference between the two. But little did the examination avail; for there sat the major, no expression visible on his meaningless countenance, his eyes staring over his spectacles, and his forefinger and thumb, as was his wont, fumbling for his snuff amid the folds of a by no means new piece of paper, its accustomed mode of conveyance.

Now, although the guests did *not*, yet the host *did*, know, if once the major was allowed a start, not another person could, even admitting him to possess boundless ingenuity, get in a word during the remainder of the evening; and, moreover, having heard the gallant officer's "singular circumstances" oftener than once, he determined, if possible, immediately to close the mouth which he saw in evident preparation for a speech; and, before the major had, by frequent hems, gained the pompous intonation of voice suited for the occasion, Mr. Vernon requested Mr. Cooley would inform his friends by what miracle he had been exhumed.

"You ask how it happened that I was disinterred?" inquired that gentleman of his host. "Natural question, but easily explained, strange as it may seem. In short, gentlemen, I was rescued from my unpleasant situation solely through the gratitude of a jackall."

"The gratitude of a jackall?" repeated half-a-dozen voices at once. "Wonderful!"

"But," observed the gentleman whose former question had been the original cause of bringing this infliction on the party, "but, my dear sir, explain, pray explain, how a beast like a jackall could evince so refined a feeling."

"Nothing more easy," replied the imperturbable traveller, noways daunted at the task, "and to be accounted for in the most natural manner—high sensibility, and laudable desire of illustrating the maxim, that one good turn deserves another."

"Exactly," recommenced the prosy old officer; "I recollect a circumstance—"

"I beg your pardon, Major Storkley," quickly interrupted the under-sheriff, "but Mr. Cooley was on the point of satisfying our curiosity." Thus rebuffed, the gallant hero had recourse to his snuff-paper, leaving the field in the possession of the more popular orator.

"You may readily suppose, gentlemen," continued Mr. Cooley, "that after having suffered from so many attacks of fever as I have enumerated, my strength was somewhat diminished, and I was sent up the country for change of air. Splendid view—brilliant scenery—luxurious shade. By the bye, talking of shade, you should witness the extent of miles which the branches of a banyan tree will cover; you can't conceive it; and, if I did not vouch for the accuracy of what I am going to state, you might well be excused for not crediting the assertion: but I assure you I've seen a banyan near Poonah, the boughs of which were of such magnitude that two trees of similar dimensions would completely shade the road the whole way from London to Newcastle. But, to return to my story: there I was rapidly mending. Cool breezes, salubrious air, and everything conducive to health. One day friends came to see me. The abdar cooled the wine. Boberchee-khana turned inside out—punkah going till your hair curled—chobedar on the look-out—mangoes, guavas, custard-apples, curries, pillaus, mulligatawny, and Bombay ducks to eat with the wine, all ready. Guests arrived, some on elephants, some in palanquins; others rode. There were bearers, mahouts, syces, coolies, and I know not what besides. All went well—first tiffin, then dinner, and then the hookah. Delightful day. Time passed—night arrived. Suddenly I heard a dreadful howl, rushed out, and found a splendid jackall caught in a trap in the maidahan. Fact is, the beast was hungry, smelt the dinner, came to partake, and was detained longer than he wished. Poor beast! felt sorry for him—watched his countenance—couldn't resist it—let him out of the gin, and ordered dinner for him. Gratitude was depicted in his countenance as he trotted back to the jungle.

"Next day had a pain—cold, hot, shaky, shivering, weak, dry, moist, giddy, till at last down I went. Sent for doctor—put to bed—took enough calomel to qualify me for chairman of 'the Oriental,' for life—gave a shake—shut my eyes—and had the pleasure of hearing myself reported as defunct. In India,

men know the value of time ; no lying in state, useless groans, and all that sort of thing ; soon disposed of—dressed, shaved—box brought—in I went—off we all trotted—hole dug—prayer said—shoved me in—and back they ran to count my money. There I lay—regular trance—no hope—all dark—couldn't halloo. Now mark the jackall's gratitude. Night came, so did jackall—thoughtful fellow—brought his friends—set to work—laboured well—scratched furiously—dug me up like a man—gave me a nibble, to bring me to myself—and off they all scampered to the woods. Now that's what I call gratitude."

"I must confess, Cooley," remarked Colonel Handstop, "that you have the most extraordinary collection of anecdotes imaginable, and, what is still more wonderful, the events which you detail have mostly occurred to yourself. My great astonishment is that you have been able to go through so much."

"Go through so much!" repeated the traveller, in apparent surprise. "Why, what you've heard is nothing to what I've seen. Talking of going through, you should see a Bombay snake go through the neck of a bottle."

"Exactly," attempted the soldier; "I perfectly recollect, when I was a little boy at school, having a pint bottle. The problem was," continued the speaker, "how the reel got into the bottle."

"True, true, major, I remember the story well," quoth his original tormentor, and who appeared determined the warrior should keep his reminiscences to himself; "but perhaps, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Cooley, "perhaps you will have the goodness to relate the anecdote you have just alluded to."

"Do, do, Mr. Cooley," cried the alderman. "Tell us some more stories, pray."

"There's no story in the matter," replied the gentleman. "I was merely going to relate what all Indians are aware of, but what you incredulous Europeans seem little disposed to credit."

"Nay!" cried the fat alderman, unwilling to lose the tale, "surely, sir, no one can for an instant doubt the correctness of the anecdotes you have so kindly related."

To this compliment, Mr. Cooley slowly bowed his head, merely remarking,—

"And yet, were I so far to encroach on your politeness as to request you to believe that, in India, windows are made of oyster-shells, and horses fed on sheep's-heads, perchance you might find it difficult of credence; nevertheless, such actually is the case."

The alderman was far too civil, and much too peaceful, to venture a remark; Mr. Cooley was therefore left to continue.

"There is a snake in Bombay known by the name of the

bottle-snake, and it takes its denomination from the circumstance of the reptile invariably driving its prey into a bottle, thereby effectually imprisoning its victim previous to devouring it. Rats and mice form the chief food upon which the snake luxuriates. Well, gentlemen, one morning I had just left my bath; and having nearly finished my toilet, I emptied the contents of an eau-de-Cologne bottle on my hands, and placed the empty vessel on the table. I thought no more of the matter until, hearing a noise, I turned in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and, to my surprise, beheld one of those snakes in the act of chasing a huge Bandycoot rat about the room. Away flew the rat, and after him crawled, and occasionally sprang the snake. Round and round they went; the wily serpent narrowing the circle each minute, until at last the poor rat was fairly surrounded. The object of the snake was then made manifest, for, raising himself from the table, he emitted a most horrid hissing sound; and the rat, overcome with terror, darted into the bottle."

"What! into the eau-de-Cologne bottle?" shouted the sheriff.

"Into the eau-de-Cologne bottle," calmly repeated the orator; and having looked round to see the glass was in no part cracked, the snake immediately ——"

"Well, sir!" anxiously exclaimed the corpulent alderman, much interested, "well sir, the snake immediately ——"

"Went in after him," added Mr. Cooley.

"Snake and rat,—both in an eau-de-Cologne bottle!"—incredulously cried Mr. Vernon, elevating his voice.

"Both in the eau-de-Cologne bottle, as I before mentioned," drily replied Mr. Cooley.

"What, then?" inquired two or three voices.

"Why, then, gentlemen, I seized the stopper, and corked them up together."

By this time, the hour was fast verging upon midnight; and Colonel Handstop, and divers others, not having the inducement to linger, which detained Lord Dropmore, nor inclination to listen to more of Mr. Cooley's narratives, rose to depart.

"When may I hope for a repetition of the pleasure I have this evening enjoyed in your society, Miss Vernon?" softly inquired his lordship of his fair hostess, when about to leave. "When may I be permitted to call here, and at what hour may I have a chance of being honoured by an interview?"

"I am always at home," was the artless, unaffected reply, "excepting for an hour or two each day, when I either drive or walk out, more from custom than anything else, I believe," she added, smiling.

"Then, I may hope to see you to-morrow?" continued the nobleman, taking the fair hand extended towards him. "With your permission, I will call during the afternoon!"

"I am sure papa will be most happy in seeing your lordship," was the immediate answer, while a slight flush passed over her handsome features; but whether at the mental supposition, that the visit was intended for herself instead of her father, remains unknown; certain it is, however, that the pillow of the fair girl was haunted throughout the night with far from disagreeable dreams; and the young lady assured her parent in the morning, that she had never passed so delightful an evening as the last.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And what love can do, that dares love attempt :
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me."

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Who is that in Lord Blanchard's box?" inquired Colonel Handstop, one night at the opera, directing his glass towards the spot alluded to. "A new face, decidedly," he added. "Who can it possibly be?"

The person thus addressed was a young officer of the Guards, and by his military costume bore evidence of being on duty. His figure was decidedly good, his address pleasing, and by many he was deemed extremely handsome; a conclusion possibly arrived at by the ladies, from the knowledge that he had rank at his disposal, wherewith to accompany his hand whenever he should find it desirable or advantageous to bestow himself on the lady who might be so fortunate as to find favour in his sight. In addition to these advantages, Lord Valoire possessed an almost inexhaustible fund of good humour; he had never been detected in a mood even bordering on ill-temper; he was proverbial for having done many kind acts, and was never quoted as the author of an ill-natured deed, or scurrilous tale.

Such was the officer then standing by the side of Colonel Handstop, and had it not been for the extraordinary quantity of hair, and somewhat singular style in which he wore it, individuals unacquainted with his person would have passed him by

without his appearance having attracted any particular notice whatever.

"Upon my word, Handstop," was the answer, "I am as ignorant on the point as yourself; but from the cursory glance I had of his features, I should say he was one of the best looking men I've seen this season."

"Why, as for that," replied the colonel, "he keeps so confoundedly back in the box that I can't pretend to give an opinion; but be he who he may, he inflicts but a small portion of his conversation on his society, unless, indeed, he is holding a *tête à tête* with some fair enchantress by the door. By the way, Valoire," continued the colonel, "how interested Miss Beecher evidently is, whenever the unknown addresses her. I know not when she has appeared so animated before. Who, on earth, can the fellow be?"

"Some friend of Dropmore's, most likely," replied the other. "Perhaps a foreigner—but, no! that cannot be the case either; at all events, I hope not; for I should feel somewhat annoyed to think so handsome a countenance as that owned any other country than England as his birth-place."

"You're getting poetical, Valoire," replied his companion; "and so energetic are you in praise of the unknown, that I more than half suspect you are better informed on the subject than you think necessary to reveal. But here comes Dropmore, and by him shall the mystery be unravelled." And as he uttered the words, Lord Dropmore and Sir George Elms joined the group.

"Valoire and I have perpetrated a furious disagreement," commenced the colonel, assuming one of his most felicitous expressions. In short, so undecided have we left the matter, that it is proposed to elect your lordship umpire on this, to us, most knotty point. The fact is, we are both particularly anxious to know who the man is, at present standing in Lord Blanchard's box, and whose presence adds such animation to the lovely countenance of your cousin?"

Nothing could have been more agreeable to the ears of Sir George than was the question thus carelessly addressed to the very person whose attention of all others he was determined to draw to the same point; and although he was perfectly well aware, not only of the name of the new arrival, but also acquainted with some particulars regarding his history, he did not consider it in the least necessary to divulge the extent of his information, but on the contrary, and with ill-dissembled feelings of pleasure, he observed an expression of surprise mingled with anger, which instantly overspread the countenance of his friend.

"Do you know him, Dropmore?" asked Sir George, with a

perfect indifference of tone, as though it were equally immaterial to him whether the answer received was in the affirmative or otherwise. "Think you know him, Dropmore?"

"Know him!" repeated the other, his handsome features slightly reddened with displeasure; "to be sure I do; but how he got there," he continued, keeping his eyes fixed on Lord Blanchard's box, "I am wholly at a loss to imagine."

"Nothing particularly strange in that, my dear fellow," laughingly joined in Lord Valoire; "I should rather pronounce it as a proof of the good taste of your friend than as a matter of astonishment."

"Friend, indeed!" replied the other quickly, "not quite on such intimate terms either."

"I crave your lordship's pardon," interrupted Colonel Hand-stop, with mock gravity, "methought that but a few moments past your knowledge of 'the unknown' was admitted."

"True," replied Lord Dropmore, with an effort to recover his serenity of temper, "true, Colonel, I certainly plead guilty to being so far acquainted with that person as to possess a knowledge regarding him; but I never for an instant could have supposed that any remark of mine was calculated to convey the erroneous impression, that by me he was considered as a friend. In short, so far from such being the case, I am unconscious of having seen his countenance save on one occasion prior to this evening."

"But, who is he, Dropmore?" exclaimed Sir George Elms; "he must be some one of no trifling importance, if we are to judge by the mystery in which you envelope him. Come, come; among friends like us, wherefore make a secret of nothing? Once for all, Dropmore, confess his name."

"As for his name," answered the party addressed, "I fear you must turn elsewhere for information, since, on my word, I know it not; and if, indeed, I ever *did* hear it, the articulation whereby to pronounce the same has fairly fled my recollection."

"The greater the obstacle you oppose, in order to baffle our curiosity, the more determined will we be to sift this matter thoroughly," exclaimed Sir George, smiling, "therefore, Dropmore, 'twould be as well were you to unbosom yourself at once, and take your trusty friends into confidence, instead of leaving them to discover that which indisputably, in due course, they must arrive at."

"By all means, accept Sir George's advice, Dropmore," exclaimed the colonel. "Enlighten us without further evasion, and thus at once disclose the nomenclature of him whose words, whatever they may be, appear to fall upon the ear of his fair companion with a welcome which he must consider flattering,

indeed. But what's the matter, Dropmore?" he added in a surprised half-whisper, so as to be inaudible to the others; "could you but behold your visage at this instant, you would hardly dare boast of your consummate command of countenance, whereby you so often assert you cloak the workings of your mind. Why, my dear friend, you look so dreadfully annoyed at the little badinage that has passed, that did I not know you to be wholly incapable of harbouring so self-debased a feeling, I might be tempted to pronounce you jealous of interference in a quarter which, until now, I had ever considered as wholly at your disposal. Come, Dropmore, who is this mysterious being?"

"Pshaw! Handstop," he replied, laughing, "you invest trifles with the importance to be attached to the most weighty affairs which can engross the mind of man; and if my countenance displayed any other than agreeable cogitations passing through my brain, they cast a sad libel on my thoughts, and to tell the truth, at the moment you were speaking, the existence of the cause of so much curiosity did not at the time occupy my mind." And so far his lordship spoke truth, since he was then ruminating whether, provided he were to make his appearance in the box, his beautiful cousin might not in one instant put to flight all the ill-digested schemes and manœuvres which, for some hours past, had racked his brain, in connection with the form and fortune of the merchant's daughter. Yet that Lord Dropmore had felt displeasure did not admit a doubt; neither was the painful feeling lessened at witnessing the pleasure which Emily Beecher evidently experienced in the conversation of her companion.

Yet it was no part of Lord Dropmore's policy to allow, even to himself, that he could stoop to feel a pang of jealousy at the attention which a lady might bestow on another, so replying to his friend in the same bantering humour as that in which he had been attacked, his lordship informed his friends, that he believed the person then standing in his father's box, was the private secretary, or some such thing, of Lord Blanchard, and moreover the same individual whom he had mentioned a few nights since at Sir George Elms', as having rescued that nobleman from the attack of some desperate ruffians.

"And a very handsome fellow, too," good-naturedly observed Lord Valoire, "and, from the story I have heard, he must be as brave as he is handsome. I should like to know him exceedingly, and will certainly find an opportunity of making his acquaintance."

"No great difficulty, my lord, in accomplishing *that* end," replied Sir George, "for young gentlemen suddenly removed from behind an apothecary's counter to the society in which we

now behold him, will not, I imagine, be at all disposed to decline so flattering an offer; and indeed," he added, raising his glass towards the unconscious object of their remarks, "he seems already so self-satisfied, and so perfectly at home, in his new capacity, that peradventure he may deem the commiserating condescension of your lordship but as his right."

"Nay, nay, Sir George," interposed Lord Valoire, kindly, "what offences have you received at the hands of this stranger, to make you so bitter against him?—I thought you knew him not?"

"I know him! not I indeed! Lord Valoire, our cases in these matters are so widely dissimilar, that what your lordship may please to do, and whomsoever you may think fit to patronise, will most indisputably find favour in the world's eyes; and every exertion will be put forth to forward your intentions, neither will censure rest on you in consequence of adopting a line of conduct, however strange and unparalleled it may appear; but with me, a poor, humble *follower—not leader of fashion*—" and here Sir George thought proper to stop, to indulge his audience with an exhibition of a low bow of deep humility. "But with me I regret the case is far different, since I cannot expect all my protégés to be accepted, fawned on, and flattered by the world; and accordingly I adopt the only alternative left, viz., to follow where I cannot lead." And, by way of a grand finale to so laboured an oration, Sir George performed an exact ditto to the previously executed inclination of his body, and, gliding by the amused group, was soon lost amid the many idlers who throng the opera-house more for the purpose of being themselves seen, than of listening to the voices of those whom they nominally go to hear.

On the unruffled temper of Lord Valoire, the sarcastic remarks of Sir George Elms made not the most trivial impression. The character of the baronet was well known, and in his person he afforded one of the numerous instances where an individual having no one good quality whereby to enhance his presence, is permitted to join the very first society, in which his constant appearance is tolerated more from habit and long custom, than for any merit which he might be supposed to possess, calculated to make him acceptable.

The baronet was perfectly aware of the estimation in which he was held by the young nobleman just quoted; and as Sir George was equally convinced that, from that quarter, he had little to expect whereby to improve his pecuniary resources, he cared less in letting drop a remark in public, which he judged might by possibility gall the feelings of one so immeasurably his superior in all respects: but in this instance, as already said,

the shaft dropped short of the mark, and the sole effect produced, was a secret determination on the part of Lord Valoire to seize the very first opportunity that offered in becoming acquainted with one whose gallantry on the late occasion had been so signally made manifest in the papers of the day, so that the end attained was to raise up in Lord Valoire a friendship for the despised secretary, the result of which, future events will more fully develope.

At the time, little did the baronet heed what the result of his spleen might produce upon Lord Valoire, but most anxiously did he watch the effect upon Lord Dropmore, of the few words which had fallen relative to the evident pleasure with which Emily Beecher listened to Frederick Garston's remarks. His main object, as already pointed out, was to detach his friend from the influence and fascinations of his cousin, and moreover to persuade him to turn his thoughts, if not his wishes, towards the mine of wealth then wooing his embrace in Gracechurch Street. By what means the object was to be effected, little did he care; but to accomplish the project he was fixed and zealously resolved.

In Lord Dropmore's then state of mind, nothing was more easy for his designing friend than to raise up doubts and surmises not particularly favourable to the lady; neither was it difficult to impress him with a belief that in thus publicly evincing a marked preference towards one so greatly her inferior, viewing it in the mildest light, she was adopting a course of conduct ill suited to the dignity of the ancient house from whence she sprung; and although he could not teach himself to allow for an instant that the obscure adventurer, as he termed him, could by possibility be preferred to himself, yet it added but little to his vanity when he beheld the animation which lit up his cousin's lovely features, so different from their usual expression, when in converse with him.

As for poor Garston, nothing did the young noble discover in extenuation of his conduct that evening. Arrogance, assumption, and vulgarity, formed but a small portion of the crimes which Lord Dropmore mentally laid to his charge, though scarcely knowing why; but, in truth, to be entirely attributed to his dissatisfaction with himself. He permitted Sir George Elms to convince him that by Frederick Garston he had been basely wronged, and by Emily deeply deceived.

This amiable conclusion arrived at, he resolved to make his appearance in the box, impressed with the conviction that his presence would unavoidably create some embarrassment and confusion; and thereby in a degree gratify his now budding, but much to be cherished, feeling of dislike. Had Lord Drop-

more allowed his better judgment to view the matter without the prejudiced assistance of Sir George's construction, he would have seen in the generous kindness of Emily, nothing save an ardent desire to repay by any attention that it was in her power to bestow, the bravery and presence of mind by which her loved uncle had been rescued from danger.

To a high-minded, ingenuous woman, brought up to foster, not suppress, every better attribute of our nature, is it surprising that she should feel an interest in him to whose exertions she was so deeply, and so greatly, indebted? Little did she heed what the calling of that person had been, or what his station in society. It was enough for her to know that the individual then present, was the defender of her uncle's person, the preserver of his life : and when, after minute inquiry, her relative received him within his family circle, in the honourable and acknowledged situation already named, Emily Beecher saw no reason why she should not openly demonstrate that gratitude which, in private, common courtesy must have bestowed.

Such were the motives which actuated this ingenuous girl, and although we are conscious that the charge of depicting various impulses which may hereafter develope feelings unknown, or little practised by "the world," may be brought against us ; still we would beg the reader to bear in mind that Emily Beecher was a far different being from any amid the multitudes who throng the thousand paths of pleasure ; and although gaiety and joy found a ready harbour in her breast, still her estimation of "the world's opinion," was far from sufficient to chill the noble energies of her mind, when placed in competition with what her heart told her, was the right and honourable path to pursue.

In conformity with his resolve, Lord Dropmore quitted his companions, and having summoned the box-keeper to his aid, entered the presence of those who so innocently had afforded a topic for the long and contradictory conversations just related.

At the moment of his entrance, Emily Beecher was attentively listening to one of those delicious strains which the wealth of England annually imports from the genial influence of an Italian sky, to warble its mellifluous notes amid the smoke and fogs of London. Lord Blanchard was similarly engaged ; and Frederick Garston, to whom all things around, as well as the delicious music, bore the impress of novelty, found his every sense so enchained and wholly engrossed, that twenty persons—had there been room—might have entered the box, without his being in any way conscious of the intrusion.

There is a freshness of beauty in the expression of a youthful countenance which, although the features may not be cast in the

most classic or enticing mould, invariably interest the beholder ; but when added to the bloom of youth, nature gifts her favourite with all that her power can bestow, there are few who behold such perfection without admiration—neither is so strict a model of beauty often to be encountered ; yet in this instance, when the intelligent and extremely handsome features of Frederick Garston, bending over Emily Beecher, caught the observation of Lord Dropmore, for the first time in his existence, a doubt of his own personal superiority rushed through his mind ; and the suspicion once awaked, aroused a deep feeling of dislike towards him whose presence so unwittingly stirred up the odious comparison.

"Dropmore !" exclaimed Miss Beecher, in a tone of surprise, but wholly without confusion, the moment she perceived him ; "Why, Dropmore, what a truant you have been. It is now two days since I have seen you. Come, you must account for your absence."

"Engagements, and most pressing ones too, my fair cousin," he replied, completely taken by surprise at the kind playfulness of her manner ; "business, and most important business it must have been, you may rest satisfied, that could debar me from your presence for so long a time."

"Ah, well," continued his cousin gaily, "I shall not impose too severe a penalty for your neglect on this occasion ; but, Dropmore, you have not noticed Mr. Garston, to whom we are all so much indebted," and concluding from his look and silence that he was a stranger, indeed, Emily immediately introduced him to her cousin.

"They are already acquainted, Emily," remarked the marquis, "and I trust will eventually prove great friends. Dropmore," continued his father, "I trust for my sake you will do what you can to make Mr. Garston's new occupations palatable to him, the more so, since at my request he has left his friends, and for my individual convenience, has come to reside among strangers."

"I shall be delighted to cultivate Mr. Garston's acquaintance," drily replied the son ; at the same time accompanying the assertion with a look anticipatory of any thing, rather than an expectation of deriving pleasure from the intimacy.

Meanwhile Frederick Garston, gratified as he evidently felt, at the notice thus bestowed ; and the manifest desire of Lord Blanchard to make his sojourn in Grosvenor Square appear rather as a favour conferred on the marquis than on himself ; nevertheless, could not for an instant mistake the unfavourable expression which Lord Dropmore's countenance so visibly betrayed, and unhackneyed in the ways and tortuous labyrinths of the world, our hero was wholly at a loss to conjecture by what

possibility he could have awakened any unpleasant feeling towards himself in the breast of his new acquaintance, and the more he pondered on the subject, the more difficult he found it to solve.

It was even to him manifestly evident that with Lord Dropmore he had found but small favour, yet why that favour was withheld, or by what means he had merited his displeasure, Frederick Garston was utterly unable to surmise.

For the rest of the evening, Lord Dropmore chose to remain in the box, and though whatever Emily Beecher uttered was in her usual agreeable tone, and expressed with a kindness of manner so peculiarly her own, yet was she unable to communicate even a portion of her sprightliness to her cousin, who brooding over his own doubts and difficulties, seemed determined to avoid all pleasantries himself, even though unable to check it in others.

It was impossible but that the new secretary must have perceived the great change in Lord Dropmore's manner, and in fact such influence had his cold and distant bearing over the small party, that what a few minutes previously had appeared to Frederick Garston the most delightful evening he had ever enjoyed, was speedily converted into a period of very far from enviable occupation.

As her cousin's replies to her questions became more abbreviated and concise, Emily forbore to press him with remarks; and the old peer, however much and naturally he was attached to his son, could not be otherwise than struck at the singularity of his manner, and experiencing much regret at the development of so unequivocal a demonstration of temper before his niece; yet the marquis had sufficient discrimination to be fully aware that the worst method of improving a man's humour is to expatiate on its infirmities, and consequently acting up to what he judged the wisest mode of proceeding, he pretended utter unconsciousness of the marked difference which was conspicuous to all.

Not another person entered their box that evening. Sir George Elms, conscious that he was viewed by the family in any light rather than a favourable one, deemed it more consistent with his measures to reserve the presence of his agreeable society until a future period; and, well knowing that he had fully succeeded in disturbing the serenity of his friend's mind, he determined to let him show himself off to his greatest disadvantage, without participating in the exhibition. Therefore was it that the worthy baronet saw Lord Dropmore enter his father's box, without having the most distant intention of following him.

At length, the ballet concluded, the curtain dropped, and all behind, as well as before the scenes, hurried from the house; and not one of the small party occupying the particular box which we have noticed, regretted the arrival of the period for their departure.

"Dropmore," exclaimed the peer, when about to enter the lobby, "will you take care of Emily? and my young friend here," alluding to his secretary, "will give me the benefit of his arm to the carriage."

It was impossible for Lord Dropmore to have done otherwise than instantly acquiesce with his father's arrangements; but such is the waywardness of human nature, that the duty which, a few days since, he would have deemed himself but too happy in being called on to perform, was now executed with a civil indifference, almost approaching to dislike. And why was it? Perchance he would have found it difficult to solve the problem, though the true reason might readily have been discovered in the uneasiness—not to call it jealousy—which his friend, Sir George Elms, had so successfully planted in his breast.

Angry as he was, at the supposition of the possibility of another person being preferred to himself, and irritated with the consciousness of the duplicity of his own conduct in the part he was then playing, yet was it impossible to behold the lovely countenance of that beautiful woman, gazing on his face with more of astonishment than displeasure, and not to appreciate the superiority of the being resting on his arm.

As they left the box, Emily, in adjusting her shawl, accidentally dropped a small *bouquet* which she had worn during the evening; and although the flowers which composed it had drooped and faded, common politeness should have urged any gentleman present to rescue it from the ground, yet Lord Dropmore beheld it fall, and not an effort did he make towards restoring it to its fair owner. Trifling as the circumstance was, Emily could not notice the change in her cousin's manner without pain; but when her new acquaintance, on perceiving her companion's inactivity, immediately stepped forward, and restored the prize, was it possible that a comparison should not be drawn in her mind, certainly not to the detriment of that favourable impression which she had begun to entertain in behalf of Frederick Garston?

A much longer period has been consumed in relating this apparently unimportant occurrence, than was expended in its realization; it was but the work of a few seconds: and no remark having been expressed by words, they descended the stairs; and the carriage being summoned, Emily, accompanied by her uncle, drove rapidly towards Grosvenor Square.

"Don't you honour the carriage with your presence, Dropmore?" sneeringly inquired Sir George, who, unobserved, had followed the party to the door; "you would not accept a seat, eh?"

"No,—why should I?" replied the other; "my cab's here,—at least, I suppose so!"

"Ah, true!" continued Sir George; "you drive your friend home, of course?" And directing his attention to Frederick Garston, who was still standing at the spot from whence the carriage started, he honoured that gentleman with one of his most patronising smiles."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Dropmore, sharply; and, on turning round, he beheld his supposed rival standing by his side. "I'm not going home at present," he added, addressing Sir George; and, without deigning to bestow any further notice on his father's dependant, he passed his arm through that of his friend, and unceremoniously walked away in an opposite direction.

Had anything been wanting to convince Garston of the existence of a dislike on Lord Dropmore's part towards himself, his manner on this occasion must have decided the matter; yet by what means, and on what account so palpable an aversion had sprung up, was beyond his skill to fathom.

Not for an instant did the thought pass through his mind of the possibility of having given offence by his conduct at the opera. Unconscious of intending annoyance to any, he could not conjecture how offence could be taken; and the *bouquet*!—Pshaw! did he not allow a few seconds to elapse, on the supposition that Dropmore would have taken advantage of the period to perform so slight an act of gallantry? but as his lordship seemed disinclined to seize the opportunity then given, surely he could not feel displeased at another person offering his aid. The more he pondered on the subject, the more impossible did he find it to come to a satisfactory conclusion; so resolved to leave its elucidation for a future period, and wrapping his cloak round him, he turned his steps towards his new abode, cogitating as he went, whether the whole extent of the known world could produce so beautiful, so angelic a being as Emily Beecher.

CLARENDON;

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM DODSWORTH, ESQ.

CHAPTER XXIX.*

It will be necessary to go back to Jasper Vernon's proceedings, to learn who the man was who had called Cecil away so uncere- moniously from his dinner; and if the reader has not forgotten the scene that took place at his house on the morning when Herbert was discovered to be missing, we will, with his leave, resume the thread of Master Jasper's proceedings at that juncture, and leave Herbert for a time to his fate.

For a day or two, then, Jasper Vernon troubled himself but little about Herbert's disappearance, fondly expecting that the boy would return as soon as he found from actual experience, that it was not so easy to live upon air as truant schoolboys generally imagine. A couple of days—nay, a week elapsed, and still Herbert did not appear.

Then Jasper began to be very terribly frightened. Not for the child, however, for his safety troubled him but little; but if Herbert was lost or died, how could he dare to meet Cecil and that terrible Dalton, of whom he had heard so much, but had never seen, and who was equally with himself an executor of Colonel Clarendon, and the guardian of his children.

He did not do what most men in his situation would. He did not send men out in every direction to endeavour to discover, and to bring back the fugitive. He certainly wrote to the county constable of the district, describing Herbert's appearance and age, and offering a handsome reward to whoever discovered him; and then, with a strange fatality which he felt to be so, even when committing it, he, on the eighth morning from Herbert's flight, sent for a post chaise from the next town, and set off for Leven, to consult Lady Susan Clarendon as to what should be done in this emergency.

Fortunately, Lady Susan was alone when Jasper Vernon,

* Continued from page 335, vol. lv.

weary, dusty, and out of temper, was announced. It was dark even in the shrubberies, as he knew, for he had left the chaise at the lodge gates, for the sake of avoiding observation ; but it was still darker in the gloomy, old room into which Duncan Mc Craw ushered him, without the formality of announcing his name.

Jasper was a coward inherently, as villains generally are ; and, above and beyond all other people, he dreaded the haughty old lady who now rose up on his entrance. It was very dark, or she would have seen how his cheek blanched, and his step quivered, as he saluted her.

"Are you here again, and so soon, Jasper?" said she, as she crept with the noiseless tread of an Indian cat over the velvet carpet, and without extending her hand, as was her wont.

"I am, Lady Susan," was the brief reply. "There was a curse surely on me when I first undertook the management of my cousin Clarendon's affairs."

"What has gone wrong?" demanded his coadjutor, in an apparently unmoved tone, although she was internally agitated. "Herbert is not dead, Jasper?"

"Heaven only knows, for I have not seen him for a week," was the gloomy response.—"Where is Eleanor, madam?"

"Out, I believe—but Herbert?—what, or where is he, if you, Jasper Vernon, do not know whether he be alive or dead?" demanded Lady Susan, trembling from head to foot, as she resumed her seat. "What do you mean, Jasper, by mystifying me in this manner?"

"Simply, then, Lady Susan, Herbert has disappeared from my house!—ran away! In fact, it is to consult you in this emergency, that I have come down hither.—What must we do?"

"Do? what have you done, pray?"

"Almost nothing—I have written to the chief constable of our district, describing the child, and what more could I do?"

"Everything!—You should have scoured the country in every direction ; should have questioned every beggar as to whether a child answering Herbert's description had been met with in the company of suspicious people ; you should have searched high and low—never rested nor slept until you had the boy once more within your clutches, and then——"

"Have thrashed him within an inch of the varlet's life," growled her auditor.

"No. You should then have striven by kindness and affection to have won the boy's future confidence. God help me, that I have lived to see this day!" and real, genuine heart's-tears welled up from those cold grey eyes that had never wept,

even when the brave and the beautiful—her heart's treasures—had gone down in the heyday of life to an untimely grave.

The old lady of Leven wept on unrestrainedly. Jasper Vernon gnawed his finger-nails, and endeavoured to discover some clue as to what should be done next in his own crafty but bewildered brains.

The butler brought in candles, and placed them on a side table. Lady Susan wiped her eyes, and turned them with a scornful glance upon her companion. He was still sitting with his head buried on his breast, thinking.

She did not break the silence just then, for she was deeply moved. I let you see the letter she had written to this very man who now sat over against her, only a few short days before, in which she told him how she loathed the idea of forcing Eleanor to marry but of her own free will; and you who read that letter must have seen how her mind was torn, between her compact with the villain at her side and her newly discovered and tender affection for Eleanor.

Then her mind reverted again to the loss of Herbert; the grief it would cause to Eleanor, whom, as I have said, she loved ardently, notwithstanding the flinty heart she had shown to the world for well-nigh half a century; the anger of Cecil, and the vengeance of that terrible being, Edward Dalton—that man whom Colonel Clarendon's English friends pictured to themselves almost as a disembodied spirit, wandering from pole to pole, but whom we have just left sitting down to his elegant dinner in the best house in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, with his wife and daughter by his side; and again Lady Susan shuddered, as she tried to think what would be best to do in this terrible emergency.

Suddenly Jasper Vernon looked up, and their eyes met. It was evident his unfertile mind had not hit upon any scheme, for the next moment his eyes again sought the ground, with a hard, icy look, that might have frozen a stone.

Lady Susan had in the meanwhile moved her seat, and now faced him.

"There is only one thing you can now do," she said.

He looked up again with a brightening eye.

"Mr. Cecil Clarendon is at present in Paris. I have his address, for Eleanor had a letter from him only yesterday. Send some one instantly to him, on whom you can depend, and summon him to your assistance. It will look honest, at all events, and, if Herbert should not cast up again, why, the weight is removed from your shoulders in part."

The mention of Cecil recalled Jasper Vernon's mind to that

fearful morning when Cecil and Dalton had encountered him in his own house, and he again involuntarily shuddered.

"If you have no one you could intrust with such a mission," continued Lady Susan, "send Norman Macdonald, who would go to the world's end to win a smile from poor Eleanor. Do you hear, simpleton?" she asked, impatiently, when he did not immediately answer.

Jasper shrugged his shoulders as he asked, "Have you no other scheme, Lady Susan, to propose?"

"None!" was the decisive answer; adopt that or leave it, as you choose, and I stick to or abandon you. Cecil Clarendon shall know of his brother's disappearance."

"He already knows of it," and Jasper Vernon related the particulars of his encounter with the young man and Dalton.

"He could not know the misfortune to its full extent, or he would never leave the kingdom whilst Herbert's fate was hidden in so much mystery. No: he must only have fancied the boy was missing for a few hours, and would turn up again by nightfall. If you will be ruled by me, Jasper, send instantly for him."

"And employ this Norman Macdonald, say you?"

"Certainly: it will serve a double purpose. You will gain a trusty messenger, and the service itself will recommend him to Eleanor Clarendon as well."

"I wish they were married," muttered the executor, gloomily, as the latter words of Lady Susan's speech recalled another of his schemes to his mind."

"Why, Jasper?"

"At another time I will tell you; but not now. Where can this same Master Macdonald be met with?"

"I will send a man over instantly on horseback, desiring him to come immediately after breakfast in the morning," said her ladyship, decisively. She then rang the bell, and ordered supper.

"Do you wish to see Eleanor?" she inquired, as a sudden thought struck her. "I think you had better not."

"So do I, as it will save me answering no end of troublesome questions about Herbert. Besides, I am very tired," he added, with a yawn.

Lady Susan's stern features relaxed into a smile, but she did not speak; and when the footman brought in the supper-tray, merely desired Eleanor's maid to tell her young mistress she was employed with a gentleman on business, and would not see her again that night.

Norman Macdonald arrived before Jasper Vernon was out of

his dressing-room, the next morning. He, however, had the advantage of a long interview with Lady Susan, which probably made him more tractable when Jasper really did come down, for he professed the utmost eagerness to be off, and declared he would never slacken rein until he reached the coast.

"Do not alarm him unnecessarily," was Jasper's parting advice; "you don't know Mr. Cecil Clarendon as I do, or you would know him to be one of the most hot-headed young men in existence."

Norman only heard one half of the sentence, for he was out of hearing long before Jasper had finished. "He won't let the ground cool under him," said the latter, turning round upon Lady Susan; "that young fellow's face and figure would make his fortune in London, madam."

"Norman has a very pretty property of his own," was the old lady's response, "and has no occasion to cross his humour to add to it."

CHAPTER XXX.

"WHATEVER can have become of Cecil?" said Dalton, for the tenth time, when the dinner having been removed, the dessert was at length placed upon the table. "Did you see the party, Gibbons, whom he went out with?" turning to the groom of the chambers, as he spoke.

"I did not, sir," said Gibbons, who was an Englishman, and having accompanied his master in many of his wanderings, when a younger man, was consequently a great favourite with him. "Johnson describes him as being a young man, pretty much of Mr. Clarendon's own age, and very dirty, as if he had just come off a long journey."

"It is really very mysterious," muttered Dalton, glancing over to his wife, who evidently shared his alarm, although she retained her usual quiet self-possession. "If I did not know that Cecil can have no enemies in Paris, and is strong and resolute as well, I could feel seriously alarmed about him."

"Mr. Clarendon is an excellent fencer," said the Marquis de Boissy, a witty eccentric, who was enormously rich, and who subsequently married the notorious Countess Guiccoli. "He nearly killed Dubois yesterday, at the Circle."

"I did not know Mr. Clarendon fenced," was Dalton's ab-

stracted answer. "Camilla, my love, you have not touched your harp to-day."

"I am quite *triste* to-day, papa," said the lively soubrette, with a sigh. "I am sure we shall hear of some great calamity very shortly, I am so very miserable."

"Do your regrets always precede your misfortunes, Miss Dalton?" said De Boissy, with a Frenchman's shrug of the shoulders. "If so, you must, at times, feel rather bewildered between the cause and the effect!"

"But do you not often feel the same sensation, monsieur?" demanded Camilla, turning her large lustrous eyes upon the face of the old voluptuaire; "I can assure you, I always anticipate an evil before hand."

"I never discuss metaphysics after dinner," said the old marquis, gallantly; "but whom, in the name of all the gods, have we here?" he added, as Cecil, pale, breathless, and agitated, rushed into the room. "Mr. Cecil Clarendon must surely have seen the ghost of his grandmother—and, who is that very handsome young man he brings along with him—Diable! he has never introduced him!"

In truth, Cecil was far too agitated to think of any such thing at that moment. In a voice broken with emotion, he staggered up to Dalton, and said—

"I could not leave you without saying farewell, best of friends!"

"Farewell!" echoed Dalton, in astonishment, starting up; "you surely do not intend to leave us?"

"I must set off instantly! This gentleman—allow me to introduce Mr. Norman Macdonald—has ridden, night and day, from Scotland, and is, I regret to say, the bearer of very bad news, which compels me to return with him to England."

"Come with me into the library," said Dalton, rising. "Gibbons, bring lights, and some wine. Mr. Macdonald, will you do us the favour to accompany Mr. Clarendon and myself—perhaps your departure need not be so sudden; and I may then have the pleasure of presenting you to my wife and daughter;—gentlemen, excuse me for a time!" and, sincerely alarmed at the little he had heard, the excellent Dalton led the way to the library, and made the two young men sit down.

"Drink a glass of wine, Cecil, before you tell me your news," said he kindly. "Mr. Macdonald, allow me to pledge you to our future acquaintance!" and for the first time, his eye fell upon the graceful figure and handsome features of poor Norman.

Cecil seized the wine, and drank it with avidity, although his hand trembled so violently that he could scarcely guide the

glass to his lips. "Tell him, tell him!" he gasped, turning to Norman, in agony, after attempting vainly to speak; "tell him all, and as quietly as you can!" he cried, bursting into tears.

"I am afraid your communication is likely to prove a very painful one, sir," said Dalton, turning kindly to Norman; "pray take your own time, so that you acquaint me fully with what has happened."

"It is told in a very few words, Mr. Dalton," said Norman, gravely. "Herbert Clarendon, I am sorry to say, has disappeared from his guardian Mr. Vernon's house, and cannot be found!"

Dalton rose up in great agitation, and then sank down again, staring wildly at the young man's pale face for several minutes without speaking; then he glanced sadly over to Cecil, and the tears filled those stern, dark eyes, as he gasped out, "Herbert Clarendon missing!—that poor child who was the darling of my good friend's heart?"

"Herbert has really not been heard of for more than a fortnight," said Norman, in a low voice.

"I will make the villain pay dearly for this treachery," muttered Dalton, fiercely; "there is foul play at the bottom of all this.—God of heaven, can he know all, and has he put this poor child out of the way for the sake of furthering his own base ends!"

Then looking up, he inquired whether Herbert had been either seen or heard of since his disappearance from Jasper Vernon's house.

"Never! it is very singular; and with a man of worse reputation than Mr. Vernon bears, it would in my opinion look very suspicious," said Norman, frankly.

A bitter smile passed across Dalton's haughty features, but he did not speak. His suspicions, at any rate, were now fully confirmed, and he on the instant said, "Whenever you propose to return, Cecil and I will accompany you; if you have ridden all night, you will require some rest, and my hotel is heartily at your service."

"If it is not intruding too much on Mr. Dalton's hospitality," began Norman.

"Hut-tut! I only regret the occasion is so unpleasant a one that brings you here, Mr. Macdonald," said Dalton, with grave politeness. "Cecil, my dear boy, do not give way to idle sorrows; we shall find poor Herbert, depend upon it."

He took the young man's hand, as he spoke, and pressed it kindly; he felt it shake, as he did so, although no emotion was visible in the stern, pale face Cecil turned upon him in return; nothing but a terrible despair.

"I will order coffee to be brought in here," said Dalton, rising to ring the bell; "Your news, sir, I am sure has made both Cecil and myself unfit for the company we have just left.

A footman appeared.—"Gibbons, tell your mistress," said he, "that urgent business will prevent my joining our friends again this evening:—let us have some coffee, and a few cutlets as well; and harkee, don't let us be disturbed to-night."

He then turned to his guests, and strove to drive away the gloom that was but too visible on their countenances. In this, however, he was not so successful as he anticipated, Cecil's mind being already filled with the most gloomy forebodings as to Herbert's fate, whilst Norman was really grieved on account of the distress any misfortune happening to the latter would occasion to Eleanor. It was, therefore, only a very sad party after all; and it still wanted an hour of midnight, when the two young men bade Dalton good night, and retired to rest.

Dalton sat for some time absorbed in thought, after his companions had left him, and then going to his secretary, took out a large package of papers, which was none other than a copy of Colonel Clarendon's will, together with a bundle of discoloured letters, which his unfortunate friend had written to him many, many happy years before, when in the heyday of life and prosperity. He had never dreamed, when writing them, that a time would come when the sight of them would call up the scalding tears to those stern eyes; and yet it was so, and the iron-hearted Dalton wept like a child, as he perused many a gay and wild adventure, the joyousness of which fell like a leaden weight upon his heart, at the present moment.—They had been written in the full confidence of youthful feeling, to a friend to whom he was tenderly attached, and now that friend was left like a lonely tree in the forest, to mourn over the downfall of the friend and companion of his youth.

Then he got up, and locked the will and the letters away, and stood for several minutes on the floor, like one striving to conquer his own thoughts; bitter enough, God knows! they were,—more bitter, perhaps, because,—but why should we hasten to unravel the future?

He took up a lamp, and went to his wife's bedroom. She was partially undressed, and was sitting, in a loose white robe, at a table, reading intently, as he entered. Dalton saw at a glance that it was the sacred volume, and he hesitated to intrude his own earthly regrets upon her at such a moment.

Much as this amiable woman revered her husband, I can assure you that he revered her still more. Her religion was so pure and unearthly, her temper so angelic, that a feeling of

the tenderest awe always pervaded his mind whenever he approached her, and this feeling at this moment filled his mind.

"I wished to speak with you, Clara; but I see you are engaged," he began, in a low voice.

Mrs. Dalton closed the book, and rising, took his hand; he kissed her affectionately on the forehead; and seating her gently in her chair again, drew another close to it, and sat down.

"You look very sad, Edward," she began, with her sweet voice, so inexpressibly dear to his ears.

"I am—a terrible misfortune has happened."

Her face grew as pale as a lily, as she gazed upon his gloomy countenance, and caught its despairing expression. I am afraid, Clara, God is about to punish us for our miserable deception, at length."

Mrs. Dalton sank back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands. "What has happened?" she asked, at length.

"The boy has disappeared."

"Herbert?"

"Yes; and no clue can be obtained to his discovery."

With a strong effort Mrs. Dalton looked up and said, "And have you told Cecil what we have so long concealed, Edward?"

"I did not; how could I, at such a moment?"

"Then I will tell him! I almost did so, Dalton, when I first pressed him to my heart, for it almost burst with the bliss of that moment. Send him to me, and allow me to break the news to him. From a mother's lips——"

"Clara, my dearest love, you must not attempt to do so at such a moment as this. He is too strongly moved just now to receive such a communication as he ought. I am sure—in fact, he would not believe it."

"But the proofs——"

"Only prove a part. It would ruin all to tell him such a wild and improbable story—although it is perfectly true—at such a moment. At a calmer moment, when Herbert's fate is disposed of, we will acquaint him with all."

"Oh! Dalton, why did we ever deceive him?—so generous, so pure, so noble, he will hate us for ever when he learns how mean and pitiful was the subterfuge to which we had recourse. We! whom he should love and reverence so dearly."

Dalton took the pale, cold hand that was lying over his chair, and pressed it to his heart.

"Let him, Clara, if he can," he said, proudly. "But I know Cecil too well to believe him capable of such ingratitude. A miserable necessity compelled us to adopt an alternative which promises to involve us in so much after-remorse and grief; he may despise us if he chooses, but our own hearts acquit us of

everything but misfortune. But we will not despair until we know that poor Herbert is really dead, and that, I trust, will be spared us. I am going to set off in the morning with these young men for England, to prosecute the secret for the boy. God bless you, dearest! and folding her in his arms, he imprinted another kiss upon her cheek, and left the apartment.

"What has distressed you, mama," cried Camilla Dalton, a few minutes afterwards, as she glided as lightly as a fawn into the apartment; and then perceiving that Mrs. Dalton's pale face was stained with the traces of tears, she flung herself with a startled cry upon her knees, and encircled the yielding form of her parent in her arms.

"Your father is going to return to England in the morning," she said, with as much composure as she could assume.

"And leave us behind!" murmured Camilla, pouting. "I am so tired of Paris, madame!"

"And yet you loved it so dearly at first," said her mother, in a tone of gentle reproof.

"I love everything new, mama! new faces, new scenes, new sensations, new friends!"

"Ah! Camilla, when you have lived as long as I have in the world," said this admirable woman, "you will have learned that one old friend is worth a hundred new ones—one honest friend!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"We mun take this little chap home, Joe I'se warrand," said one of the men who had put off in the boat in the vain attempt to save poor Hemp; "devil or devil's imp, he munna sit there like a poor seagull all through the night."

"We have mouths enow to feed, messmate," growled the other man testily; "there's t'oud woman, and me, and Nell, and thy five little uns."

"Why, that's only eight; Joe and Bill has eleven," rejoined the other, in a cheering, manly voice; "besides, Nell always says there's a blessing upon one whenever poor folk like us can do a good deed, and it's a real charity taking this poor little fellow home, if only for one night."

"I don't know as to that, Jabez," growled the other testily; "there may or there may not; but have thy way as thou always has. Hallo! little 'un is asleep, or what?"

"Sound as a top," said the other, stooping down to see Herbert's features. "Look, Joe, what delicate cheeks the poor little boy has! Nell will be mortal glad to have 'un for a bit."

"Humph! give him a shake, and take hold of his hand, Jabez," growled the other, testily; "why, surely, the boy must be dead; he sleeps so sound."

The younger boatman, who was the individual styled Jabez, gave Herbert a pretty rough shake, which had the immediate effect of making the poor little fellow start up with a foreboding cry, for he had forgotten the events of the last few hours, and imagined Rudd was ordering him to get up. When he opened his eyes, however, a different sight greeted him, and he gazed for several minutes, quite bewildered, from one to the other, without speaking.

One of the boatmen was a little withered old man, almost bent double with toil or age, with grey hair, and withered skin that hung in yellow wrinkles on his cheeks; his shaggy eyebrows scarcely concealed the glittering eyes that still burned behind them, and his face wore an avaricious expression, in painful contrast with the marks of age he presented; he had a thin, wheezing voice, which had the power of making itself painfully heard, no matter how high the din that was raging around him; and whenever he spoke, his attenuated frame shook spasmodically, as if the mind that animated it threatened at every moment to separate itself from the frail tenement of clay it inhabited.

"Aye! aye! take the brat home, Jabez, if thou wilt," cried this automaton, with one of his most violent spasms; "only if thou does, dunna lay the blame on me, if we have to keep him for good and all. His dad, thou sees, was drowned before our eyes, and it will be a pretty long day, I warrant, before any of his kith or kin are likely to make an outcry after him."

"God will surely not punish a poor man like me, Father Joe, for taking pity on such a poor, helpless fellow as this," retorted the other, patting Herbert's head; "so come along, my little fellow, and I'll make thee heartily welcome to a mess of stew and a bed for one night, at all events."

"You see, Joe," said he in continuation, as Herbert trotted alongside of them, speaking in his deep, earnest tones, "I can never see a little fellow as this may be, without remembering my own little Billy; thou knows how Nell and I have mourned and mourned over that poor little fellow, fancying all kinds of miseries for him ever since he strolled away from our door; and who knows but a good turn done to this little fellow may make

some good christian be as kind to him?—ah dearie! dearie! what weary hearts Nell and I have had all along of that poor fellow.”

A few tears trickled down his weatherbeaten features as the thought of his poor, lost child wandering, starving with hunger, from door to door, and perhaps lying down at some hedge-side to die, passed through his mind; and then he clutched Herbert's hand more tightly, and strode on for some time without speaking.

“My mind often misgives me that he's dead,” he resumed, after a long pause; “and yet, for the life of me, I can never venture to say so to Nell, she clings so woundily to the hope that he will one day turn up, a fine, handsome, well-grown fellow. It would kill her, Joe, to pull that last prop from under her.”

“Better think the worst at once,” growled Joe, who was Nell's father, and consequently grandfather to the missing Billy, with grim stoicism; “women go on teasing and worritting themselves to death about such trifles: han't you got brats enow wi'out Bill?”

“No, Father Joe! Billy was our first; and whatever men may think, they always let their hearts cling to their first-born with a stronger love than they ever have to give to those that follow: and then Billy was so lithe and handsome.”

“Like yourself, Jabez,” chuckled the old man, maliciously.

“No, no, Father Joe—he was Nell's image,” rejoined the other, good-humouredly, though sadly; “you've said so yourself, fifty times.”

“May be I have, and may be I haven't,” rejoined the other, bitterly; “but, howsomever, it's no use fretting—and here's the house—you may take all the blame upon yourself.”

“That I will, and welcome,” retorted the other, cheerfully, opening the door of a small cottage, and admitting a broad, ruddy stream of light upon the dismal night. “What cheer, Nell, my lass? I've brought thee a poor, little fellow to get a night's lodging, and a belly-full of victuals; I know thou'll do that, my old woman.”

Jabez's old woman, who was a stout, buxom woman of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, gave a cordial assent to this proposition; and noticing Herbert's wet clothes and weary appearance, set herself busily to work to get him undressed, and then commenced rigging him out in a nondescript suit, the jacket of which was a world too large, and hung in huge folds about him; whilst the trousers were so small that they fairly gave in at the knees, and left the rest of his legs without any covering at all.

Ridiculous as his new costume was, the cheerful blaze of the fire made the little room look and feel so comfortable, that Herbert soon felt much more comfortable and happy than he had

done for weeks before; and when, Nell having folded back the cuffs of his jacket to enable his hands to do their office, the supper was placed on the table, diffusing, as it did, a rich, emetuous, appetising vapour through the apartment, and a huge mess of stew was set before him, he felt such a glow at his heart that his feelings fairly overcame him, and the tears began to trickle silently down his face.

The sight of the delicious mess brought a humanising effect even upon old Joe, whose sarcastic, grey eye lost its habitual sneer as he gloated over it; he had not half done, however, before he caught a glimpse of Herbert's tears, and instantly his face assumed all its wonted terrors.

"What is't a crying for?" he demanded, angrily, as he paused in his labour of love; "isn't the mess good enough for the likes of such as thou?"

"Hush! father," said Nell, in her gentle voice: "the poor boy seems rather weeping for joy, if I'm any judge."

"Joy, marry! be them joy-tears, fool?" growled the old man, with a snarling laugh. "Get thy supper, thou little fool, thou, this minute, and don't set honest folk off theirs."

"Give the poor little fellow time, Father Joe," retorted Jabez, in his deep voice. "How be the bairns, Nell?"

"All nicely, my man. Joe has quite got over his lameness, and was running about as gaily as the best of 'em, to-night."

And now, for the first time (for Nell was intuitively well-bred, although only a poor boatman's wife), she stole a furtive glance at the poor boy her husband had for the time thrown upon his sturdy resources. Herbert's skin had already lost the delicate fairness that had lately distinguished it, and was fast becoming tanned brown with exposure to the weather; his hair hung in tangled masses over his neck, shading the broad forehead: whilst his features were fast losing the rounded beauty that had at one time promised to make his boyhood renowned, and already wore the sharp, wretched lines of hunger and despair.

Nell gazed and gazed, for her heart was swelling within her, as she thought of her long lost Billy, whom she mourned with a silent, yet faithful, affection, although she felt he had never been so lovely as this poor child must once have been. Herbert's thin, dark features were to her more touching than all the beauty the world could have produced.

Jabez watched her, as she gazed with her wistful eyes at Herbert, apparently so absorbed in the reveries his image had called up as to have forgotten where she was. Herbert in the meantime had finished his supper, and the old miserly grandfather, who had now no object on which to vent his spleen,

pushed back his chair, and climbed up a ladder which led into a loft above, on the creaking floor of which he was presently heard pacing up and down, as he made his preparations for retiring for the night.

Then, drawing their chairs towards the fire, the husband and wife began to talk over the hopes and fears of their daily existence, Nell holding Herbert's hand, which she had taken almost unconsciously, tightly clasped in her own.

"Was that man that you put off in the boat to save, his father, Jabez?" demanded Nell, when Herbert, overcome with fatigue and sleep, had gently laid his head upon her lap, and was now lost in sweet forgetfulness; "he looks so tender and delicate, poor little thing! that one can scarcely believe him to have come of poor people like us."

"How should I know, my old woman? your father is getting so weak and feeble that I couldn't get the boat along at a decent rate, or we might have saved the poor devil; he's sadly failing, is Father Joe, Nell."

A feeble cough from the loft overhead seemed to confirm the assertion.

"Oh! but he's very strong, is father, yet," said the wife, eagerly; "there was only yesterday, when Jack, who is getting a big, strong lad, was unruly, and wouldn't do as I bid him; father caught him up in his arms, and fairly held him as tight as a vice, until I feared he would do the boy an injury: but about this little lad, Jabez."

"What hast thou got into thy head now, Nell?" demanded Jabez, good-humouredly.

"Why, I may be wrong, or I may not, Jabez; but I can't help thinking he comes of better folk than the likes of us."

"Better folk, Nell?" repeated Jabez.

"Why, by better, I mean better off," retorted the buxom body: and in the morning we must try and find out where he comes from, and restore him to his mother, if he has one; poor body! I'll warrant me her heart is sore enough for the loss of him."

"But he looks as if he had been on tramp for months, Nell; his skin is quite black."

"A week would do that," continued Nell, stoutly, "a week of such weather as we have had would turn a snow-ball black if it didn't melt."

"But if we can't find out who he belongs to," suggested Jabez, who seemed not to wish to part with the boy, "suppose he should have been so long away from home that he has quite forgotten even his name, and where he comes from?"

"Why, in that case, we must keep him until something turns

up to put us on the right beat. I'm sure I won't grudge the bite and the sup as long as we have it."

"Right said, my lass," cried Jabez, giving her plump, rosy cheek a smack that made the room ring again: "thou deserves to be a duchess, my old woman!"

"Get out, with your daft nonsense, my poor old man," retorted Nell, returning the smack: "and now I'll go and put this little un in the crib beside Jack — just look at his arm, Jabez! why, 'tis as white as driven snow!"

And unstripping the still sleeping boy, she did indeed disclose a skin that many a lady might have envied.

SONG.

THE MURMURING SEA.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
How I love to list to thy melody;
When the winds are still in thy rocky caves,
And the sweet stars glance on thy purple waves,
'Tis then I dream of the distant land,
Where I left a loving and joyous band:
Oh! dearer than ever they seem to me,
As I muse on the shore of the murmuring sea.
Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!

Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!
I no more shall sail o'er thy waters free;
But I watch the ships till they fade from sight,
And my fancy follows their trackless flight,
Bounding away to their destined mart—
To the land so dear to my lonely heart:
Oh! dearer than ever it seems to me,
As I gaze on thy glory, thou murmuring sea!
Murmuring sea! beautiful sea!

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

IF one thing be clearer than another, it is the fact that to be perpetually brooding on oneself is neither a very desirable nor a very profitable mode of spending time. It interferes with the proper business of life—it creates a whole brood of imaginary maladies—it too often turns into a hypochondriac a man who otherwise might have done something for the world. How much have we lost because Cowper preferred to turn his own changing moods of mind, than to place implicit confidence in the unchanging plan of eternal wisdom and love. A valetudinarian is generally a miserable egotist—a torment to himself and to all round. When such is the case, man has got hopelessly and incurably wrong. If good be done—if humanity be uttered—if the right be more clearly seen or more proudly loved, the efforts for that end, will not have been made by the character we have just described. He may always be ranked with the opposite class, and will be the loudest in proclaiming the degeneracy of the present age—the superiority of the past.

In like manner, it is not very desirable that a nation should be made up of croakers—that it should be perpetually bewailing the depravity of the age—that it should be constantly and morbidly ferreting out whatever of debasement, of ignorance, of immorality, it may contain within its borders. And yet, certainly, such is the condition into which we have got in this present age. We are a wailing and weeping generation. We go mournfully exclaiming the former times are better than these. We see evil in every breeze, pestilence breeding in every street, and vice in every heart. We have discovered, thanks to our sanitary commissioners, that every trade is but a short cut from this world to the next. And our moral regenerations have accumulated a bewildering mass of statistics in support of the cheering conclusion, that every day our demoralization is becoming more and more complete. If our diseases are many, our physicians are still more. Prize essays, varying in badness, teem on us every day, putting the same conclusion to a thousand different facts. A society wishes to show that sabbath-breaking is leading our pauper population to the gallows, and straightway a hundred essays are called into existence, stoutly to do battle for that inspiring truth. As many more would have us believe that intoxicating

drinks do certainly conduce to the same bad end. Another man arraigns the present social customs of society, and recommends instead, a new moral world; others strangely imagine, that the five points of the charter would give us a regenerated humanity. Turn where we will, we are bewildered by the thousand voices that, Babel-like, are all uttering uncertain sounds. The consequence is, the man who really seeks the welfare of his species is disgusted, and paralyzed, and abandons all efforts for the progress of his race, in despair. Truly, the times have altered. When we bred up an indomitable race, when we laid the foundations of our gigantic commerce, when we planted the seeds of future empires in every corner of the globe, when we won immortal victories by land or on the deep, the national heart had a healthier and a happier tone.

Yet still it must be confessed, that there are times when we may usefully examine our social state, and may steadily look its evils in the face; when, for a while, we may forget our greatness and our glory, and may mark the degraded humanity that exists in our days, that has existed in every period of our history, and which will long, if not for ever, continue to exist. We know no period in which the poor have not been present in our land; we know no period in which the pomp and splendor of the peer has not increased, side by side, with the starvation, and filth, and degradation of the poor. And we defy any man to prove that, at any time, the poor man was more cared for than he is in the age in which we live. If science has ministered to the comforts of the rich, it has done so in a still greater degree to the poor. The workhouse and the jail are very different to what they were when the latter was visited by Howard; or when, from its polluted walls, spread forth a contagion that often swept away the victims of a common doom; the wrong-doer, and he whom he wronged; the prisoner, and his judge. If our parliamentary trains be rather slow, and if the carriages be rather airy, it must be remembered that, two hundred years since, the classes who now travel in them, owing to the expense of conveyance, were almost unable to travel at all. If we have still our purlieus where eminence is unknown, where every vice reigns rampant, where even childhood acquires the depravity of age, where human and divine laws are alike trampled under foot,—we have no *alsatia*, as our fathers had, in the very heart of the metropolis, in which the offender, no matter how great his crime, might securely skulk, and in which be certain of finding a congenial home. The criminal is invariably a coward; and when crime loses its security, it is divested of half its charm.

Yet we are ready to admit that there is a vast amount of de-

pravity, which is created by the circumstances so unfavourable to virtue, in which the poor in our great cities are placed. We are very sceptical as to the general assertion, that crime generally, in this country, has increased five-fold since the beginning of the present century. But we are prepared to admit, with the author of the Prize Essay on Juvenile Depravity, that the relative proportion of juvenile offenders to those of adult age, is very great. The distribution of crime, it appears, to the different ages in Middlesex and the Metropolis in 1846, was as follows:—out of a total of 1,641 offenders, 382 were under fifteen years of age; 1,314 under twenty; 1,039 under twenty-five; 605 under thirty; 669 under forty; 364 under fifty; 143 under sixty; 64 above sixty. There were besides, 61 offenders whose age could not be ascertained. This table shows the enormous amount of juvenile crime in the Metropolis. The period aged fifteen, and under twenty, comprises more offenders than any other. Nearly the same conclusion is derived from the statistics of offenders committed for trial in the county of Lancaster in the same year. Out of a total of 3,072 offenders in that county, there were 166 under fifteen; 698 under twenty; 710 under twenty-five; 504 under thirty; 557 under forty; 283 under fifty; 95 under, and 32 above sixty. Hence it appears that in Liverpool, and the manufacturing county of Lancashire, crime does not begin at quite so early an age as in London and Middlesex. But the large amount of juvenile, in proportion to the number of adult offenders, is evident. From tables showing the proportion of crime at the same periods of age in the three agricultural counties of Lincoln, Hampshire, and Devonshire, very nearly a similar result is obtained. But a comparison of the proportion of juvenile crime throughout the agricultural districts, with the proportion of the same in the manufacturing districts, leads to the conclusion we might have anticipated—that crime is most precocious in the neighbourhoods of large towns, and most of all so in the metropolis. The large proportion of offenders in south Hants, “aged fifteen, and under twenty,” in which county are large maritime towns, points to the same conclusion.

Now this is an important fact. The boy born within the sound of Bow bells is not morally worse than the boy born without; and yet the probability is that he will be a more dangerous member of society. There must be human causes why this should be so; and if human causes, they must be such as must give way to human efforts. The fault lies, in our opinion, not in drink, not in ignorance, not in sabbath-breaking, not in prostitution—for these are all but outward manifestations of one deep-seated and radical disease—but in the wretched social

condition, or rather social debasement, of the class from whence the majority of our criminals proceed. There lies the root of the evil; in such an atmosphere, self-respect, virtue, cannot exist. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," is the language of Him who "needed not that any one should testify of man, for he knew what was in man." "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

The fact is, our dangerous classes live in small, incommodious, ill-ventilated, ill-drained apartments, where no provision is made for decency; where woman must grow up without modesty, and man without the sense of shame. In a speech of Lord Ashley's, in the House of Commons, last session, a city missionary's description of one of these dens was quoted as follows:—"The parlour measures 18ft. by 10. Beds are arranged on each side of it, composed of straw, rags, and shavings. There are 27 male and female adults, and 31 children, with several dogs; in all, 58 human beings in a contracted den, from which light and air are systematically excluded. It is impossible to convey a just idea of their state. The quantities of vermin are alarming. I have entered a room, and in a few minutes I have felt them dropping on my hat from the ceiling, like peas. 'They may be gathered by handfuls,' observed one of the inmates; 'I could fill a pail in a few minutes. *I have been so tormented with the itch, that on two occasions I filled my pockets with stones, and waited till a policeman came up, and then broke a lamp, that I might be sent to prison, and there be cleansed, as is required, before new comers are admitted.*' 'Ah,' said another, standing by, 'you can get a comfortable snooze and scrub, there.'" His lordship added, "A vast number of boys of tender years resorted to these houses. He wished to show what a number of circumstances stood in the way of their moral or physical improvement. The existence of these houses was one of those circumstances. He had given a sample of the houses such children were compelled to inhabit.

Such is a lodging house: we may easily imagine the drunkenness, the brutality, the vice, of its inhabitants. Nor can it well be otherwise. What boy, living in such a place, surrounded by such society, could come out otherwise than as an offender against the laws of God and man? Men well fed, and well clad,—men whom the world respects,—who never knew want, may talk about the depravity of the lower orders, when we believe that they, if placed in the same circumstances, would be every whit as bad. Circumstances modify, they too often form the character. Let the poor be placed in circumstances more

favourable to morality, and much of their immorality will, we venture to say, immediately disappear.

A committee was appointed, in 1847, by the Statistical Society, to inquire into the condition of the population of Church Lane, St. Giles. They examined fifty-six rooms. The number of tenants was 463; the number of males alone, twenty years of age, 111; the number of females alone, twenty years of age, 138; the number of females under twenty years, 117; the number of females under thirty years of age, 97; the number of families was 100; and the number of bedsteads for the accommodation of the whole population was 90. We give one or two examples, *House No. 3*, two parlours on *ground-floor*.

Size of rooms. Front room, 17 ft. 6 in. long; 13 ft. 9 in. broad; 8 ft. high; size of windows, 5 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft.; each room 11 ft. 4 in. square; rent paid, 5s.; under rent paid, 1s. 6d. each adult; time occupied, 5 years; number of families, 4; consisting of 5 males above twenty, 5 females above twenty, 3 males under twenty, and 4 females under twenty. Country, Irish; trade, dealers and mendicants; state of rooms, dirty; state of furniture, bad and dirty; state of windows and panes, whole and broken. Number of beds, 6; number of bedsteads 5, of which 3 in front room, 2 in back. Yard filthy, covered with night soil; no privy, no water. These are nightly lodging-rooms, and the landlady frequently accommodates four or five persons more at 3d. per night. The entrance to the bedroom is by a door 4 ft. 2 in. by 3 ft.; the room itself being a kind of black hole.

No. 4.—First Floor.

Size of room, 17 ft. long, 13 ft. broad, 8 ft. high; size of window, 5 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.; rent paid, 3s. weekly: time occupied, 1 month; number of families 4, consisting of 5 males above twenty, 5 females above twenty, 4 males under twenty, 2 females under twenty; total 16. Number of persons ill 2, one dying. Country, Irish; trade mendicants and dealers; state of rooms filthy; state of furniture bad—dirty; only one table and two chairs; state of windows, eight broken panes. Number of beds, 1 bed and a quantity of shavings; number of bedsteads, one. *Particulars of the above families.* 1. Man, wife, and 2 children, pay 1s. per week. 2. Man and daughter, 10d. 3. Two females, single, 10d. 4. Man, wife, and 3 children (landlord). 5. Man, wife, and 1 child, 1s. Two of the single women were twenty-five, and 1 of the boys was eighteen. There were 16 persons with only 1 bedstead! The landlord covered his rent, and made 8d. weekly.

An abstract is given from a Report made by the Manchester

Statistical Society. After an active and careful examination from house to house by one of their agents, it appeared that out of 2,755 of the dwellings examined, only 1,661 were decidedly comfortable; that a smaller number were well furnished; that the number of families in which there were less than two persons sleeping in one bed, was only 413; that the number in which on the average there were more than two persons in a bed, was 1,512; that the number of families who had not less than three persons, and less than four, was 733; that the number of families in which there were at least four persons, but less than five persons to one bed, was 207. There were sixty-three families, where there were at least five persons to one bed, and there were some in which six persons were packed in one bed. The effect of this dreadful overcrowding is obvious. The health and the morals of the class whom it affects are undermined.

To remedy this evil, to check this immorality, we must not stop at effects, but ascend to causes. We must proceed to the fountain-head. The rich are not necessarily born virtuous, and the poor the reverse; but the rich are well fed, and comfortably clad; are not crowded up in filth and indecency; and do not live in a society, the tone of which has reached the lowest possible stage of degradation. Living, as most of our juvenile delinquents do, they cannot be different to what they are. Many prostitutes have confessed that they became so, in consequence of the want of all decency, too common in the sleeping apartments of many of the poor. If the house be a scene of depravity, it is in vain that you seek to educate the child—he is already training in a more congenial school—in a school in which every virtue is crushed; in which every vice is fostered with precocious and unnatural growth. From such a home the boy goes forth to mix with others more abandoned than himself. The night house is his favourite haunt. What is there let us hear from a late commissioner of police:—"We commenced our visits at almost half-past nine at night. In the first place we entered there were two rows of visitors along each side of the room, amounting to almost forty or fifty. They were almost entirely *boys and girls under seventeen years old!* but there were a few girls of a more advanced age. The boys and girls were sitting together, each boy having apparently his companion by his side. A tall woman, with one or two attendants, was serving them with drink, and three or four men were playing on wind instruments in a corner. We visited several others afterwards: in some they were singing, in others dancing, and in all drinking. In three successively we caught them playing at cards, which the police immediately

seized. On one occasion we went into a long and brilliantly lighted room, of which the ceiling was painted like a bower; benches and tables were ranged along the side of each wall. This place, situated up a dark and narrow lane, was crowded with young people, and with men and women—several of the latter professed prostitutes. Were we so inclined, we could draw a yet more disgusting picture, but this is not our aim. All that we want to do is, to show that these haunts and houses must deprave all who come within their reach : that they would sully even an angel of light ; that for these things education is not even a remedy.

Lodging-houses and such like institutions well managed, might remedy this evil. As pecuniary speculations, they might be made to pay ; and as regenerating agents, they might do an incalculable service. The impure moral atmosphere by which juvenile depravity is produced and perpetrated, would not, could not in them exist. Decency would no longer be unknown ; habits unfavourable to virtue would be checked ; and the result would be, we should hear less of juvenile depravity than we hitherto have done. We beg to call the attention of the philanthropist to this question. If he would remove the evil of which we complain—if he would reform the vicious—if he would save the young from the grasp of the destroyer—if he would make him no longer a curse to society, but a blessing—let him remove the causes which blast humanity in its first dawn, and which stamp on a class but too pliable, the accursed brand, that no length of time, no amount of human effort, can ever after effectually efface.

LOVE.

WHAT is it round love throws a spell,—
That clings to the once stricken heart,—
That e'er on its object will dwell,—
And again is ne'er severed apart ?
'Tis a feeling shed down from above,
Like a dew sent from angels of love.

Not like to the dewdrops of morn,
That vanish away at sunrise,
Like pearls from the leaves rudely torn,
And ascending again to the skies;
These dews of the angels will stay
Till the earth is itself swept away.

What stronger than love can be found?
What sweeter to comfort the soul?
What beside it can ne'er be unbound?
What else that we ne'er can control?
'Tis stronger than death is itself,
And spurns to be purchased with pelf.

'Tis love to our God, too, that makes
Our souls ascend sweetly on high.
The love that he gives he then takes,
And bids us our glad spirits try
By faith to be soaring above,
And be joining the angels in love.

'Tis love that fills heaven with bliss,
And stirs every principle there.
That blest world, so unlike to this,
Knows nothing of sorrow or care;
There all things in harmony move.
And God says that his own name is Love.

W. H.

IRISH BALLAD.

LUCY GRAY.

The parting sun with golden ray
 Lit up the silent room
 Where Lucy, child of beauty, lay
 In all her blighted bloom :
 Oh ! mother dear, an early grave
 This broken heart must hide ;
 Yet tell him, tell him I forgave
 And bless'd him ere I died.
 Tell him, tell him I forgave
 And bless'd him ere I died.

To-morrow is his bridal day,
 And merry bells will ring,
 And village maids their garlands gay
 Before his footsteps fling :
 He'll smile upon his new-made bride,
 Forgetting all the *past*.
 Oh ! mother, tell him how I died,
 And loved him to the last :
 Tell him, tell him how I died,
 And loved him to the last.

Deck me, when dead, in bride's array,
 With lilies wreath my hair ;
 And bear me to the church when they,
 The bridal train, are there ;
 That when the bridegroom passes by,
 The mournful sight he'll see ;
 And gaze perchance with tearful eye
 On all that's left of me.
 And gaze, and gaze with tearful eye
 On all that's left of me.



